CHICAGO IN 7 DAYS

CHICAGO IN SEVEN DAYS, like its companions on New York, Boston, etc., is designed for the traveler who wishes practical information presented in an intelligent manner. It provides a lively guide to the city, offers an interesting daily program which covers, in a single week, all points of interest, and comments authoritatively and amusingly on the places to be visited.

With Maps

New and Revised Edition

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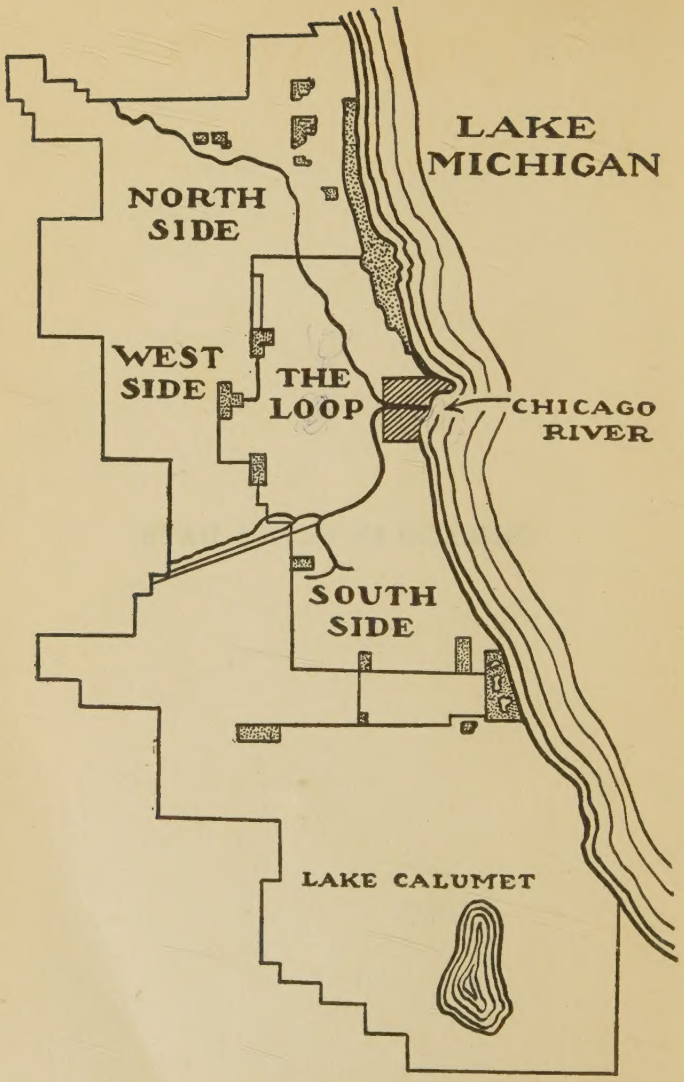

THE GENERAL LAY OF CHICAGO

To readily find one's way about Chicago, the first thing to do is to fix clearly in mind the divisions of the city and their relation to the Loop or central business district.

CHICAGO IN SEVEN DAYS

by

JOHN DRURY
AUTHOR OF "ARCLIGHT DUSKS"

With Five Sectional Maps
and an Appendix indicating
the very latest changes in the city

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NOTE

The reader's attention is called to the fact that the complexion of Chicago's face is constantly changing. The city is growing by leaps and bounds. New buildings and institutions are rising every day out of what were once ancient, and oftentimes historic, structures. And so, the author has done his best to capture the Chicago of the present day, indicating wherever possible any proposed changes.

The author also wishes to thank the editors of the *Chicago Daily News* for permission to embody in this book the main points of his series of descriptive articles, entitled "Byways of the City," which appeared in the Midweek Feature Section of that newspaper.

Furthermore, notice is hereby given that the names of shops, restaurants, and other commercial establishments represent the author's personal preference only. None of the firms mentioned were approached in any way. Consequently, the author and the publisher have no "understanding" with these firms.

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MONDAY

"WELL, to begin with," I said to Anne, "we won't visit the stockyards."

It was nine o'clock of a Monday morning in summer. We were standing in front of the Hotel Sherman—where Miss Morley was stopping for a week—feeling conspicuous. For to stand idly in the Loop, that busy and renowned downtown district of Chicago, at nine o'clock of a Monday morning is indeed to look conspicuous. Yes, even in front of a hotel.

"What, you mean to tell me we're not going to the stockyards?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"No—at least to begin with," I replied.

"Indeed," she said, "that's something new. I thought the first thing you show a visitor here is the stockyards?"

"That was in the days of our parents," I told her. "Since then, Chicago has entered upon a new era. We now show visitors the wonderful architectural rewards of our earlier days of industry and labor—such show-places as the Field Museum, Navy Pier, the University of Chicago, Wacker Drive, the great connected park and boulevard system, Upper Michigan Avenue, the new Buckingham Memorial Fountain, McKinlock campus of Northwestern University, Soldiers' Field stadium, the Art Institute, and the new Civic Opera building and plaza."

"Things our parents never saw?" suggested Miss Morley.

"Exactly," said I. "In other words, these are the fruits of our famous pioneer industries, such as meat-packing and farm machinery manufacture; industries which made

Chicago possible and brought the wealth that enabled us to change the city from a workshop into a mansion."

"So that," said Anne, almost disappointed, "we're now going to turn our backs on the famous hog-killing industry."

"No, indeed," I hastened to explain, "although it is the industry which put Chicago on the map, and still holds sway among a large percentage of tourists, especially visiting celebrities from Europe, as the city's most interesting sight. We shall, however, look at it from a new point of view and observe it in its proper place. You will have an opportunity of seeing it, Anne, when we survey the industrial phase of Chicago, visiting or observing other and equally famous manufacturing plants of the city, such as the McCormick Harvester Works, the Western Electric Company, Montgomery Ward & Company, Sears, Roebuck & Company and the Central Manufacturing District."

"Fair enough," said my companion. "You're the guide and I'm the wide-eyed visiting yokel from the Corn Belt. As a native Chicagoan, you evidently want to show me the best side first. First impressions, eh, Mr. Guide? When do we start?"

"The best side first, and also," I added, "the Chicago not in the guide-books."

Unlike most native Chicagoans, I know the city. Particularly, the part not in the guide-books. I may even boastfully say that I had once visited the stockyards. Having gone there, I was looked upon by my fellow natives as unique, as indeed something of an authority on the city. How did this phenomenon happen? Alas, I am not entitled to boast. The truth is, to this day I would have remained ignorant of the city if it had not been because of force of circumstances. In short, I was a nosey (or at least supposed to be nosey) newspaper reporter

and my job required a working knowledge of the ins and outs as well as highlights of Chicago.

And so it came to pass that I met Miss Anne Morley. A mutual friend—knowing me to be a native Chicagoan, a newspaper man, an authority on the city and, withal, a thoroughly dependable fellow—had provided her with a letter of introduction, which she duly presented when we met in the railroad station early last evening. In her eager curiosity to see the big city, which was at once made evident, she was as fresh to me as an ear of ripe corn. She was, to be sure, a product of the Corn Belt, up from Springfield, Mo., wherever that is. And things so happened that my vacation period arrived during the time of her visit, arrived without my having made any plans. Needless to say, before our first evening was up I was already calling her "Anne." No, dear reader, you're mistaken, if you'll pardon my bluntness. It was merely the fact that we were about to embark on an adventure—to explore the ingenious jungle of steel and stone that is Chicago—which brought us such easy familiarity. She was eager to see and I was eager to show.

Which accounts for the two of us standing in front of the Hotel Sherman at nine o'clock on Monday morning—feeling oddly detached from the hurrying mob.

"And so," I said, "instead of the stockyards, we'll make the 'circle tour' of Chicago. That is, we'll spend the day making a general survey of the city from a bus-top, driving along the boulevard and park system which has become the most famous in the world. In fact, with the excellent itinerary I have mapped out, you can see most of the city in one day. How does that sound?"

"That's fine, Mr. Guide," laughed Anne. "Let's go!"

Crossing Clark Street, we headed eastward along the Randolph Street Rialto, passing theaters, restaurants, candy-shops, cabarets, movie palaces and "orange-huts."

In the crowded traffic of the street, Anne called attention to the variety of colored taxicabs. "Yes," I said, "the Yellow Cabs, as they are known, predominate and are the most popular. I suppose it might be just as well to add here that their rates are twenty-five cents for the first fifth of a mile, ten cents for each succeeding two-fifths of a mile, and ten cents for each three minutes you keep it waiting. One may also hire these cabs for three dollars an hour. No charge is made for extra passengers or baggage."

"What are the rates on your other forms of transportation?" she asked.

"Our street cars," I answered, "which do most of the transporting, charge seven cents for each passenger, which includes transfer privileges. Similar privileges are granted on the comprehensive auto-bus system, which charges ten cents for each passenger. Our elevated roads also have a ten-cent fare."

"As for other taxicabs," I added, "the green, or Checker Cabs, occupy second place in point of popularity. The long low closed-in busses are from out of town, as you may guess from the baggage on their tops. Coming in from such widely scattered points as Muskegon, Mich., and Madison, Wis., they serve to bind together the nearby villages, towns and cities which James O'Donnell Bennett of the *Chicago Tribune,* author of *Much Loved Books,* has labeled 'Chicagoland.' As with the local cabs, each bus company has its particular bright color to distinguish it."

"I think the use of color is an interesting idea," said Anne, revealing esthetic sensibilities. "We should have more color in our gray smoky cities."

Beyond Dearborn Street, the next block after Clark, we passed the new United Artists Theatre and Masonic Temple Building, housing the big Oriental moving picture

palace on its ground floor. Arriving at State Street, a wide spacious thoroughfare lined with big department stores, I announced to Anne this was the shopping street of the Loop. On the southwest corner stood the great block-square building of Marshall Field & Company, one of the most famous department stores in the country. On the opposite, or northeast, corner we observed the old and historic Capitol Building, formerly the Masonic Temple, highest building in Chicago at the time it was built in 1891. At the Randolph Street entrance to Field's my companion saw several more busses, this time unloading passengers who immediately entered Field's and other department stores. I explained the presence of these vehicles by saying that a bus service was maintained between the Northwestern and Union railroad stations at the west end of the Loop and the State Street shopping district at the east end.

Crossing under the "L" station at Wabash Avenue, which marks the east boundary line of the Loop, we finally arrived in front of the Chicago Public Library, on the southwest corner of Randolph Street and Michigan Boulevard. On the opposite side of Randolph, at number 70, I pointed out the city offices of the American Express Company, of importance to travelers, both foreign and domestic, where such transactions as money orders, travelers' checks, letters of credit, and foreign exchange are attended to. Here also may be found their travel department.

"We are now ready," I ballyhooed, "to start on the 'circle tour' of Chicago, the fourth largest city in the world and capital of mid-western United States and the Mississippi Valley. Stand by!"

Anne, displaying quick perception, saw that the intersection of Randolph and Michigan, in front of the library steps, was somewhat of a bus transfer point. Big double-

decked Chicago Motor Coach Company busses, in red, green, and brown colors, lumbered by in all directions. The red busses, I explained, journey to the south side; the brown to the north side and the green to the west side. Coming eastward from State Street, our bus finally drew up before us. It was a brown bus, marked "Route 51, Lake Shore Drive and Sheridan Road, Howard and Paulina." Hurrying up the steps to the deck above, we swung around northward in Michigan Avenue and were off.

An impressive metropolitan scene, dominated by the white terra-cotta tower of the Wrigley Building distantly to the north, confronted our eyes. Passing along the exclusive shopping area of Upper Michigan Avenue, it was with some difficulty that I restrained Anne from getting off the bus. She saw a continuous panorama of temptation—smart women's apparel shops, tea-rooms, art galleries, novelty stores and book-shops. Arriving, however, at the famous double-decked boulevard "link" bridge, Anne caught her breath upon viewing the scene. Her face was lifted toward the sky, turning from one towered skyscraper to another. "This bridge-head area," I announced, "is the principal show-place of the city and forms a sort of impressive gateway into the central business district from the north.

"But in view of the fact," I went on, as we crossed the big span over the Chicago River, "that we're making a general survey of the city, skimming lightly in a wide circle, as it were, I shall refrain from particulars and indicate only the important points of interest. To-morrow we shall walk along Michigan Avenue and do it thoroughly."

Glancing backward while on the bridge, I hurriedly showed her the new "333 North Michigan Avenue" Building, soaring skywards on the east side of Michigan Ave-

nue and the south bank of the river. Across the street from this building stood the triangular London Guarantee structure, from which Wacker Drive, the new double-decked river-front boulevard, leads southwestward along the entire length of the south bank. Rising behind the London Guarantee we could see the Mather Tower, a needle-like skyscraper, and, just beyond, the huge solid Pure Oil Building with its surmounting tower. A distant view of the Chicago Temple spire lay farther beyond the Pure Oil Building.

Entering the near north side, across the river, into what business men call the north central district, our eyes were immediately filled by the tall Tribune Tower, of gray Gothic, home of the *Chicago Tribune,* standing to the right and, just north of it, under construction, the immense 42-story Medinah Athletic Club, with its Saracenic architecture. To the left of us, adjoining the river's edge, we saw the twin Wrigley Building, home of chewing gum, surmounted by a white clock-tower and lighthouse. Continuing northward along the spacious drive, Anne caught a glimpse of Navy Pier to the east at the next crossing, Grand Avenue. At Ohio Street I indicated the Lake Shore Trust and Savings Bank Building on the northeast corner and the Michigan and Ohio Building on the northwest corner. Ontario Street brought us a view of the new Decorative Arts Building on the southwest corner and, on the northwest corner, the beautiful home of the Woman's Athletic Club. Between Ontario and Erie, to the right, I indicated the Celotex Cottage, a familiar landmark where art exhibitions are often held. "That building," I said, pointing to the Farwell Building at the northwest corner of Erie and Michigan, "has just been awarded a gold medal as being the most distinctive structure to be erected on the near north side during 1927. It was designed by Philip Maher. The medal is given by the Lake

Shore Trust and Savings Bank." At Huron Street, on the northeast corner, Anne became interested when I told her the tall 25-story red-brick structure there was the Allerton House, the official Intercollegiate Alumni Association hotel for Chicago. "Over one hundred colleges are represented among its guests," I explained, "and ninety-five per cent of them are permanently living there. The hotel is featured by a woman's floor, an Italian ballroom on the twenty-third floor and an eighteen-hole golf course in the basement. W. W. Dwyer, its general manager, was the backer of Capt. Joseph F. Donnellan's airplane trip to South America, made a few months ago in the interests of commercial aviation."

"What is the quaint little shaft up ahead?" asked Anne, as we approached Chicago Avenue. "Looks as though it is standing in the middle of Michigan Avenue." Finding it to be in the center of a little park, however, she received the information that it was the historic Chicago Avenue water tower, the only structure which survived the great Chicago fire of 1871. I added further that the near north-side artists' colony bore the name of "Towertown" because this tower is supposed to be in the center of the Bohemian area.

"Just as I suspected," said Miss Morley. "Look at the many studios, basement book-shops and tea-rooms in the streets around the tower." Telling her to gaze eastward along Chicago Avenue, I pointed out the 122d Field Artillery Armory and the Gothic buildings of McKinlock Memorial campus of Northwestern University. We next came to the Casino Club, on the east side of Michigan Avenue, between Chestnut Street and Delaware Place, an unpretentious one-story affair which, I told Anne, is the most exclusive club in Chicago, where many important social functions of the local "400" are held.

"Eastward," I explained, "beyond the Casino Club, you

observe the greatest hotel, apartment house and club center outside of New York City. It is known locally as 'Streeterville,' because the section once was the domain of old Capt. George Wellington Streeter, a picturesque character who claimed ownership of the property by squatter's rights and backed up his claim by fist and gun." On the west side of Michigan, between Delaware Place and Walton Place, I pointed out the Fourth Presbyterian Church, house of worship for some of the first families of Chicago. "Why, it's like an old cathedral of England," exclaimed Anne. I explained to her that its cloister, manse, and stone fountain were cleverly adapted to the needs of a modern metropolitan church. Turning our attention ahead, we were immediately confronted by the huge Drake Hotel, standing at the northeast corner of Walton Place and Michigan Avenue. Adjoining it on the east, we saw the new Drake Tower, under construction, to rise thirty stories high.

"Oh, look at the lake," exclaimed Anne, letting out a little cry of delight.

Breaking suddenly upon us at Oak Street, we saw the blue immensity of Lake Michigan on our right. Here, the bus continued northward on Lake Shore Drive, since Michigan Avenue comes to an end at Oak Street. "Look back over your shoulder, Anne," I ordered. What she saw was a most impressive scene, with huge apartment hotels towering in cliffs of stone above the lake for some distance eastward. "Queen Marie of Roumania," I said, "with her two children, Prince Nicholas and Princess Ileana, lived in one of those hotels, the Lake Shore Drive Hotel, at number 181 Lake Shore Drive, on their visit to Chicago in 1926. She received Chicagoans in state at the Drake Hotel and was entertained lavishly in the palatial Gothic residence of Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick, daughter of old John D., which you see here at the north-

west corner of Oak Street and Lake Shore Drive. Mrs. McCormick is the present social queen of Chicago and many world notables have been entertained in her house. The house marks the beginning of Chicago's famed 'Gold Coast.' "

Settling back in our seats, we proceeded to enjoy the cooling breezes and the wonderful vista of the ride northward. "What an interesting contrast you have here," remarked Miss Morley. "On one side the beautiful town houses, mansions, and hotels of the rich and on the other a bathing beach for the poorer classes of the city—or at least I take those bathers over there to be of the poorer classes."

"Yes, before you're through with this seven-day tour, you'll find Chicago to be quite a city of contrasts. And the scene you now look upon is typical. This is the Oak Street bathing beach. You ought to come here in the late afternoon or evening of a really hot day. The sands fairly swarm with humanity. The people throng past the homes of the rich from every nook and alley of the stifling tenement districts lying farther back in the heart of the city."

"Isn't Chicago the only city in the country that has water along its entire front?" asked Anne.

"Absolutely," I replied.

Turning her attention once more to the many beautiful buildings along the drive, her curiosity was aroused by one in particular, that of the Illinois Life Insurance Company, at number 1212—it looks like a museum. "This," I said, "is a beautiful temple to life insurance and harmonizes completely with its surroundings." At Banks Street, Anne saw the famed "castle" mansion of Mrs. Potter Palmer, a landmark of Chicago and the scene of brilliant functions when Mrs. Palmer was the social queen during World's Fair days. The end of the "Gold Coast" was reached at North Avenue, where I pointed

out the fine Gothic residence of Mrs. R. T. Crane, wife of the Chicago steel man, at the southwest corner of North Avenue and Lake Shore Drive.

"And now we enter the first of the many parks you'll see to-day, and for which Chicago is famous," I said to Miss Morley. Beyond North Avenue, the bus hurried us among the green lawns and trees of Lincoln Park. Anne's attention was drawn to a towering pile of gray granite directly ahead. "Louis Rebisso's equestrian statue of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant," I told her. "The famous Saint Gaudens' Lincoln," I added, "is just a little southwest of this, hidden from our view by the trees. We'll see it some other day." In answer to her question, I told Anne it was a little difficult to see whether Grant was smoking his notorious cigar.

"However," I said, "you might like to hear the story of a newspaper wit of the town who once made the observation that a statue of Lincoln was located in Grant Park and a statue of Grant in Lincoln Park and who therefore wondered if politics had been at the bottom of it."

Passing the animal houses on our left, we came out on a fine view of Simmons Island to our right, through the center of which we observed an outer drive boulevard leading northward, spanned at several points by picturesque stone bridges. At the south end of the island, we caught a glimpse of the Chicago Daily News Fresh Air Sanitarium for Babies, a rambling low building of recent construction. Farther northward, we passed the Diversey bathing beach and, directly opposite on Simmons Island, a distant view of the Lincoln Park Gun Club. A bit later we came to the heroic bronze statue of Goethe, presented to Chicago by German societies. I told Anne that the statue of John Peter Altgeld, governor of Illinois from 1893 to 1897—which was made by Gutzon Borglum—stands a little east of here, beyond our view.

"Goodness, this is the most beautiful building I've seen so far," shouted Anne, as we arrived at Diversey Parkway, which marks the end of Lincoln Park proper. Her eyes were resting on the classic lines of the Elk's National Memorial building, at the southwest corner of Diversey Parkway and Lake View Avenue. It is the national headquarters of the Elks and was erected "in memory of the service and sacrifice of its members in the World War."

"This building," I lectured, "is one of the architectural sights of Chicago and is open to visitors on Sunday afternoons. Notice its beautiful simplicity; the domed circular memorial hall at the center and the two wings with their rows of columns. Also, observe its massive doors of bronze. Don't you think it is a poem in stone?"

"Indeed I do," agreed Anne. She enjoyed particularly the two reclining elk on pedestals flanking the wide stone steps. They are of bronze, I explained, the work of Laura Gardin Fraser.

Much as we might have desired to linger over this gem of architecture, the bus carried us swiftly out of the Lincoln Park territory and northward along Sheridan Road. "William Hale Thompson, the present mayor of Chicago," I told Anne, "lives here in the Barry Apartments, at number 3100." At Belmont Avenue, dominated on the southwest corner by the tall Belmont Hotel, we came out on a wide view of the Belmont Yacht harbor, dotted with hundreds of sailboats and launches lying at anchor. At its south end rests the boat-house headquarters of the Lincoln Park Yacht Club. Immediately to the right of us and occupying the top of a small green knoll, looms up the great equestrian statue of Gen. Phil Sheridan, by Gutzon Borglum.

"How lifelike," remarked Anne. "My, it looks as though it were leaping into the air."

"This shows the general in the act of swinging his re-

treating troops back into action," I said. "Sheridan Road, this great lake shore boulevard along which we are driving, was named after him."

Riding along, we next passed a curious medieval barque off Addison Street which, I explained, is the headquarters of Mayor Thompson's Fish Fan's Club. After riding several more miles north through residential sections, we arrived finally at Sheridan Road and Wilson Avenue, in the heart of Uptown Chicago. "This is the gay and fashionable night life area of the north side," I said as my companion observed smart shops, cafés, theatres, hotels, and amusement palaces on every hand. Continuing northward, all the time skirting Lake Michigan, we passed many beautiful and interesting residences. At Foster Avenue, I indicated the grounds and buildings of the exclusive Saddle and Cycle Club and, north of this, the lofty Edgewater Beach Hotel, with its X-shaped central structure. North of Edgewater Beach, on the same side, we passed the new twelve-story Edgewater Athletic Club.

Arriving finally at Devon Avenue, eight miles north of the Loop and the end of our north side trip, we caught a glimpse of the observatory, athletic field, and gymnasium, as well as other school buildings, of Loyola University, a Catholic institution. Getting off the bus, I explained:

"We'll board a south-bound car marked 'Broadway-Downtown' at the southwest corner here and return to Diversey Parkway in order to start on our west side tour."

Riding back, Anne obtained a distant view of the Nicholas Senn Public High School at Thorndale Avenue. Farther south, at 5875 Broadway, she saw the big armory housing such organizations of the Illinois National Guard as the 202d Coast Artillery and Anti-aircraft regiment, the 108th Engineers and the 33d Signal Battalion. At Lawrence Avenue we found ourselves in the midst of the

Uptown district again, which intersection is known as Uptown Square. Among the surrounding buildings Anne was shown the huge Uptown movie theater, a Balaban & Katz house; the big Aragon public ballroom; the Riviera vaudeville theater and the towering white terra-cotta structure housing the Sheridan Trust and Savings Bank. At Wilson, the other main highway through Uptown, we saw the Uptown Union station, serving elevated trains and the North Shore Electric.

After a ride of four or five miles, we got off the street car at Diversey Parkway and boarded a west-bound bus marked: "Route 44: Logan Square and Wrightwood Avenue." Before departing, however, I indicated the Rendezvous Café, on the northeast corner of this intersection, and told Anne it was for many years one of the bright spots of Chicago's night life. Passing an area of frame houses belonging to the poorer classes, we came to an industrial district just beyond the Chicago and Northwestern railroad viaduct, dominated by the huge factory of the Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation.

"This is the north branch of the Chicago River," I explained, as we crossed a rickety iron bridge, surrounded on all sides by industrial property. Northward, around a bend of the river and hidden from view, I told Anne she would find "Boatville," a picturesque little colony of house-boats, while farther northward, at Belmont Avenue and the river, she might enjoy the pleasures of Riverview Park, Chicago's Coney Island.

After passing Western Avenue, we came out on Logan Boulevard, a fine driveway bordered by trees and lawns. This brought us shortly to Logan Square, on the northwest side, one of the most picturesque squares in Chicago. Being a transfer point for us, we got off the bus and spent a few minutes examining the Logan Square Monument, a tall white stone shaft at the center of a small park. It

was surmounted by an eagle. At its base we read: "To Commemorate the Centenary of the Admission of Illinois as a Sovereign State of the American Union, December 3, 1818." This is one of the monuments provided for in the will of Benjamin Ferguson, a well-known Chicagoan.

Transferring to a south-bound bus marked "Route 30," we headed down Kedzie Boulevard, another fine drive, and, after passing Palmer Square, continued southward on Humboldt Boulevard. Entering Humboldt Park—named after Alexander von Humboldt, the great naturalist—at North Avenue, we saw a fine large bronze equestrian statue directly ahead of us.

"That is the statue of Kosciusko, the Polish general and statesman, who served as brigadier-general in the American army in 1783," I told my companion. "It was erected by Polish-American citizens of the United States and was the work of Casimir Chodinski."

After leaving the green vistas of the park, and while riding southward in Sacramento Boulevard, Anne looked at her wrist-watch and announced:

"My, I'm just terribly hungry. This Chicago air is certainly bracing and stimulating. How about a little food?"

"Good! Follow me!" I said, and Anne obeyed with alacrity. Getting off the bus at Madison Street, the great central artery through Chicago, we walked a few blocks westward to Kedzie Avenue where, at number 3175 West Madison Street, we entered "Little Jack's" and proceeded to look over the excellent table-d'hôte menu.

"Because of its good food and pleasant appointments," I explained to Miss Morley, "this place is popular with the *beau monde* of the far west side."

Our meal finished, we walked around the corner in Kedzie Avenue and headed southward for a few blocks to Jackson Boulevard, so as to catch a west-bound No.

26 bus. While waiting, Anne saw the great twin spires of Our Lady of Sorrows Church, a Catholic edifice, situated a block east of us.

"Sears, Roebuck & Company, the renowned mail order house," I said, "lies about seven blocks south of this point, at Kedzie Avenue and Arthington Street. Visitors are welcomed; a guide conducts hourly trips throughout the huge plant."

On board the bus, we were taken through the south end of Garfield Park where, after securing a transfer, we changed to a south-bound Independence Square bus.

"Isn't that cunning," exclaimed Miss Morley, after we got off the vehicle at Independence Square and approached the bronze figures of children shooting off firecrackers, forming a group known as the Fourth of July monument, located at the center of the square. "The statuary and the fountain at its base are the work of Charles J. Mulligan," I told Anne, "and are dedicated to America and Independence Day."

Pointing out that this is the center of a large colony of wealthy west-side Jews, as evidenced by the many stately synagogues on every hand, I conducted Anne eastward on the north side of Douglas Boulevard to St. Louis Avenue, where we paid a short visit to the new Jewish People's Institute, a well-known social center and home of intellectual activities. Boarding an east-bound bus at this point, marked No. 36, we started on our return trip to the Loop by passing through, in a few minutes, Douglas Park. Turning west on Ogden Boulevard, in the park, I said to Anne:

"Half a mile south of here, at Marshall Boulevard and 24th Street, you'll find the Père Marquette monument, opposite the Harrison Technical High School. It is dedicated to the memory of the Jesuit priest, Father Marquette, who was the first white man to discover the site

of what is now Chicago. The work of Herman McNeil, it is another of the statues provided for in the will of Benjamin F. Ferguson."

After riding along Odgen Boulevard, and passing Mt. Sinai hospital at 2750 West 15th Place, our bus entered Roosevelt Road, the great west-side shopping highway for Jews. "What are those big white buildings with bars in front of the windows?" asked my companion, pointing to the northeast corner of Odgen Boulevard and Roosevelt Road. I told her they were the Cook County Juvenile Detention Home and the Juvenile Court. At Ashland Boulevard the bus turned north to Jackson Boulevard and then directly eastward to the downtown district. At number 1140 Jackson Boulevard, situated in a factory area, we saw the Working Boys' Home, conducted by the Catholic Mission of Our Lady. Passing through the factory and warehouse zone surrounding the Loop, we arrived shortly at the threshold of the downtown district, where I pointed out the new Union railroad station at Clinton Street. After crossing the south branch of the Chicago River, we passed through the downtown wholesale district and, at La Salle Street, the financial district, where I pointed out the old Board of Trade, scene of "The Pit." At Clark Street we passed the Federal Building on the north side of Jackson, and the new home of the Union League Club on the south side. We then came to the end of our tour at Quincy and State streets, in the center of the downtown area.

"You have now seen the north and west sides of Chicago," I told my companion, as we walked east in Adams Street, "and now you shall see the south side."

"You certainly have a big city," replied Anne. "But I should like to rest for a while and have something cold to drink. I feel thirsty."

And so I conducted her to the Tip Top Inn Grill at 79

East Adams Street, a popular dining place for students from the Art Institute, which latter Anne saw just ahead of us at Michigan Boulevard. After refreshments and a short rest, we came out on Michigan Boulevard and, boarding a south-bound bus marked "No. 1, Russell Square," obtained at the northwest corner of Adams and Michigan, rode down Chicago's famous lake front boulevard. On one side we observed the lawns of Grant Park, with a distant view of the new Buckingham Memorial fountain, and on the other the exclusive shops, hotels, club buildings, and business houses of Michigan Boulevard. After passing such well-known structures as Orchestra Hall at number 216, the Straus Building at 306, the Auditorium, Congress, Blackstone, and Stevens hotels, in the order named, we came to Park Row, marking the south end of Grant Park.

Anne was just about to ask me concerning the white marble structure lying east of the old Illinois Central railroad station on Park Row when I anticipated her question by announcing that it is the Field Museum of Natural History, one of the largest marble buildings in the world. "And south of it," I added, "you'll find Soldiers' Field, the great amphitheater of Chicago."

Michigan Boulevard becoming narrower south of Park Row, we plunged into the city's interminably long "Automobile Row," passing on the way such well-known places as St. Luke's Hospital at number 1439, the Louisiane restaurant at number 1341, the historic First Regiment Armory at 16th Street, and the old Second Presbyterian Church at 20th Street.

"That church," I said, "has some distinguished examples of stained glass. The edifice was originally designed by James Renwick but was almost destroyed by fire in 1900. Howard Van Doren Shaw, however, made the restoration. The two windows in the vestibule are especially

noteworthy. They were designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones and executed by William Morris. The deep recesses of the windows and the vault over the organ, I might add, bear rich mural paintings by Frederic Clay Bartlett."

Continuing south, our bus passed the 22nd Street underworld district, and the headquarters of the Chicago Motor Club, occupying the former Cudahy mansion at 32nd Street, soon to be vacated for their new building. Anne enjoyed observing the fine old residences in this vicinity, once the homes of the rich and now largely occupied by business concerns.

After driving east for a few blocks on 33d Street, through a fringe of the south-side "Black Belt," we came out on South Park Way, a recently made super-highway through the south side. As we passed 35th Street, I informed Anne that this is the Rialto of the great "Black Belt." Colored people were on hand in every direction. On Oakwood Boulevard I indicated the Abraham Lincoln Center, number 700, a well-known south-side social and intellectual center. Turning south on Drexel Boulevard, we came to Drexel Square, and observed the bronze statue of Anthony Drexel surmounting a fountain. This was presented to the city in 1883 by the Drexel family at Philadelphia. Our bus then headed east on Hyde Park Boulevard, through the south side wealthy Jewish area, made evident by the picturesque architecture of Temple Isaiah Israel, one of the finest synagogues in the city, at Greenwood Avenue and Hyde Park Boulevard. Passing the historic old Hyde Park Hotel at Lake Park Avenue, a relic of World's Fair days, and driving under the stone viaduct of the Illinois Central railroad, we once more greeted Lake Michigan, finding ourselves in the midst of what is known as the "Hotel Coast." Beginning with the new Chicago Beach Hotel, we passed in

rapid succession such tall and imposing hotels as the Cooper-Carlton, the Sisson, the Flamingo, the Broadview, and the Hotels Windermere (East and West).

"What, another park?" exclaimed Anne.

"Yes," I replied, "and by far the most important and historic in Chicago.

"This is Jackson Park, scene of the World's Fair, or World's Columbian Exposition, in 1893," I continued, as the bus entered a driveway in the park, south of 56th Street. "And the immense classic building facing us, which you'll notice is falling almost into ruins, is the only important remaining relic of that epochal exposition. It was the Fine Arts Palace during the fair, one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful buildings on the grounds, and for twenty-seven years afterwards housed the Field Museum of Natural History. When the latter moved into its new home in Grant Park, a bond issue was voted by the people in order to raise funds to restore the old relic. This was followed by the gift of a large sum of money from Julius Rosenwald, one of Chicago's great financiers, to be used for the purpose of creating the Rosenwald Industrial Museum; this will occupy the old structure when its restoration is completed. This building, by the way, is said to be the most outstanding example of classical architecture in America."

Swinging around west of the museum, I told Anne to notice the group of one-story shacks at the corner of 57th Street and Stony Island Avenue, immediately to the right of us outside of the park. "That," I said, "is 'The Colony,' as the Jackson Park artists' colony is familiarly known. It is told about by Floyd Dell in his novel *The Briary Bush* and also by Harry Hansen in his book of present-day Chicago literary reminiscences, *Midwest Portraits*. Many famous Chicago writers and artists have either lived or visited there.

"With the Grecian lines of the old Fine Arts Building as a source of inspiration," I continued, "and with the nearness of quiet groves, lagoons, and lanes in Jackson Park, combined with the close proximity of the University of Chicago, this vicinity is indeed a sort of acropolis of art and learning. Everybody around here is either intellectual or artistic, or at least appears to be so."

Continuing our journey southward through the park, and turning our gaze eastward over a lagoon, we observed the charming Japanese houses on the famous "Wooded Isle," both island and houses being relics of the World's Fair. Further south, to our right, we saw the Illinois Central Hospital and the Hyde Park Public High School, both outside the park. At one point I called my companion's attention to the lovely Rose Gardens. Anne, however, let out a little squeal of delight when she recognized a full-sized replica of the Columbus caravel, moored in another lagoon. "That is a full-sized model of Columbus' flagship, the *Santa Maria,*" I announced, "and is another relic of the World's Fair."

"Who is the lady in the gold kimono?" Anne then asked, catching a glimpse of a yellow statue just beyond a clump of trees.

"Another notable memorial of the World's Fair," I answered. "It is Daniel Chester French's statue of 'The Republic.' This is a reproduction, twenty-four feet high, in gilded bronze, of the sixty-foot original which stood in the Court of Honor of the Exposition."

After observing the Jackson Park Coast Guard station, lying in the same basin as the Columbus caravel, we left Jackson Park at 69th Street and headed south along the exclusive South Shore Drive. "The grounds and beautiful buildings on the left," I said, "compose the South Shore Country Club, an organization of millionaires." On the right, Anne observed many fine mansions and

estates. Reaching 71st Street, the bus turned east toward the lake, skirting the south boundary of the country club grounds. Passing Rainbow Beach at 75th Street and Rocky Ledge Beach at 79th Street, we finally arrived at Russell Square, in South Chicago, the end of our south-side trip and ten miles south of the Loop. Anne observed Russell Square to be a children's playground, dominated at its northeast corner by the great spire of St. Michael's Roman Catholic Church. East of us, we caught a glimpse of the Illinois Steel Company properties, consisting of a row of stacks belching clouds of black smoke.

"South Chicago," I said to Anne, "was built around the steel industry and is part of the great industrial area lying southeast of Chicago, referred to as 'The Workshop of America.' The humble frame homes we see here belong to the Polish and Bohemian laborers in the steel works. East of Russell Square is 'The Bush,' a famous neighborhood of Mexicans and Poles."

Returning to Jackson Park, we transferred to bus No. 7, in order to take another route back to the downtown district. Leaving the park, it took us westward along the famed Midway Plaisance, a splendid driveway with sunken lawns in the center, which connects Jackson Park with Washington Park.

"This drive is another reminder of the World's Fair," I said to Miss Morley. "It was the scene of the curious and interesting side-shows that our parents have told us about."

Anne agreed it must be quite a contrast between the past and the present as I pointed out to her the campus of the University of Chicago, lying along the north drive, with its many Oxford-like buildings and towers of gray stone. She noticed in particular the tower of Hilton Memorial chapel on the east, Harper library in the center, and the new University Clinics group on the west.

On the southwest corner of Cottage Grove Avenue and the Midway, I called her attention to the Midway Gardens, a popular dance-hall of a curious rambling architecture. "This is one of the outstanding examples of Frank Lloyd Wright's architectural work," I said. Entering Washington Park, scene of the old Washington Park race track in the eighties, the first object to confront our eyes was Lorado Taft's poetic statuary group, the "Fountain of Time." "It contains over a hundred figures," I told Miss Morley, "and Time is represented in the center, leaning on his staff and gazing cynically on the wave-enshrouded procession of humanity. In this manner Taft has poetically symbolized the fact that 'Time stays, we go.' This is another Ferguson monument. Lorado Taft is Chicago's foremost sculptor. Visitors are welcome at his interesting studio on the Midway."

Journeying through the park, where Anne enjoyed looking at the sunken gardens with their fountains and pergolas, I pointed out the great glass-covered conservatory, where the annual flower show is held in midwinter. At Garfield Boulevard we left the park and headed north on Michigan Boulevard for the long jaunt back to the Loop. But not before I had shown Anne, at this point, the equestrian statue of George Washington. "This is a replica of the one in the Place d'Jena, Paris," I lectured, "which was presented to the French government by the Daughters of the American Revolution. It is the work of Daniel Chester French and Edward C. Potter."

Arriving back in the Loop, we got off the bus at Randolph Street, returning westward to the Hotel Sherman again. We admitted that our faces could stand a thorough washing. "Plans for the evening," I said, taking my leave of Anne in the lobby, "call for dinner at Henrici's and a walk among the bright lights of the Rialto and State Street shopping district. See you at six o'clock."

"This restaurant," I later told Anne, as we sat at a table in Henrici's (number 71 West Randolph Street), "is one of the oldest and most popular in Chicago. Although the native about-towners dine in other places, Henrici's retains its clientele, especially among out-of-town visitors. Maybe its popularity is to be found in the excellent food at reasonable prices."

I added that there are other restaurants in the theatrical district, all of them interesting and serving good food—Lindy's next door at number 75, Gimbel's at number 30, the Union at number 68, Rosenthal's, upstairs over the Union, De Met's at number 5, or the fine restaurants in the two Randolph Street hotels, the Sherman and the Bismarck. If Chinese food were desired, I called attention to the Rialto Garden, at number 57, formerly King Joy Lo's, and the Bamboo Inn at number 78. Around the corner in Dearborn Street I named Alex Schwartz's Hungarian restaurant at number 115, where theatrical people dine, and Julia King's at number 118, a pleasant place. Dearborn Street also contains Louis Deutsch's famed place at number 28 and Weiss's restaurant at number 114. There are two interesting Italian restaurants around the corner in Clark Street, the Roma at number 117 and the Capri at number 123.

After dinner, we strolled among the crowds and lights, walking westward beyond the twin county and city hall building, between Clark and La Salle streets. West of La Salle we passed the beautiful New Palace Theatre, home of the Orpheum vaudeville circuit in Chicago. When we arrived at the Bismarck Hotel, which marks the end of the bright light area, I conducted Anne into the second-floor lobby. She at once showed interest in the striking interior, with its curious lighting fixtures of polished brass and artistic counterpaneled walls. The exotic red of the Flamingo dining-room and the quaint beamed

ceilings and blue table-covers of the Dutch Room were also sources of interest to her. "This hotel," I observed, "is built on the site of Chicago's famous old Bismarck Hotel, for years a German-American landmark in Chicago."

Once out on the street again, I told Anne the building across the street from the Bismarck, under construction, is to be the new 40-story Steuben Club skyscraper, an office building and association headquarters, which will be the largest and most imposing gathering-place of German-Americans in the country. "It stands on the site of the old Briggs House," I added, "one of the last of the ancient downtown hostelries, which was razed last year. Abraham Lincoln is said to have stopped once in the first Briggs House, before the fire."

"My, this particular corner of your Loop seems to be largely occupied by German-Americans," commented Anne, as we returned eastward again on the north side of Randolph. On the northwest corner at La Salle Street, I indicated the Burnham Building, a skyscraper named after Daniel H. Burnham, the architect who designed the World's Fair and later created the Chicago City Beautiful Plan. "A plan," I added, "which is being slowly but surely realized."

"I thought Chicago was the only world city that didn't have a subway?" shrewdly remarked Miss Morley. "Why, here's a subway right before my eyes."

"Hold on a minute," I shouted. "You're leaping ahead into the future. That isn't a subway. It is merely one of the town's three street-car tunnels under the river—two on the west boundary and this one on the north boundary. This tunnel serves as a quick entry into the Loop for many of the north-side surface lines. The cars go below a short distance away from the north bank of the Chicago River and come up again in the downtown district, as you see here."

Continuing eastward, we passed the Hotel Sherman, on the north-west corner at Clark Street. Looking south, Anne could see the signs of many theatres. East of Dearborn Street, the big vertical sign of the United Artists Theatre, a picture palace, shouted at us and Anne vowed it was the largest she had ever seen. A similar large electric sign heralded the Oriental Theatre, on the opposite side of the street. "This latter theatre, run by the Balaban and Katz interests, is the most popular movie palace in Chicago, featuring Paul Ash, the 'king of jazz,'" I said to Anne. "But more important, in connection with this theatre, is the fact that it stands on the site of the Iroquois Theatre, where the terrible fire occurred on December 30, 1903, causing a loss of six hundred lives and going down in history as one of Chicago's ghastliest tragedies. It was a matinée performance and the audience was composed largely of women and children, come to see Eddie Foy in the musical extravaganza *Mr. Bluebeard*. The fire is supposed to have originated back-stage from an electric flood light. In a few minutes the flames spread to the fragile scenery and before long the entire place was filled with smoke. A wild panic followed. Eddie Foy became the hero of the fire, when he saved many lives."

Departing from this historic spot, we sauntered to State Street, where I was forced to be Anne's partner in an orgy of window shopping along the "Great White Way," as this shopping street is called since the installation of rows of powerful arclights. Walking only a few blocks south, however, we returned to Randolph Street and, after light refreshments at De Met's, sought the Hotel Sherman again.

"Well, Mr. Guide," said Anne, finally, "I have no regrets at not being able to see the stockyards first. And you can lay to that!"

"Such," I bowed, "is the new Chicago."

TUESDAY

HAVING skimmed over the city yesterday and gotten a fair idea of its vast size and physical features, Anne announced, when we met next morning at about the same time, that she was prepared to do a little footwork in a study of details and backed up her assertion by displaying comfortable shoes and an attractive but inconspicuous summer suit.

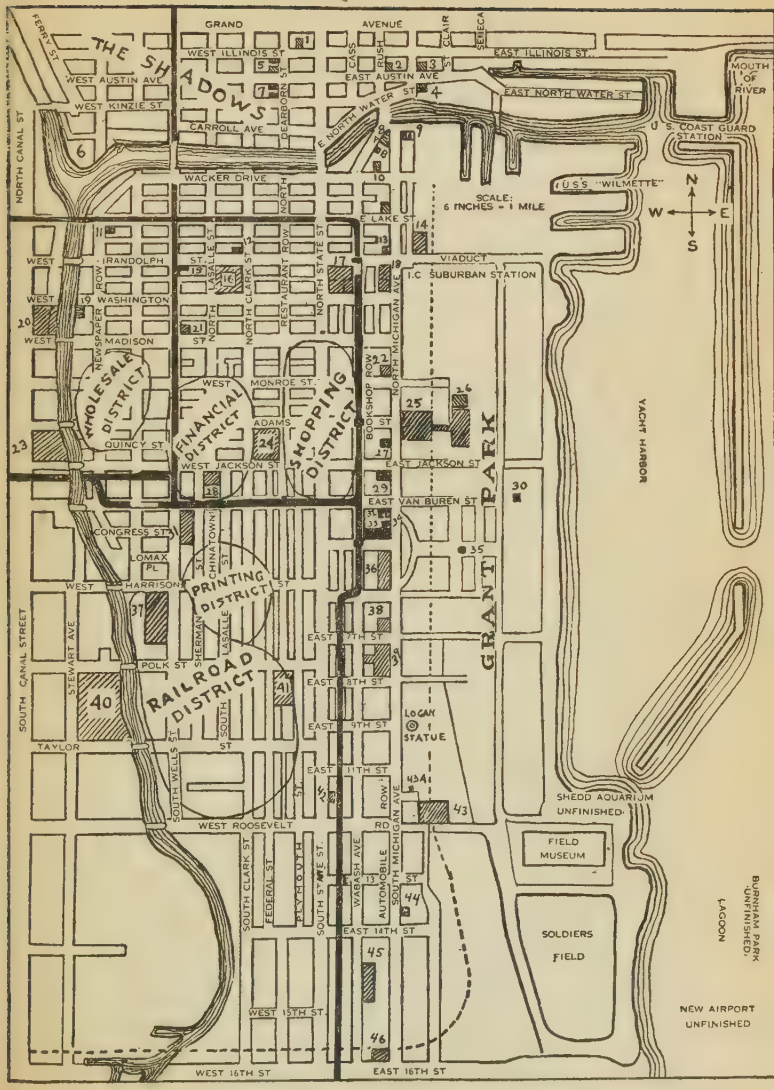
"To-day," I said, "we shall wander amid the glories and grandeurs of Chicago's Lake Front and its famous promenade, Michigan Boulevard. This tour will provide you with an opportunity of accomplishing one of the most important duties of a sightseer, that of viewing the city from a high tower. In this way, you will get a better impression of the layout of Chicago and also a bird's-eye view of the city's 'front yard,' as Grant Park has been called."

As on the day before, we once more headed east in Randolph Street. Boarding a north-bound State Street car, which took us over the river and northward a short distance out of the downtown district, we got off at Grand Avenue and walked east for two blocks to Michigan Avenue, which bridges Grand Avenue at this point. Here, we sought the west steps, which brought us to the surface of the great driveway. Walking south a block, observing the new Medinah Athletic Club skyscraper under construction across the boulevard, we finally arrived directly opposite Tribune Tower.

"Beginning in a burst of glory," I announced, pointing to the upward sweep of the tower, "our Michigan Boule-

THE LOOP

1 Mme. Galli's Restaurant
2 Bert Kelly's Stables
3 Tribune Tower
4 Kirk Factory
5 County Jail
6 Wolf Point
7 Criminal Courts Building
8A Mather Tower
8B London Guarantee Building
9 333 North Michigan Avenue Building
10 Chicago Motor Club
11 Site of "Wigwam"
12 Hotel Sherman
13 Crerer Library
14 Tobey Building
15 Bismarck Hotel
16 City Hall
17 Marshall Field & Company
18 Chicago Public Library
19 New Opera House
20 New Daily News Building
21 Old Daily News Building
22 University Club
23 Union Station
24 Federal Building
25 Art Institute
26 Goodman Theater
27 Orchestral Hall
28 Chicago Board of Trade
29 Straus Building
30 The "Seated Lincoln" Statue
31 La Salle Street Station
32 Chicago Club
33 Fine Arts Building
34 Auditorium Hotel and Auditorium Theater
35 Buckingham Fountain
36 Congress Hotel
37 Grand Central Station
38 Blackstone Hotel
39 Stevens Hotel
40 Pennsylvania Freight Terminal
41 Polk Street Station
42 Police Headquarters
43 Illinois Central Station, Park Row
44 Louisiane Restaurant
45 Coliseum
46 1st Regiment Armory



THE LOOP OR CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT OF CHICAGO

vard walk, I assure you, will end in another burst of glory. In other words, it begins and ends with two 'world's greatest structures'—this newspaper building and the Stevens Hotel."

"Indeed," said Anne, her eyes filled with the truly marvelous sight before her, "as for the first of your glories, what a beautiful tower and imposing cathedral-like entrance. I never saw such intricate stone carvings before. Everything looks interesting about this building. Tell me all about it!"

"As a matter of fact, one hardly knows where to begin," I confessed. "It might be just as well, however, to start out by saying this tower is one of the architectural gems of America and is to Chicago—from the point of view of beauty and uniqueness, not height—what the Woolworth Building is to New York City. A world-wide competition among architects, with cash prizes totaling $100,000, was staged by the *Chicago Tribune* in 1921, when it was decided to erect this skyscraper home. And one of the winners of first prize, whose work you now see, turned out to be John Mead Howells, son of the American novelist, William Dean Howells. His associate, Raymond H. Hood, shared the prize.

"Suppose we stand here and get a perspective on the whole thing. Notice how it occupies a commanding position over the wide irregular plaza here, which has become the most important metropolitan area in the city. Notice how your eye is carried upward by the vertical lines. The entire building seems to be reaching, soaring skyward, indicating the aspiring spirit of Man. But yet how solid it all seems, how firmly rooted in the earth. It is, in short, a masterpiece of architectural design, the result of molding steel and stone so that it is both stable and rooted, and yet dynamic, living, aspiring. Come, let us cross the boulevard and get a closer view!

"Speaking of the cathedral-like entrance," I continued, after we had safely crossed the drive, "note that it is a clever combination of beauty and economy—the aim of all modern skyscraper construction. Observe the beauty of design and ornament—the huge carved screen above the door, like a tapestry in stone—and yet how little such ornamentation takes away from the dignity and simplicity of the entrance. This building is not only to be gazed at, but to be used as well."

I was interrupted at this point in my rather high-falutin' lecture when Anne discovered many odd-looking stones imbedded at various places on the façade, above and at each side of the entrance recess. "Why, they've got inscriptions carved beneath them," she shouted in delight. "What are they?" Telling her that the stones were fragments from other architectural gems and historic structures—Westminster Abbey, the Taj Mahal, and others—and promising that we would later make a detailed study of them, as well as of the carved screen above the door, I ushered her into the lobby of the tower.

"What a vast, cool room," commented my companion, as we entered and observed the restrained dignity and spaciousness of the lobby. Directly in front of us, against the back wall, we found an information counter of heavily carved, dark-stained oak. Above the counter hung a great contour map of the North American continent, showing in relief all its mountains and rivers, its lakes and plains and valleys. Glancing at the floor, we read these words of Ruskin laid in mosaic at the center:

> Therefore when we build let us think that we build forever.—Let it not be for present delight nor for present use alone.—Let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for and let us think as we lay stone on stone that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them and

that men will say as they look upon the labor and the wrought substance of them, "See! this our fathers did for us!"

With this thought as a keynote, we continued to survey the lobby. Over the main doorway, we saw the reverse of the stone outer screen, bearing a big bronze clock in outline, only the hands and hour symbols being visible, so that the screen could still be observed. Reading several more inscriptions on the walls—which were of cream-colored pitted stone—we finished our survey by noting the three bronze and glass chandeliers, the windows at each side decorated with carved stone balconies, and the medieval-looking oak benches.

After purchasing two twenty-five-cent tickets to the observatory, at the information counter, we were noiselessly shot upward in the sightseers' elevator at the left. Arrived at the top, we walked out—and gasped to see the fourth largest city in the world, containing more than three million souls, sprawled out in every direction 456 feet below us. Anne hardly knew what to say. "How strangely quiet the city seems, up here," she finally blurted out, her mind humanly grasping at a detail of the vast scene. The view suggested such lofty thoughts that I quoted to her the familiar lines of Carl Sandburg, the Chicago poet, from his book *Chicago Poems:*

"Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders."

Anne remained in silent contemplation. I then continued:

"Isn't this a magnificent view of Chicago? We're par-

ticularly fortunate to-day in having a brisk east wind, which blows all the smoke and dust westward. You might be interested to know that this tower looks out on a considerable portion of mid-western United States, at least that portion composed of such great states as Michigan, Indiana and Illinois."

I proceeded to offer proof. Pointing to several small streaks of gold lying in the sunlight on the southeast horizon of Lake Michigan, I told her they were the sand dunes about Michigan City, near where the states of Indiana and Michigan meet. "The eastern shore of the lake, in Michigan, is Chicago's summer playground," I went on, "and many excursion boats leave Chicago harbor every day in summer for the beach resorts." Following westward along the crescent-like curve of the shore, I indicated Dune Park, in Indiana, another region of sand dunes, popular with vacationists and hikers from Chicago, particularly among the intellectual classes. Next, Anne was shown the black steel mills of Gary, Ind., and South Chicago, which latter is part of Chicago. "These mills form the great western headquarters of the steel industry," I said, and, as an adjunct of the scene, pointed out a number of long low ore-boats on the lake bringing ore from the Lake Superior iron country. Coming around to the south side of Chicago, Anne saw again the group of tall hotels on the "Hotel Coast," which she had seen yesterday from the bus. And between this point and the Field Museum, the panorama showed many pile-drivers and sand-dredges along the shoreline, which, I explained, were busily engaged in "making" land along the shore of the lake. "In reality," I continued, "that 'made' land will constitute five islands when it is finished and will be the site of Chicago's Second World's Fair to be held in 1933. They will be connected by a great boulevard which is to cross the entire twenty-six-mile front of the city. And

the water between the shore proper and the islands will be converted into lagoons."

Bringing our gaze closer to the downtown district, I pointed out how the white marble Field Museum and Soldiers' Field—a group reminiscent of the Acropolis in ancient Athens because of its wonderful setting and classic lines—constituted the southern boundary of Grant Park, the city's "front yard." Anne noticed that it was bordered on the west by the Michigan Boulevard skyscrapers and hotels. We then looked out over the Loop, Chicago's famed central business district, until our eyes came to a point directly west of Tribune Tower where the Chicago River branched into two forks, one going northwest and the other southwest. "All that portion of the city," I explained, "lying directly north of the river is known familiarly as 'the north side'; that lying west of the north branch is called 'the northwest side,' while the same area on the south is called 'the southwest side'; the 'west side' lies directly west of the river from the Loop and the 'south side' directly south."

After pointing out such other features of the scene as Navy Pier and the series of "cribs," or pumping stations, out in the lake, we were ready to leave the observatory. We took the elevator down to the twenty-fifth floor and stepped out on the "promenade walk," a broad walk around the base of the central shaft of the upper portion of the tower. Strolling along the flagged pavement, Anne said she felt as though she were walking in the calm and age-hallowed cloister of some ancient cathedral in Europe, what with the Gothic flying buttresses, rising seven stories above us as they supported the central crown, and the elaborately carved stone screen surrounding the promenade. So she dreamily felt—until startled suddenly by a view of the metropolis twenty-five stories below her.

"Having viewed such a beautiful house, how about its occupant?" asked Miss Morley as we took the elevator down again.

"Indeed, yes," I said, "the occupant is no less interesting and famous than the building. Being the finest temple of journalism in the world, it is fittingly the home of the 'world's greatest newspaper.' And I'm not making an idle boast, even though I work on another Chicago newspaper which in its way is almost as famous. Truly, after making a careful and unbiased study, one may certainly find the *Chicago Tribune* to be the world's greatest. The initals 'W. G. N.'—which are easy to decipher—are as familiar throughout the country as Heinz's '57 Varieties.' Let me give you a few facts. At the time the tower was built, the *Chicago Tribune* had the largest circulation in America; now it holds second place, first place being held by the *New York News,* a subsidiary of the *Chicago Tribune* published in New York City. It has a world-wide organization, with offices in all of the principal cities. On the high seas, more than two dozen big transatlantic liners furnish their passengers with the *Ocean Times,* a daily paper printed at sea with news sent by radio from the *Chicago Tribune's* New York office. On the continent, a daily European edition, with a Berlin supplement, is published in Paris, entirely printed in English. The New York office also publishes *Liberty* magazine, which has a large national circulation comparable to any of the popular weeklies. It owns large tracts of timberlands in the vicinity of Shelter Bay, Canada, from which the raw material for *Tribune* paper comes. *Tribune* steamers carry the logs to the *Tribune* mills at Thorold, Ont., and Tonawanda, N. Y., where power from Niagara turns the wood into newsprint. The paper is then rushed to Chicago."

"Isn't this the paper," asked Anne, "that has the

famous 'Line O' Type or Two' column, which used to be conducted by Bert Leston Taylor?"

"Yes," I answered, "and his successor, Richard Henry Little, familiarly known as R. H. L., has made it even more popular, what with 'Line Nights' over the *Tribune* radio station and the annual publication of the 'Line Book,' the appearance of which is somewhat of an event among *Tribune* readers."

"Well," remarked Anne, "after such an introductory speech I am curious to visit the plant and see how the paper is gotten out. Where do we go from here?"

"Unfortunately," I asserted, genuinely regretful that I had to disappoint her, "the *Tribune* conducts visitors through its plant only in the afternoon and evening. A guide takes parties from the information counter in the lobby of the tower through the various departments in the afternoon at 2:30, 3:30, and 4:30, and in the evening at 9:00 and 10:00 o'clock. No trips are made on Saturdays, holidays, and nights before elections." I might add here that evening is the better time to visit the plant, because activity then is at its height.

Again arriving in front of the entrance on Michigan Avenue, we paused a few minutes to examine more fully the details of the façade. "These stones," I said, pointing to the objects which Anne had previously observed imbedded in the building, "come from famous and historic buildings all over the world. Some of them, however, are here because of remarkable stories which are not so well known." As examples, I called her attention to the three trophies from the Orient, commemorating victories that made world history and newspaper history. One of these stones, which I showed her, came from Fort San Antonio Abad, a target for Admiral Dewey's guns on the August day in 1898 that put an end to Spain's colonial dominion in Asia. Near this stone are two other Manila

memorials. One of them is a block from Fort Santiago. Pointing to an ancient and deeply engraved Chinese gravestone, I lectured:

"As the story goes, this was brought by the Spaniards to Manila as ballast early in the sixteen-hundreds and somehow found its way into the fabric of Santa Lucia barracks, which General MacArthur used as quarters. To-day it still is said to cast its ancient spell, for, the story further goes, many Chinese from Chicago's 'Chinatown' give it a wide berth on passing, believing the stone to possess supernatural qualities."

There were thirty-one of these fragments. And each one of them was like a torch which lit the fires of Anne's vivid imagination. I admitted to myself they could not do otherwise, for here were stones from such historic structures as the Great Wall of China, Hamlet's Castle in Denmark, the old Dublin post office, Westminster Abbey, Notre Dame de Paris, Edinburgh Castle, the Parthenon, Cologne Cathedral, and the citadel of David's Tower in Jerusalem. And each was appropriately inscribed, so that Anne had no difficulty in identifying them.

Calling her attention to the intricately carved stonework over the entrance recess, I explained that it is called "The Tree of Life," or Æsop's Screen, and that each one of the weird figures from the fables of Æsop represents a moral applicable to the lives of all of us. I also told her that each of the gargoyles and grotesques, scattered about in the general architectural scheme, represents some fact or fancy, as in the old Gothic cathedrals of Europe.

Trailing shreds of architectural glory with her, Anne next was conducted south a few steps toward the bridge. The only building between Tribune Tower and the river, I told her, marks the spot of the first house in Chicago. "What an interesting coincidence," she remarked. "Why, it's almost at the same location as Tribune Tower—the

masterpiece of present-day Chicago buildings standing on the site of its first house." I called her attention to the bronze tablet marking the spot, on the wall of the Kirk soap factory, a landmark on the north bank of the river for many years, now vacant and deserted, the factory having moved to its new structure on the northern tip of "Goose Island" at North Avenue and the river.

"I might preface my remarks," I began, "by saying that this part of the downtown district has a rich historic interest, marking as it does the first beginnings of Chicago. For example, this tablet. As you see, it tells how the first house in Chicago was erected about 1770, on this spot, by Jean-Baptiste Point de Sable, a colored Santo Domingo trader. History records that he was a fugitive slave, but little is known as to how he found his way from his master's plantations to the French settlements of what was then Louisiana, or afterward into the jungles of the Northwest. It is established, however, that he was settled in a cabin at the mouth of the Chicago River and was leading the life of a trapper here in those early days. He became quite a prominent fur trader, dealing with the Indians, and in time others gathered around him. A large settlement of these traders and trappers grew up at the mouth of the river. This negro occupied the cabin for seventeen years, finally selling it to a French trader named Le Mai, who continued in business until 1804. In that year he sold the cabin to John Kinzie, who occupied it until the Fort Dearborn Massacre in 1812. Reoccupying it in 1816, he lived there until his death in 1828. Six years later the cabin disappeared.

After glancing at the miniature of this first house in a window of the Kirk Building, we started our walk southward across the bridge. I explained to Anne that the Wrigley Building across the street also maintains an observatory in its tower. "A well-known boulevard book-

shop, the Walden, has quarters in the Wrigley Building," I added. Noting a group of workmen at the north stone bridge houses, I explained to Anne that they were engaged in the work of preparing the side of the houses to receive memorial statues.

"My goodness, what's happened!" shouted Anne, startled, as a great clanging of bells broke loose about the bridge.

"You're the luckiest girl in the world," I laughed, explaining that she would now have an opportunity of seeing Chicago's principal bridge lift toward the sky to let a boat pass through. Breaking in the center of the bridge, after all traffic had been cleared, two spans slowly lifted, jack-knife fashion, and stood up grotesquely against the background of river-front skyscrapers. A long lake freighter having gone on its way to the mouth of the river, Anne said at the end of the episode that it was indeed thrilling to watch and hoped that another boat would come along soon.

"Here," I said, pointing to a tablet on the northeast corner of the bridge rail, "we go back still earlier to the first discovery of Chicago." Anne read the words: "In honor of Louis Joliet and Père Jacques Marquette, the first white men to pass through the Chicago River. September, 1673. This tablet placed here by the Illinois Society of the Colonial Dames of America under the auspices of the Chicago Historical Society."

"These two men," I lectured, "were the first white men to discover the Chicago River and the future site of Chicago. Father Marquette was a French missionary priest belonging to the Society of Jesus, and his companion, Joliet, was a French explorer. These men found that the Indians had given the name 'Chicagou' to the river here. It is believed the word 'Chicagou' comes from the language of the Illinois tribe of Indians, and means

'onion.' That vegetable was found in great quantities along the banks of the stream by early explorers. There is also a legend that an Indian chief of the region bore the name 'Chicagou.'

"The tablet shows them in a canoe, paddled by a number of Indians, returning to Quebec. Curiously, they discovered the Chicago River from inland and not from Lake Michigan. At the time, they were returning from a voyage of discovery on the Mississippi River, having made their way up the Illinois River to the Des Plaines, which runs parallel with Chicago outside the city limits to the west. Carrying the canoe on their backs, the party 'portaged' on dry land for seven miles eastward until they came to the south branch of the Chicago River. In this way 'Chicago portage' was discovered. In reporting his findings, Joliet told his superior, Count Frontenac, governor of New France, as the territory was known in 1673, that if a canal were cut through the prairie along the portage one could pass by boat from the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River to the Mississippi River. Since then, Chicago has built the drainage canal, which links the Chicago River with the Mississippi. Joliet's vision of a Great Lakes-Mississippi waterway continues to live in the hearts of us Chicagoans, our dream being to make Chicago a Middle Western ocean port by linking the St. Lawrence River with the Gulf of Mexico, providing a waterway route for ocean-going vessels through the Great Lakes and the Chicago and Mississippi rivers."

"I hate to admit," interjected Miss Morley, "that I've forgotten just when all this happened."

"It was at the time when New England and Virginia were English colonies. Harassed by hostile Indians, the colonists were in the midst of King Philip's war, in which they had banded together to fight the savages. At the same time, the French, with headquarters in Quebec, had

laid claim to all this Great Lakes territory, calling it 'New France.'

"A year after the discovery of the Chicago River," I continued, "Father Marquette returned to the site of Chicago and, being detained by illness, passed the winter in a cabin at what is now Robey Street, on the south branch of the Chicago River. He thus became the first recorded white resident of the city of Chicago. Marked by a cross, the spot is on our itinerary to be visited later in the week. Chicago portage might be found to run in a line westward from the Marquette cross to the Des Plaines River."

"But I don't understand," said Anne, obviously perplexed. "I thought the colored gentleman from Santo Domingo built the first house in Chicago—when was it, in 1770? And now you tell me Farther Marquette built a cabin on Robey Street in 1674, almost a century earlier. How does that happen?"

"I've noticed that before," I said, smiling indulgently at her discovery. "The Kirk soap factory tablet must be mistaken. Obviously, Father Marquette built the first house. But the colored gentleman from Santo Domingo, on the other hand, is our first landed citizen, the first to acquire title to Chicago real estate."

"Oh, I see," said Anne, satisfied.

Leaving this tablet, we walked to the south end of the bridge and crossed over to another tablet on the west rail. Here, Anne read: "In honor of René-Robert Cavalier Sieur De La Salle and Henry De Tonti, who passed through this river on their way to the Mississippi, in December, 1681."

"Similarly French explorers," I said, "these men were the next to appear in the Chicago area, seven years after Marquette had left his cabin. And then, following this, the next important point in Chicago's history is Jean-

LIBRARY

Baptiste's erection of his house at the mouth of the river.

"While Le Mai was living in this log cabin on the north bank, which you recall he bought from Baptiste," I went on, "the third important chapter in Chicago's history occurred when the Stars and Stripes were first raised over this area in 1803. For on that date, a troop of United States soldiers built Fort Dearborn. And Fort Dearborn stood on the spot where the London Guarantee Building now stands—that triangular skyscraper over there at the southwest corner of the bridge-head. The farthest outpost of the United States at that time, Fort Dearborn was found necessary because the Indians were continuing to resist the westward advance of civilization. Furthermore, control of the Mississippi River, to which Chicago portage was the key, was still a bone of contention with foreign powers.

"As the government selected it, the military reservation on which the stockade was located comprised the area of what is now Madison Street on the south, State Street on the west, the river on the north, and the lake on the east. The buildings consisted of four log houses and two block houses, all being made of heavy logs and surrounded by a palisade twelve feet high. The fort continued in use as an army post until 1837, and was then abandoned. It remained standing, however, until 1857, when it gave way to the march of progress. The tragic Fort Dearborn Massacre occurred at ten-thirty on the morning of August 15, 1812, when General Hull ordered the garrison—ninety-three persons in all, including over a score of women and children—to abandon the fort. Traveling southward on their way to Fort Wayne—now Detroit—they arrived along the lake shore at what is now 18th Street. There they were attacked by hostile Indians and in the battle that followed were defeated. The redskins, outnumbering them ten to one, dashed among the soldiers, civilians,

women, and children, slaughtering and torturing on every hand. When it was over, twenty-six of the fifty-five regular troops, twelve civilians, a like number of children, and two women, were found to have been killed. Only twenty-five Indians were killed. It is said that the bodies of the whites lie buried somewhere within the present limits of Grant Park, but the exact spot is unknown. The next day the Indians set fire to Fort Dearborn and entirely destroyed it. It was rebuilt in 1816."

Concluding my historical lecture, I informed Anne that a monument now stands at 18th Street and the lake on the site of the massacre.

Reaching the south bridge-head plaza of "the Avenue," I showed her two more sculptural decorations in process of being erected on the ornate stone bridge-houses. Across the street, on the southeast corner, Anne again saw the immense "333 North Michigan Avenue" skyscraper. "The Tavern Club," I said, "Chicago's latest club of writers and artists, occupies the entire twenty-fifth floor of the '333' building." Continuing south, passing rows of glittering shops and art galleries, we arrived at East Wacker Drive, where I showed her the new twelve-story structure of the Chicago Motor Club, in process of construction, a block west of us.

Entering the building at 220 North Michigan Avenue, we paid a brief visit to the rooms of the Chicago Galleries Association, on the second floor. "This is a unique art organization," I explained. "Established by the Municipal Art League, it is a no-profit association that has for its purpose the lending of paintings to art lovers of Chicago and vicinity at a low annual rental. They display mostly the work of American artists, particularly of Chicago and the Middle West."

Our walk next brought us to the beautiful new Tobey Building, home of the Tobey Furniture Company, where

we also paid short visits to Ovington's art store at number 212 and to Kroch's large bookstore at number 206. "This bookstore," I told Anne, "is regarded as the intellectual center of Chicago and famous authors of the city and the country at large may be seen in its aisles almost any day." Arriving next at Lake Street, I pointed, a few doors westward, to the new downtown home of De Paul University, a Catholic institution and, across the street, to Leighton's restaurant. Observing a great many steamship offices in this vicinity, Anne was told that the area is known locally as "Steamship Row."

The next crossing brought us to Randolph Street, which marks the beginning of Grant Park, to the east. "This is the library center of the city," I said to Anne, conducting her around the corner on Randolph Street to the main entrance of John Crerar Library. We read the stone tablet in the lobby, which announces that it is a free public reference library of scientific and technical literature, embracing such sciences as natural, physical, medical, and applied. After a hurried visit to the reading-rooms on the thirteenth floor, during which I pointed out that the American Library Association has its national headquarters on the ninth floor of the building, we departed for the Chicago Public Library across the street. Preferring to enter from the Washington Street side, we made our way alongside the building on Michigan Boulevard. I pointed out the artistic semicircular colonnade and fountain across the street and, lying east of it, the temporary wooden Illinois Central suburban station.

"Here is the great seal of Chicago," I said, pointing to the floor in the lobby of the library building. "The legend 'Urbs in Horto' means a 'City in a Garden.' When the village fathers adopted the seal, in 1835, Chicago was known as 'The Garden City.' The town apparently was surrounded with many gardens in those days, and its in-

habitants were proud of them. The title, however, disappeared after the great Chicago fire in 1871."

"Now it is known as 'The Windy City,' isn't it?" added Anne.

From this point we made our way up the wide marble stairs to the second floor general circulation room, where my companion received a thrill upon viewing the beautiful glass-domed room, decoratively treated in favrile glass mosaics and green Connemara marble from the Tiffany studios. "At the time of their installation these mosaics were unsurpassed in any building erected since the fourteenth century," I said. Walking to the third floor, we turned to the right into the public card-room.

"My, what a splendid view over the Lake Front," said Anne, hastening to the window.

"Yes," I replied. "That navy cruiser over there at the foot of Randolph Street is the U. S. S. *Wilmette* of the Illinois Naval Reserve, formerly the old *Eastland,* an excursion boat which tipped over in the river at the Clark Street bridge with a loss of 812 lives on a July morning in 1912, marking one of Chicago's major tragedies." From this place, we walked through the reference-room and down the steps at the north end of the building, entering the G. A. R. memorial museum on the second floor. Anne enjoyed wandering among the Civil War exhibits and derived particular pleasure upon viewing the elaborately-carved oaken interior of the meeting hall of the Department of Illinois, G. A. R.

Continuing southward along "Boul' Mich'," as the boulevard is sometimes called, we passed the architecturally interesting exterior of the Chicago Athletic Association building at number 12, the University Club, in Gothic, on the northwest corner at Monroe Street, and the Illinois Athletic Club at number 112. "The Kenneth Sawyer Goodman Memorial Theatre," I said, indicating

a low stone roof eastward over the Monroe Street bridge, in Grant Park, "is probably the only 'sunken theater' in the country. Operated by the Art Institute, it is devoted solely to highbrow plays and has a resident company which has attracted wide attention by its excellent work." Arriving in front of the Lake View Building, at number 116, which houses many of the downtown schools of Chicago educational institutions—such as University College of the University of Chicago, where classes are conducted during the evening for Loop workers—I announced to Anne:

"Inasmuch as our walk calls for a visit to the Art Institute across the street, I suggest we have lunch and a short rest before going in for art. You have your choice of two interesting dining places hereabouts—the Russian Tea Room on the second floor of the Lake View Building or the Tip Top Inn on the ninth floor of the old Pullman Building, over there on the southwest corner of Michigan and Adams. You recall we visited their grill yesterday on the first floor. The Russian Tea Room is a pioneer in the 'Russian atmosphere' type of restaurant in Chicago, while the Tip Top is a popular and old-established 'Boul' Mich' eating place. Its quaint Pickwick room is worth a visit."

Preferring to mix her food with a bit of exotic Russia, Anne chose the Russian Tea Room. She fully enjoyed the atmosphere of the place, with its curious objets d'art, as well as the palatable food. After a short rest, we departed for the Art Institute.

"Those two guardians of Chicago's culture," I began, pointing to the two massive lions flanking the steps of the Art Institute, "are important characters in what I choose to call Chicago's folklore. References to them, both comic and serious, are made many times during the course of the year in local newspapers and magazines."

After which we read the sign announcing that the Art Institute is open daily from 9 to 5 and Sundays from 12:15 to 9. It is free on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, we learned, and an admission charge of twenty-five cents made on other days.

"Forming a sort of centerpiece on the Lake Front," I said, continuing my lecture, "this institute is recognized throughout the world as a great and influential art center. Its school of art is indeed the largest in the country, having an annual registration of more than four thousand students. Truly, Anne, I don't know where to begin on our tour through the building. One really ought to devote a whole day to it. But suppose we just drift along for an hour or two, letting our fancy be our guide."

Quite casually, therefore, we headed directly into the heart of the museum. Statues and marbles were on all sides. On the right we glanced into Ryerson Art Library and Burnham Architectural Library, while on the left I showed Anne the Fullerton Memorial Lecture Hall, where public concerts and lectures are given. "Downstairs," I said, upon arriving at the central stairways, "there is an excellent cafeteria where members, students, and visitors are invited." Our steps next took us among the medieval statues in Blackstone Hall, and from there to Gunsaulus Hall, where Anne enjoyed the fine collection of glass and china. Passing through the galleries surrounding Alexander McKinlock Jr. Memorial Court, devoted largely to Oriental objects, Miss Morley received her greatest thrill in the rooms of the Antiquarian Society of the Art Institute, where completely furnished period-rooms—ranging from the Orient, medieval England, renaissance Italy, and decadent France to colonial America—greeted her eyes. It was with difficulty that I dragged her away from these interesting exhibits. Returning to the central stairway, we entered the second floor, wandering among the

galleries of paintings. Here, Anne saw the original of Breton's "Song of the Lark," and originals of many of the old masters. There were samples of work by Rembrandt, Monet, Whistler, and Inness, as well as representative collections of the ultra-modern impressionist painters.

"I just love that painting," exclaimed Anne, observing "Sunlight" by John White Alexander, in the Catherine White Gallery. "Don't you think it is clever, showing a little thread of sunlight across a woman's dress?"

Regretting that our schedule would not permit of a longer stay in such a wonderful treasure house, but having gotten a general idea of its scope, I next conducted Anne along a terrace to the south plaza of the museum. Hearing a noise of falling water, she looked up and saw the "Fountain of the Great Lakes," by Lorado Taft, one of Chicago's most important statuary groups. "Symbolical of the Great Lakes," I said; "note how one figure pours water into the bowl of the other.

"In connection with this statue," I went on, "let me digress a moment to explain that it was the first to be unveiled under the terms of the B. F. Ferguson Fund, a bequest made to the Art Institute by Benjamin F. Ferguson, an old and respected business man of Chicago who died in 1905. This fund has for its object the erection of enduring statuary in the parks, along the boulevards, or in other public places of the city, commemorating worthy men and women of America or important events in American history. Through this means, at least seven of our important memorial groups were made possible. I have already brought three or four of them to your attention. In other words, Mr. Ferguson, seeing a lack of beautiful statues in Chicago, turned back to the city the fortune which he had made out of it so that it might be made beautiful. But come, I want to show you a statue

dedicated to another Chicagoan who did much for the cultural life of the city."

And so I directed Anne to "The Spirit of Music" statue, which faces Michigan Boulevard, just south of the Art Institute terrace. "This was erected to the memory of Theodore Thomas, founder and first director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Note how it faces Orchestra Hall, Chicago's temple of music and home of the symphony orchestra, directly across the boulevard. Orchestra Hall is also the home of the Sunday Evening Club, a nonsectarian religious gathering maintained by prominent business men for the benefit of strangers, hotel guests, and residents of the Loop district."

From here we made our way across the avenue at Jackson Boulevard and arrived in front of the carved panels, cut in pink Tennessee marble, which flank the imposing entrance to the Straus Building, home of the S. W. Straus financial company, on the southwest corner of Jackson and Michigan. "These bas-reliefs," I said, "representing Commerce, Industry, Art, and Agriculture, were cut by Leo Lentelli, who also designed the massive bronze doors between them. It is a fitting entrance to this 'temple of finance,' one of the outstanding skyscrapers of the city. The interior is worth a visit." Inside, Anne was awe-struck at the grandeur of the banking-room. I told her the beautiful stained-glass window at the west end of the room was designed by Ezra Winter and executed in his studios. I added that she could obtain another bird's-eye view of Chicago from the observatory of the Straus tower to the tune of twenty-five cents.

At Van Buren Street, the next intersection, we crossed over into Grant Park again and, after passing over the stone foot-bridge, arrived before "the seated Lincoln," as this statue by Saint Gaudens is often referred to. It is placed in a simple circular architectural setting. The

statue was given to Chicago by John Crerar, founder of the library which bears his name. Returning to "Boul' Mich' " Anne remarked on the splendid view of the downtown skyline obtained from the foot-bridge. While gazing thus, she derived a new sensation when the chimes in the Straus tower spoke heavily and leisurely the time of day. Passing the impressive home of the Chicago Club, on the southwest corner at Van Buren, we next arrived at the Fine Arts Building, number 410 South Michigan, the city's pioneer "temple of the arts."

"I think we'd better have tea here and a short rest," I suggested to Miss Morley, recalling the delightful appointments of the Piccadilly Tea Room on the fifth floor. Before going there, however, we paid a brief visit to the book-shop of Mr. Alexander Greene, on the eighth floor, which Anne agreed was one of the coziest in Chicago. "I could just sit here for hours reading a book before this lovely fireplace," she exclaimed. She noted further, after we left, how Mr. Greene made no attempt to force a sale, spending the time instead discussing his favorite topic, Irish literature, in which field he has the best collection of books in this country.

"In his book of Chicago literary reminiscences," I said to Anne, as we sat at a table in the Piccadilly, "Harry Hansen tells us that the first 'little theatre' in America was started in this building by Maurice Browne and Ellen Van Volkenburg. He also tells us that Margaret Anderson founded her *Little Review* magazine here. And you know what an important influence that magazine was in contemporary American literature in the years that followed its establishment. At the present time, in addition to many art and musical studios, the building houses the Playhouse, home of the highbrow 'little cinema,' on the first floor and the Chicago Art Theatre, on the fifth floor.

The Studebaker Theatre, one of Chicago's regular commercial houses, is located on the ground floor."

Considerably refreshed, we proceeded to the next building south, the historic Auditorium Hotel, passing on the way "Song-Bird Alley," as the stage entrance for opera stars between the Fine Arts Building and the Auditorium Theatre is known. "The Auditorium Building," I commented, "standing here on Congress Street from Michigan to Wabash, has been for many years one of the important structures of Chicago. Designed by Louis H. Sullivan, it was conceived for the purpose of combining opera house, ballroom, and convention hall with office building, tower, and hotel." Entering the now old-fashioned lobby, we proceeded down a passageway to the left, paralleling the Auditorium coffee-shop, and came out in Congress Street, where I showed my companion the ancient lobby of the Auditorium Theatre, home of the Chicago Civic Opera Company. "In 1888, a year after the Auditorium was completed," I announced, "the Republican convention that nominated Harrison for President was held in this theater. The grand opening in 1889 was an historic event, President Harrison, the governors of many states, and other dignitaries being present. Since then, this lobby has looked down on the annual scene of splendor and brilliance attendant upon the opening of the opera season."

Finished with our survey, we crossed over and entered the Congress Street entrance to the Congress Hotel, in which I conducted Anne along "Peacock Alley," pointing out such well-known dining places adjoining the narrow passageway as the French Room, the Pompeiian Room and the Balloon Room. Coming out on "the Avenue" again, we passed the tall Harvester Building, containing the main offices of the International Harvester Company, at number 606, and the Samovar Café in the basement of the Blum Building at number 624, another interesting Russian

place. Then we strolled through the luxurious lobby of the Blackstone Hotel, Chicago's famous hostelry of the "Four Hundred," and came out presently before the main entrance of the Stevens Hotel on Michigan Avenue.

"We are now," I announced, "about to enjoy the second burst of glory, which I promised would end our Michigan Boulevard tour. For this, beyond the shadow of a doubt, is the world's greatest hotel. Come along and I'll prove it to you!"

"Before we go in," she said, "tell me who is the rider of that bronze horse over there in Grant Park, a little south of us?"

"That is the statue of Gen. John A. Logan, showing him rallying his troops before Atlanta at a moment when he seized the flag from a fallen color-bearer. It is another Saint Gaudens statue."

Entering the marble Grand Stair Hall of the Stevens, Miss Morley gave a gasp of delight when we arrived on the second floor and entered the Main Lounge, just east of the stairway and overlooking Michigan Boulevard. Richly decorated in Louis XV style, the room presented intriguing details which Anne was quick to notice. I called her attention to the delicately paneled walls of sanded butternut and the wonderful draperies hanging from the many French windows. "The material used in these draperies," I said, "is multicolored brocade, French in design. The design, I understand, was awarded second prize at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia for being one of the best textiles made in America. The original is now hanging in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. As for other matters, I am told the combined cost of those three Saruk rugs was $75,000. The center rug, said to be the largest of its kind in the world, came from a palace of the Shah of Persia and was purchased direct through an emissary."

From this impressive room, we wandered to the still more impressive Grand Ball Room, south of the Lounge —comparing in magnificence with some of the palaces of the Old World. Anne said she never dreamed her eyes would behold such a scene. Inasmuch, however, as our schedule only permitted a peek at a time, we returned down the steps again in the Grand Stair Hall and came to the Main Lobby. "The first man to register on the day the hotel opened," I said, "was Vice-President Charles G. Dawes, and the second was Gerardo Machado, president of Cuba." Conducting my companion to a vestibule leading north of the Lobby, I showed her the lovely Colchester Grill, with its trimmings of black, Pompeiian red, and soft gray-green. "A picturesque annual Chicago event was started here by Ernest J. Stevens, head of the hotel," I said, "when he inaugurated the Colchester Oyster Feast, celebrated each year on Halloween. This feast originated in Colchester, England, a city on the river Colne, famous for its oyster beds. And Chicago is the only city in America to celebrate the feast. One may obtain dinner here for $1.50."

We next made our way downstairs and looked into the Japanese Lunch Room, with its mural decorations of Japanese scenes. "The sixty-five-cent luncheon they serve here has of late become popular with office workers in the vicinity of the hotel," I said.

I was on the point of telling Anne that we might be taken on a personally conducted tour of the hotel by applying to the assistant manager in the Main Lobby, but noting that she gave unmistakable signs of being tired from the day's walking I withdrew my words and instead returned her to the splendors of the Main Lounge. Seeking a comfortable seat, I told her to rest awhile before dinner. "We might also," I continued, "take ad-

vantage of the hotel's hospitality and freshen ourselves up a bit." Which, needless to say, was acted upon.

"Where do we dine this evening?" asked Miss Morley.

"Although the Colchester Grill and the Japanese Lunch Room of this hotel are a treat in themselves," I replied, "I think you'll get more enjoyment out of Chicago's only Creole restaurant, having all the atmosphere of old New Orleans."

Anne was pleased with this prospect and so, at six o'clock, we boarded the first south-bound bus in front of the hotel. After a short ride, we arrived at La Louisiane, number 1341 South Michigan Boulevard. Gaston Alciatore, son of the famous proprietor of the Louisiane restaurant in New Orleans, welcomed us at the door with typical Southern—or was it French?—hospitality.

"The fame of this restaurant," I said, after we were seated, "is in its menu. To eat a typical New Orleans dinner, I would suggest that we have Creole gumbo as a starter, to be followed by a *pièce de résistance* of Pompano Papilotte, the delicious and famous fish of the South. And you know the South, particularly New Orleans, is noted for its fish cuisine, what with the Gulf of Mexico but a stone's throw away. Together with soufflé potatoes, a dessert of French pastry, and a demi-tasse, this meal will be an adventure in eating you'll never forget."

Anne readily agreed to such a menu. That done, I pointed out the profuse clusters of Alabama smilax, an evergreen vine, hanging from the ceiling, and the murals depicting scenes in old New Orleans about the walls. A portrait of Fernand Alciatore, head of the family of famous culinary artists, adorned the wall to the right of the entrance, while the rear wall offered a picturesque balcony to the general decorative scheme. An orchestra and floor space in the middle of the restaurant provided for dancing.

"Almost unknown to the public at large," I went on, "this restaurant is the favorite dining place for many of Chicago's notables in the social and theatrical world."

Pleased with what she said was the most delicious meal she had ever eaten, Anne was reluctant to leave the Southern charm of the place when I announced that our next visit would be to the Buckingham Memorial Fountain in Grant Park. "We'll stay, however," I added, "until it becomes dark outside. I want you to see the wonderful play of colored lights on the fountain at night, as the scene is one of the memorable sights of newer Chicago. This fountain, I might add here, is said to be the most beautiful in America and stands at the foot of Congress Street in Grant Park, with the lake on one side and the Michigan Avenue skyline on the other."

When it became sufficiently dark outside, we departed from La Louisiane, boarding the first north-bound bus that came along in Michigan Boulevard outside. On the way I told Anne that another interesting restaurant in this vicinity was Paul's, at 1715 South Michigan, where many of Chicago's epicures dine.

Getting off the bus at Congress Street, we crossed over into the park and stood before the fountain. Looming up ninety feet high, the fountain was a nebulous mist of white water, changing color every few minutes. A series of smaller fountains at the round base, together with four green sea-horses, spurted parabolas of water toward the central column.

"Why, it's perfectly beautiful," shouted my companion, going into ecstasies. "I think this is the crowning glory of the whole day's tour. Don't you think it's like a symphony of music?"

"This," I said, "is a more spectacular demonstration of Chicago as a city of beauty than any other sight we have. It is the largest fountain of its type in the world and cost

$700,000 to build. It is patterned to a certain extent after the famous Latona Fountain in the gardens at Versailles, but is twice as large. Miss Kate Buckingham donated the fountain to the city as a memorial to her brother, Clarence Buckingham, who died in 1913. He was a Chicago capitalist and art collector, and was for eleven years a trustee of the Art Institute."

After watching the fountain for an hour or so, we departed toward Michigan Boulevard and took a Yellow Cab back to the Hotel Sherman, as Anne felt tired and wanted to turn in early.

WEDNESDAY

"FOR the sake of contrast from the wealth and splendor of Michigan Boulevard and the Lake Front," I said to Anne, upon meeting her in the lobby of the hotel the next morning at nine o'clock, "how would you like to tour through the crowded and colorful melting-pot of Chicago's great west side? You see, what the East Side is to New York the west side is to Chicago. And besides, as I said before, you must always remember Chicago is a city of contrasts."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Miss Morley. "I'd like very much to see 'how the other half lives' in your city. Let's go!"

"I'm sure you'll enjoy the trip," I continued, "as it covers a typical side of Chicago—a side where you see life in the foreign sections. If further comparisons are necessary, I might add it is like the East End of London, that crowded area of the lower classes which you have undoubtedly read about in books.

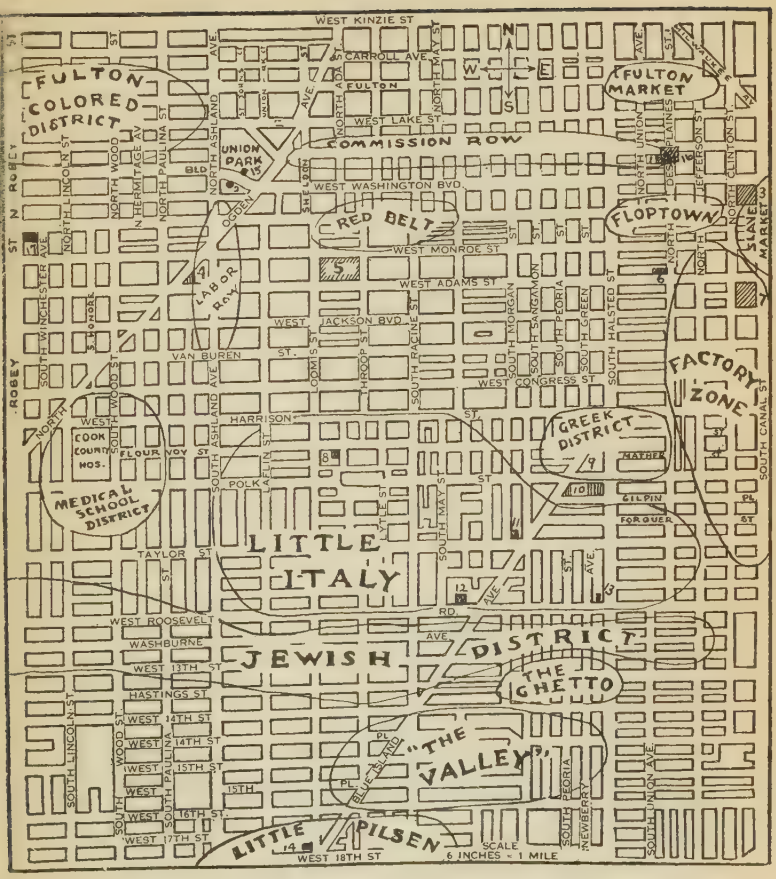
"In short, we shall to-day visit what has sometimes been called the 'back yard' of Chicago—Michigan Boulevard and the Lake Front, as you remember, being the 'front yard.'"

While walking toward the west end of the Randolph Street Rialto district, I explained that it would be worth while first to explore the northwest corner of the downtown district, as it lay in our way toward the west side and has historic as well as present-day features of considerable interest which we might otherwise miss.

"Seems to me," said Anne, when we passed Wells Street, "that the Randolph Street theatrical district sud-

THE NEAR WEST SIDE

1 Desplaines Police Station
2 Harrison Statue
3 North Western Station
4 Wiebolt's Store
5 "Bum Park," Jefferson Park
6 St. Patrick's Church
7 Union Station, "The Slave Market"
8 Notre Dame Church
9 "The Delta"
10 Hull-House
11 Genna Headquarters
12 Holy Family Church
13 Gold's Restaurant
14 Little Bohemia Restaurant
15 Police Statue
16 Haymarket Square
17 Lewis Institute



THE NEAR WEST SIDE

The Near West Side lies directly behind the Loop and west of the north and south branches of the Chicago River.

denly comes to an end after we pass the Elevated." Her observation was true. I added that we were now entering a wholesale district west of the Loop and pointed to Albert Pick & Company, at 212 West Randolph Street, as being one of the oldest wholesale firms in Chicago, dealing in home and hotel furnishings. Farther along, at number 226, on the same side of the street, I called her attention to the two-story structure of the Western Undertaking Company, another pioneer Chicago concern, explaining that this establishment is particularly interesting because practically all persons who meet violent death in the north end of the Loop are brought here—that is, until such time as the relatives of the deceased are located or notified by the police. "It is a sort of unofficial police morgue," I said. Arriving at the intersection of Randolph and Franklin streets, I pointed out the imposing new sky-scraper home of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, at 110 North Franklin, a block to the south of us but within plain view. "That," I said, "is the citadel of our 'big butter-and-egg men.' At the northwest corner of the intersection where we were standing, I pointed out the headquarters of Chicago Lodge No. 43 of the Loyal Order of Moose, occupying the second floor of the building. On the opposite, or northeast, corner, I showed her Carl's German Restaurant, where one can still obtain good food as only Germans know how to cook it. "This restaurant has been on the corner for almost twenty years and has always been popular among politicians and old-timers," I said to my companion.

From this point, we walked north in Franklin Street to the next block, which brought us under the Lake Street "L" structure. The old red brick building on the northwest corner Anne had no difficulty in recognizing, as she observed the large gold letters on its front reading "Armour & Company." "That is one of the ten branch

wholesale markets of the great Chicago packing concern scattered over the city," I told her, "and is a lone survivor of the great days of South Water Street marketplace, which used to be north of here along the river, where Wacker Drive now is."

Our walk next led us westward for one block, under the metallic roar of the elevated trains, where we arrived at the intersection of Lake Street and Wacker Drive, which appeared to be a sort of plaza.

"Stop!" I commanded Anne, much in the manner of the traffic policeman on the corner, "for you are now standing on a hallowed spot. Pointing to a large bronze tablet at the entrance to Franklin MacVeagh & Company, 333 West Lake Street, I bade my companion read the lettering with her own eyes. She read: "On this site stood the Wigwam, in which Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency in 1860. Presented by the Chicago chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution on February 12, 1909."

"Well," said Anne, reflectively, "so this is where the old wooden G. O. P. convention hall stood. I can just see the crowds moving about the muddy streets and the torchlight processions around the Wigwam at night. Goodness, what a difference now compared to only sixty-five years ago."

"How do you know about the crowds, Anne?" I asked. "You don't look so old."

"Now, now, Mr. Guide, none of your nonsense!" laughed my companion. "Don't you think I know my Lincoln?"

"However, that isn't all with reference to the historical background of this site," I went on. "For the same spot marks the location of Mark Beaubien's Sauganash Tavern, the first regularly licensed hotel in Chicago, built in 1830, eighteen years after the Fort Dearborn Massacre. He

named it the 'Sauganash' after the Indian title of Billy Caldwell, a half-breed chief who had aided the Fort Dearborn settlers at the time of the massacre. A two-story frame house in what was then the western outskirts, the Sauganash also housed Chicago's first theatrical performance and was for a long period the center of life and commerce in the little riverside village. Harry Beardsley, a local authority on the city, tells us that Mark's foremost contribution to the growth of early Chicago was twenty-three children. He adds that the tavern-keeper also rated as Chicago's first patron of the arts and muses, her first sportsman, and first man-about-town. In 1831 Mark received his license to keep tavern, to conduct a general store, and to run a ferry across the river to Wolf Point. In 1834 he built another frame building at what is now the southwest corner of Lake and Wells streets, just two blocks east of this point, and called it the 'Exchange Coffee House,' thus establishing the first chain-store in Chicago.

"Meanwhile, old Mark in his Sauganash occupied his evenings fiddling for dances, discussing topics of the day in the taproom, and racing his stable of two Indian ponies. Three years later, however, the Sauganash became vacant. Then a local theatrical company was formed and, converting the taproom of the tavern into a theater with benches for about three hundred, produced Chicago's first drama. The building was finally destroyed in 1851, after the river here and at Wolf Point opposite had ceased to be the center of village life."

Anne was intrigued by this recital of the early life of the intersection and her eyes were alight with interest.

"Wait," I said, "there's still more to tell. Come with me!"

Conducting her to the opposite, or northwest, corner, we found ourselves in front of a small concrete column

marking the west end of Wacker Drive. I called her attention to the series of three bronze tablets in relief on the square base of the column, depicting three stages in the history of South Water Street, which until a few years ago was Chicago's famous and historic market-place thoroughfare. "This intersection," I explained, "marked the west end of old South Water Street. As you notice, the upper bronze shows the street in 1834, a muddy river-side road with small wooden stores and buildings along both sides. It was then the 'Main Street' of the straggling village and Mark Beaubien's Sauganash Hotel, as I explained before, was the focal point of the community."

The next tablet gave an impression of South Water Street one hundred years later, in 1924, showing it to be the crowded and dingy market-place of a great metropolitan city; while the third contained the lettered announcement of the completion of Wacker Drive, a modern double-decked river driveway and esplanade, occupying the former site of South Water Street. This plate also contained the names of city officials who were responsible for the great improvement, headed by that of William E. Dever, mayor at the time Wacker Drive was completed in 1926.

"But come, look at the river vista here," I called to Anne. We sauntered to a terrace overlooking the Chicago River and observed the scene a few minutes. Directly opposite us, on the north bank, was a desolate stretch of blackened shacks and deserted railroad shanties, all that remained of historic Wolf Point. "Wolf Point, as you see," I told Miss Morley, "is a small bit of land jutting into the river at 'the forks.' In 1823 it was a trading place for Indians and white settlers. A few years later, Mark Beaubien conducted his ferry across here. This is the spot we saw from Tribune Tower yesterday morning, showing how the river branched into two forks."

"What a railroad scene you have here on all sides," remarked my companion.

"Yes," I answered, "this is a typical view of Chicago's great railroad properties. It is unnecessary for me to say that Chicago is 'the crossroads of the nation,' as everybody knows it to be true. Over there on the opposite bank, to the northeast of us, are the freight yards of the Chicago & North Western Railroad, which formerly was the site of its old passenger terminal. Marshall Field & Company, the famous department-store concern of Chicago, propose building a monster warehouse on that site by utilizing air-rights over the tracks, an improvement which it is said will mark the beginning of a second Wacker Drive on the north bank. The Field company, you see, promise to build an ornate driveway along the river side of their proposed warehouse, to serve as the first link to the eventual improvement of the north bank along its entire length.

"And over here, on the west bank, you may see the orange and yellow passenger trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Chicago & North Western Railroads, arriving at and departing from their new terminal stations a bit southward."

"Backgrounded," Miss Morley added, "by a typical smoky industrial vista of Chicago, to the west."

"Oh, and another point of information," my companion continued, "is this the famous river that runs backward?"

"Yes," I replied. "Years ago they turned the current backward by building a series of locks and dams on the south branch, with the result that it now empties into the Mississippi River instead of Lake Michigan. The object of this move was to prevent sewage from polluting the waters of Lake Michigan, which furnishes Chicago's water supply. At the present time, however, most of the city's sewage is disposed of by means of extensive up-to-date

incinerator plants maintained by the trustees of the Sanitary District of Chicago."

"My goodness, there seems to be no end of interesting things to see at this place," offered Anne, as both of us instinctively started to walk.

Our course led southward for three blocks along the east side of Wacker Drive, formerly Market Street, under a "stub" track of the main Lake Street elevated line. On the way we visited the Iroquois Memorial Emergency Hospital, at number 23, observing a brass tablet in the lobby dedicated to the memory of the six hundred victims of the Iroquois Theatre fire of December 30, 1903, which I had told Anne about last night. The words "Chicago Does Not Forget" were inscribed under a figure in relief representing Mercy. This hospital, a small four-story structure, receives all police emergency cases in the downtown district.

A few steps southward again and we finally arrived at Madison Street. "You are now on one of Chicago's two most important streets," I said, "the other being State Street. This street, running east and west through the middle of the city, is the North and South dividing line for the street numbering system. State Street is the East and West dividing line. Principally, however, Madison Street is of interest to us because it is the main highway through the great west side."

On the northwest corner, I pointed to a scene of lively building activity, covering the entire block bounded by Wacker Drive on the east, Madison Street on the south, the river on the west, and Washington Street on the north. "You are witnessing the start," I lectured, "of the new forty-two-story skyscraper home of the Chicago Civic Opera, which will be one of the finest opera buildings in the country. It was brought about largely through the genius of Samuel Insull, the well-known public utili-

ties magnate of Chicago, who is also president of the Chicago Civic Opera Company. The plans call for tearing down the elevated structure on Wacker Drive here and having it end instead at the next street north, Washington Street, in that way providing for a spacious plaza in front of the opera building."

Turning west in Madison Street, we soon crossed the Madison Street bridge over the south branch of the river, during which I pointed out a number of interesting aspects that lay in the river-scape. Northward along the west bank I showed her the huge warehouse of Butler Brothers, the pioneer wholesale mail-order house founded in Chicago fifty-two years ago. "Edward V. Butler, one of the founders," I said, "died only a short time ago; he was an outstanding art patron of the city and was himself a painter of no small talent." I then showed Anne the new *Chicago Daily News* building and plaza, in process of construction, occupying the square block across the river from the new opera building, bounded on the north by Washington Street, on the west by Canal, on the south by Madison, and on the east by the river.

"This newspaper building," I said, "is the first structure in Chicago to use air-rights over railroad tracks. By so doing, it marks the beginning of a new era in building construction downtown, as it makes possible the covering up of unsightly railroad tracks by modern up-to-date buildings and skyscrapers. With the opera building on the east bank, the *Daily News* will have a complementary architectural feature in its beautiful riverside plaza on the west bank. Together, these new projects will bring renewed life to this old district in the vicinity of the West Madison Street bridge.

"Gracious," exclaimed Anne, "this is quite a scene of building activity."

"Yes," I answered. "As a matter of fact, I think Sand-

burg's lines in his Chicago poem called 'The Windy City' are especially appropriate here:

"Put the city up; tear the city down; put it up again; let us find a city.
Let us remember the little violet-eyed man who gave all, praying, 'Dig and dream, dream and hammer, till your city comes.'"

Leaving the confines of the bridge at its west end and finding ourselves at the first intersection, that of Madison and Canal streets, I announced to my companion:

"Well, now we're at last entering Chicago's famous West Side, the crowded and picturesque side of the city where we shall make a veritable tour of Europe, visiting Italy, Greece, Bohemia, Poland, France, and Russia—as well as such strata of society known as the slums, gangland and hobohemia.

"Or rather," I added, "we shall tour what is known more specifically as 'the near West Side.' It also goes under various other names; business men here call it the west central or mid-city district, while in politics it is one of the 'river wards'; sociologists call it the west side 'Wilderness,' while the newspapers in their crime stories identify it as the 'west side badlands.' All of which makes it very interesting as a sightseeing area.

"At any rate, Anne, it is one of the oldest sections in town; crowded, dingy, with many slum neighborhoods occupied by foreigners and with numerous manufacturing plants and warehouses scattered about. Old frame shacks, decaying buildings, and tenements are everywhere. In short, a regular 'back yard.'"

"The old is always more interesting than the new," philosophized Miss Morley, as her eyes betrayed eagerness to visit such an interesting side of the city.

"The near west side will not be old very much longer,"

I assured her, "as the business men in this territory have at last banded together to boost it up. They have come to realize their district is but a stone's throw from the Loop and the natural refuge for its overflow. They point to the new Civic Opera Building, the new *Daily News* structure, the recently completed Union Station, the proposed huge post-office building to be located near the Union Station, as examples of the westward trend of the downtown district. As a result, these business men have formed an organization to liven up the near west side in the same manner that Upper Michigan Avenue on the near north side has been boosted and built up."

"I gather from all this that your famous Loop is breaking its bounds and spreading in an ever-widening circle," said Anne.

"Exactly so," said I.

My speech of introduction having been completed, we made our first stop at the Chicago and North Western railroad station, on the northwest corner of Canal and Madison streets. The soot-covered façade, with its row of huge columns, looms up impressively above the surrounding neighborhood of little two-story hotels and stores. "This station," I lectured, "marked the beginning of a new era in Chicago railway passenger terminal construction, and so is worth a visit."

Once inside, Miss Morley showed considerable interest in the lofty vastness of the concourse, with its extensive use of tile and enameled terra-cotta and also in the dignity and beauty of proportion. Anne particularly enjoyed listening to the slow reechoing drawl of a station conductor, announcing the arrival and departure of trains. And what she heard were such familiar names as Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Salt Lake City, St. Paul, and Milwaukee.

Returning to the street, I reached into my coat pocket

and pulled out a map that I had taken along for Miss Morley's benefit. "Now that we are over in the west side," I announced, "permit me to show you an interesting map that will guide us through the polyglot sections of this part of Chicago. The University of Chicago Press published it a year ago in the interests of one of Chicago's important problems, the crime question. It is, in short, a map of the city's gangland. Brought out in conjunction with *The Gang,* an exhaustive sociological book by Prof. Frederic Thrasher, of the university faculty, this map gives the location of the approximately 1,313 gangs discussed by the professor in his book, most of which are found to be street-corner juvenile gangs. We shall find the map interesting for our purpose, as it shows numerous picturesque spots in the patch-quilt fabric of this section of the city besides gangs and gangland haunts. In passing, you'll notice on the map that most of Chicago's gangs are found in the foreign neighborhoods of the west side."

A look of hesitation was in my companion's eyes. "My goodness," she finally exclaimed, "are we going to visit the notorious Chicago underworld where machine-guns do most of the talking? Why, isn't Chicago the city where they have a murder a day? Goodness gracious, won't we be taking chances?"

As a native Chicagoan I hastened to reassure her. "No, indeed," said I, "we shall be perfectly safe. You know, gangsters kill only their own kind. The streets in the west side gangland areas are well patrolled by roving detective bureau squad cars and uniformed policemen on foot, so that you need not fear any mischief. As for Chicago having a murder a day, there are some who contend that it could not be otherwise, the city being the seething melting-pot of America. Figures show that most of the murders here are committed either in the large negro or Sicilian sections of the town. Furthermore, your

feeling of apprehension with regard to Chicago's gang killings probably has its basis in the old axiom that 'distance lends enchantment.' No, you have nothing to fear, Anne. Come along with me!"

I explained that the map would be of main service to us in pointing out the different foreign populations of the area. "You see," I continued, "the professor has superimposed the various gangland areas of the city in red ink on a social base map of gray ink. The latter background indicates the location of each foreign zone together with such other adjuncts of civilization as parks, boulevards, cemeteries, and industrial and railroad properties."

Anne at last realizing it would be an intriguing adventure, we started out. The map showed that all this area directly west of the river was railroad and industrial property. Our interest, however, centered on "The Slave Market," which was indicated as being in the immediate vicinity of Madison and Canal streets, where we were now standing. So we walked south in Canal Street to visit this odd district. Anne immediately saw what the title meant. Extending southward on the west side of Canal, from the North Western Station on Madison to the new Union Station on Adams, a distance of two blocks, was a seemingly endless row of employment agencies for migratory and railroad laborers.

"What a curiously ironical title for such a street," remarked Miss Morley.

"Yes," I replied, "I think the title was bestowed on this district by the I. W. W.'s. There is more traffic in unskilled and migratory laboring men here than in any other part of the country. You can see how true it is, inasmuch as Chicago is the railroad center of the country."

Knowing Anne's literary tastes, I told her that O. O. McIntyre, the New York scribe, had written of Chicago's

"Slave Market" after visiting our city about a year ago. I quoted his paragraph from my notes:

> "A colorful slice of Chicago is around the labor agencies in the shadows of railroad terminals. Here unskilled laborers are sifted and shipped to western wheat fields, new railroad sections, Montana mines and California fruit farms. They sit along the street curbs watching for fresh bulletins and new opportunities. Many are in pathetic need of work and others are chronic vagabonds seeking a 'free ride' to new pastures."

I also added that this section is the scene of "The Way Home," one of the short stories in Ben Hecht's book, *1001 Afternoons in Chicago.*

At the end of the two-block stretch, we arrived in the imposing presence of the Union Station, which occupies the square block bounded by the river on the east, Adams Street on the north, Jackson Boulevard on the south, and Clinton Street on the west.

"The interior of this station has something original and advanced in railway station design," I told Miss Morley.

"I would say it looks unfinished," she said, when we reached the concourse. What aroused this thought in her was the appearance of square pillars of exposed fabricated steel, forming criss-crosses along the walls and lofty ceiling.

"This exposed steel work," I asserted, "is an original innovation in terminal design. In fact, many of the more advanced modernistic artists claim that this is the first appearance of a typical American architecture. Because of its simplicity and directness, these artists believe that such an interior fulfills the purpose of art. They hold that art, particularly in the field of architecture, should reflect the present and not the past."

From the Union Station we walked westward in Adams Street for two blocks, through an area of factories and warehouses, which brought us in front of St. Patrick's Church, a quaint little red-brick Roman Catholic edifice, surviving from a bygone era on the northwest corner of Adams and Desplaines streets. This is the oldest Catholic church in Chicago and is famous throughout the country for its Celtic art work. Digging through my notes, I located a quotation concerning this church from a recently published book, *The World's Debt to the Irish,* written by Dr. James J. Walsh:

> The Irish mode of decoration has been revived in the modern time with wonderful effect for churches, halls and tapestries, stained glass and other decorative adjuncts. A typical example of this is to be seen in old St. Patrick's church in Chicago. This is the oldest church in Chicago, down near the new Union station, in one of the grimiest, busiest parts of the city. . . . I shall never forget the delightful surprise I had when, wandering into old St. Patrick's one day, I found that it had been transformed into a veritable thing of beauty. An artist, Mr. Thomas O'Shaughnessy, had put in windows containing the motifs from the Book of Kells and had tinted the walls to correspond and had renewed the youth of what seemed an almost impossibly old church into something deserving to be seen for the very charm of it. . . . After 1,200 years the charm of the old decorator of the Book of Kells was still a very living attraction, proving that humanity does not change, so far as our sense of beauty is concerned, and a thing of beauty is indeed a joy forever.

Anne was captivated by the walls and leaded windows, which reflected Gaelic designs and motifs, and by the general tone of soft green throughout the place. "On March 17, St. Patrick's Day," I told her, "thousands of Irish-Americans scattered over the city form a pilgrimage

to this historic edifice to attend the masses. Among them are notables of the political and business world who as youngsters were reared in this parish. Furthermore, because of its beautiful Irish art work, the church has become a shrine to many artists and lovers of the beautiful.

"In connection with St. Patrick's," I added, "it was past this church that the famous old-time Irish parades on St. Patrick's Day used to march. John Kelley, dean of Chicago police reporters and unofficial historian of the city, tells about them in a recent article, of which I have a quotation:

> "The near approach of St. Patrick's day revives in the minds of many Chicagoans of Irish birth or extraction memories of the old-time parades, the last of which was held twenty-six years ago. On each recurring anniversary the question is often heard, 'Why don't the Irish parade on March 17, as they did in former years?' One reason is that the 'old-timer' from the Emerald Isle, who would rather go without his dinner than to miss throwing out his chest in the parade, is no longer here to celebrate. He went to his 'long home' many years ago. Under the sod of Calvary, Mount Olivet, and Mount Carmel cemeteries rest thousands who, in the old days, marched gaily to the strains of 'Garry Owen,' 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning,' or 'Wearing of the Green.' Another and more potent reason, however, for the discontinuance of St. Patrick's day turnout was the large number of deaths from pneumonia which usually followed among the marchers."

From this point we walked north again for one block, which brought us to Monroe Street; then east two blocks to Clinton; then north a block, where we found ourselves on West Madison Street again.

"Look at all the down-and-out men standing around here," observed my companion, as we started to walk westward on Madison, from Clinton.

"Quite so," I said, "for the truth of the matter is, you are now in the midst of the West Madison Street 'Floptown' area. It is the 'port of homeless men.' Like Chicago's gangland, you might be interested to know that this district has also been made the subject of a book, *The Hobo,* written by Nels Anderson, also of the University of Chicago faculty."

"But why do they call it 'Floptown'?" queried Miss Morley.

"Because it is the area of the ten-, twenty-, and thirty-cent flop-houses which, in other words, are ramshackle hotels, lofts, and cheap lodging-houses where hoboes sleep overnight," I explained. We continued our walk westward, observing gnarled old men with yellow teeth, shabby young men with dirty wrinkled clothes, middle-aged men with doughy complexions, laborers, Mexicans, lumberjacks, and drunks.

At number 623 West Madison Street we paused before the Workingman's Palace, a six-story fireproof lodging-house run by the Salvation Army. I told Anne this building has many interesting features, such as the soup-kitchen and reading-rooms. Around the corner from the Workingman's Palace, we encountered an evangelist in Desplaines Street. The hoboes sat on the curbstone or stood about, listening with mild boredom to the procedure. Half a block south of this point, on the west side of Desplaines, at Arcade Place, I pointed out to Miss Morley the famous "Hogan's Flop," an old four-story brick building, its windows blind with the soot and dust of years. Here, I told her, the absolutely broke inhabitants of "Floptown" are permitted to sleep free.

From Madison we then walked north on Desplaines Street, passing endless rows of men sitting on curbstones smoking pipes and talking, until we arrived at the next block north, Washington Boulevard, one of the main

automobile thoroughfares leading from the Loop to the western limits of the city. Here, on the southwest corner, I showed Anne the Hobo College, founded and conducted by Dr. Ben Reitman, a well-known Chicago figure, for the intellectual betterment of the down-and-outer.

Continuing northward for another block, we arrived in front of the historic old Desplaines Street police station and court-room, where the law-breaking natives of "Floptown" are locked up. Knowing that they welcome visitors, I took Miss Morley inside. We were conducted through the place by an intelligent policeman assigned to us by a courteous desk-sergeant. Anne showed considerable feelings of sympathy for the drunks and disorderly hoboes in the cellroom downstairs. She also derived interest in the ancient court-room on the second floor, where a municipal judge was doling out justice to several score hoboes and petty thieves. Downstairs again, I pointed out to Anne a large old-fashioned picture back of the desk-sergeant's desk, containing the somewhat yellowed photographs of members of Company A of the Chicago Police Department who took part in the famous Haymarket Riot, which occurred only a few doors north of this station. The men pictured, I said, had been attached to the Desplaines Street station and were the first to arrive on the scene.

"Come," I said, "the scene of the Haymarket Riot will be our next stop." We left the station and walked north.

"On this spot," I explained to Anne, as we arrived at Randolph and Desplaines Streets, "during the evening of May 4, 1886, occurred one of Chicago's major tragedies, that of the Haymarket Riot. A bomb was hurled into the midst of charging policemen from the Desplaines Street station, intent on breaking up an anarchist mass-meeting, with the result that seven policemen were killed outright. Many of them were badly or permanently injured. It was

never found out how many of those attending the meeting were killed or wounded during the hail of police bullets that followed the explosion, since many of them concealed their wounds and those who died afterwards were buried secretly by friends.

"The excitement on the part of the city at large, following in the wake of the bomb explosion, remained at a high pitch for almost three years, fed as it was by a series of stirring events. These consisted of the arrest of the leaders, Fielden, Spies, Engel, Lingg, Neebe, Schwab, and Fischer; the later discovery of a cache of dynamite, arms, bombs, and infernal machines in the office of the radical newspaper, *Arbeiter Zeitung,* located in a building on the east side of Wells Street, near Washington, in the Loop; the further discovery of bombs in all parts of the city, under sidewalks, in lumber-yards and at the homes of anarchists; the sensational surrender of Parsons, one of the accused anarchists, who had taken flight on the night of the riot; his long trial and the speeches, sentence, and appeal connected with it; the refusal of the Supreme Court of the United States to interfere; the efforts made to have the death sentence commuted; the day of execution, November 11, 1887, in the Cook County jail on the near north side; the sensational suicide of the 'tiger anarchist,' Lingg, in his cell; the hanging of Spies, Engel, and Fischer and the commutation of the death sentences of Fielden and Schwab to life imprisonment.

"This sensational and melodramatic chapter in Chicago's history," I went on, "is remembered in the old Police Monument, which stood for many years in the middle of the intersection here. It was later removed to Union Park, at the west end of Randolph Street, where it may now be seen. The statue was erected by the citizens of Chicago in honor of the policemen who sacrificed their lives in defense of law and order, and also in com-

memoration of the ending of a reign of anarchy in the city."

I added that the Haymarket Riot was described in *The Bomb,* a novel by Frank Harris, published many years ago. Also the fact that it was from Haymarket Square, as John Kelley tells us, that the famous old-time St. Patrick's Day parades used to start.

"Well, I declare," said Miss Morley, "what a terribly memorable spot. The place doesn't seem to have changed much in the years that followed, as it still looks like a market-place to me."

Gazing westward on Randolph Street, an unusually broad and spacious thoroughfare with street-car tracks in the middle, she saw rows and rows of automobile trucks parked at right angles to the curb, laden down with baskets of fruit, greens of all kinds, crates of chickens, vegetables, and stacks of potatoes.

"This is 'Commission Row,'" I told her. "It extends from Desplaines Street here westward for a mile or so to Union Park and is lined on both sides with the houses of wholesale commission and produce merchants. This present big 'Commission Row' grew out of Haymarket Square, which only went from Desplaines Street west for two blocks to Halsted Street. Two blocks north of here, in this same locality, you'll find the Fulton Street Market, a large wholesale meat distributing center."

Strolling westward through "Commission Row," in the midst of lively activity on the part of commission men in white aprons, we arrived at Union Street where I showed Miss Morley the Municipal Lodging House, an old three-story brick building half a block north at the juncture of an alley, on the east side of the street. I explained that here the city provides a warm place for homeless men during the cold nights of winter.

"Chicago seems to have a generous heart," observed my companion.

We then arrived at Halsted Street, the next intersection. I was pleased to tell Anne that this is one of Chicago's most famous and historic streets. Extending north and south, it is the main highway through the mid-city section—one might call it "the street of nations" as it runs through practically every foreign neighborhood on the west side.

"Come along, let's walk south on Halsted Street for a few blocks and I'll show you a number of interesting things," I said.

On the northwest corner of Halsted Street and Washington Boulevard, I indicated the Market Traders' State Bank, an institution which does most of the financing for the commission merchants in the vicinity. Farther west, I showed her the building of Cathedral Shelter, at Peoria Street and Washington Boulevard, a mission for homeless men, conducted by the Episcopal Church of Chicago.

Our walk then brought us to the busy and well-known mid-city street-crossing, Halsted and Madison. Reference to Professor Thrasher's map showed us that this was the heart of a large cosmopolitan area, the population living mostly in rooming-houses and cheap hotels. The immediate vicinity of the crossing has several points of interest which I told Anne about. On the southwest corner stood the Mid-City Trust and Savings Bank, located here for many years. Farther westward, also on the south side of Madison, was the Star and Garter Theatre, a popular burlesque showhouse, featuring midnight performances and patronized mostly by the men of this rooming-house area. A few doors south in Halsted, on the west side, the lurid posters of the old Academy of Music, now a cheap vaudeville theater, could be seen. It is one of the few historic theaters in Chicago still in operation, I ex-

plained, and in the nineties its interior was regarded as very beautiful. "Loie Fuller," I said, "the internationally known dancer and friend of Queen Marie of Roumania, acted here from time to time in those early days."

Back eastward in Madison Street, looking toward the "Floptown" section we had previously gone through, I called Anne's attention to the John M. Smyth Company, retail furniture dealers, occupying a large eight-story structure at 703 West Madison Street. "This is one of the city's pioneer concerns," I explained, "and was founded by John M. Smyth, said to have been the originator of the installment plan for the easy purchase of household furnishings. The idea became so successful that in time he built up a large fortune. A newspaper man before he went into the selling business, Smyth was also a well-known character of those days, having been active socially and politically, in which fields he was known for his quick wit and talent as a public speaker."

Almost directly across the street from Smyth's was the Haymarket Theatre, holding the record of being the oldest theatre in Chicago still in operation. I told Anne it was built in 1889 and has been a place of amusement ever since.

Having covered the intersection to our satisfaction, we boarded a Halsted Street car and proceeded southward through a narrow and squalid, but nevertheless colorful and interesting, street. Anne immediately became aware of the stuffy and crowded car, occupied mostly by big-shouldered laborers, gesticulating foreigners, working girls, and little fat women with shawls over their heads. Upon telling her that our friend, the poet Sandburg, had something to say about this Halsted Street car, she became interested to hear it. Instead, however, I sought my notes and produced the following poem for her to read, copied from his book *Chicago Poems:*

HALSTED STREET CAR

Come you, cartoonists,
Hang on a strap with me here
At seven o'clock in the morning
On a Halsted street car.

Take your pencils
And draw these faces.

Try with your pencils for these crooked faces,
That pig-sticker in one corner—his mouth—
That overall factory girl—loose cheeks.

Find for your pencils
A way to mark your memory
Of tired empty faces.
After their night's sleep,
In the moist dawn
And cool daybreak,
Faces
Tired of wishes,
Empty of dreams.

"Well, I would say that Sandburg," remarked Miss Morley, after finishing it, "has certainly caught the feeling of the poor laboring classes who live in this section of the city."

"As a matter of fact," I told her, "this area has always been a popular one among Chicago writers. Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, Ben Hecht, and Sandburg have dealt with it in many of their short stories, novels, and other writings. Hecht, who is a sort of O. Henry of Chicago, has used the near west side in quite a few of his short stories in *1001 Afternoons in Chicago,* which is said by the literary critics to be the most typical book of Chicago in recent years. He has used South Halsted Street as the scene of the story 'Mrs. Sardotopolis' Eve-

ning Off,' cleverly catching the mood of the street and painting it in vivid colors. You must read *1001 Afternoons* when the opportunity comes along."

Arriving at Harrison Street, we got off the car and walked south a block until we arrived in the midst of "The Delta," or Greek colony. It is familiarly known to Chicagoans as "Greektown," I explained, but the Greeks know it only as "The Delta."

"Why do they call it the 'Delta'?" asked Miss Morley.

"For this reason," I answered. "The Greek colony here, you see, extends from Harrison Street southward on Halsted for a block to Polk Street, then west a block to Blue Island Avenue, returning northeastward on this latter avenue to the intersection of Harrison and Halsted streets again. The district, therefore, describes the printed letter 'D' of the Greek alphabet."

Anne showed great interest in the many Greek coffee-shops, stores, and cabarets, which occupied ancient two-story buildings. I explained to her that many of these coffee-shops are named after certain counties or districts in Greece and that the natives of those areas usually foregather in the coffee-shop named after their place of birth. "This place," I remarked to Anne, pointing to the Athens café at 724 South Halsted Street, "is the most popular in 'The Delta' among about-towners and newspaper folk of the Loop seeking foreign atmosphere. They come here to dine frequently and chat with Tony Frangias, the genial and good-natured proprietor. I am sure you would enjoy Tony's unique dishes if it were nearer the time for luncheon."

Reaching Polk Street, the south boundary of the Greek district, my companion immediately saw a group of odd buildings in various architectural styles across the street, on the southwest corner.

"What have we here?" she asked. "Those quiet and

dignified buildings look important to me in such an area of squalor as this."

"Well, I should say they are important! You are now looking at a world-famed institution, Chicago's great Hull-House, said to be the first social settlement of its kind founded in this country."

"Indeed," exclaimed the woman beside me, "is that Hull-House? Why, I know about the place. Miss Jane Addams founded it. I've seen the book she wrote, *Twenty Years at Hull-House,* but never had a chance to read it. Are we going to visit it?"

"I should say so! Come along!" Miss Morley was excited at the prospect of visiting such a wonderful institution, the fulfillment of Miss Addams's dream for a place in which to help the needy and poor foreigners who find themselves face to face with the brutal reality of life in our industrial cities. I could see my companion felt a measure of pride in the fact that one of her own sex had created this famed social settlement. "We might even have a chance to see Miss Addams," I told her, "as she still lives here and is the moving spirit behind all the activities of Hull-House."

We crossed Polk Street and observed the bulletin board on the outside of Smith Hall, containing announcements of concerts, lectures, meetings, exhibitions, and plays. I explained to Anne that the next building along the Halsted Street front, beyond a green-lawned courtyard adjoining the main entrance, was Lecture Hall, which in turn is followed by the office building of the Juvenile Protective Association and, lastly, the three-story structure of Hull-House Apartments.

Inside the cozy and comfortable reception-room, with its many oil-paintings, bookcases, quaint furniture, and its fireplace, we were received by a gracious resident of Hull-House, assigned to the duty of handling visitors and

other business at the door. It was pointed out to us that the best time to see Hull-House is on Saturday, between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M., as at that time the entire settlement is buzzing with activity on the part of children taking advantage of the usual week-end holiday from their respective schools in the neighborhood. The woman who received us, however, said she would be glad to secure a guide who would show us through the institution.

This being quickly arranged, our guide started out by telling us that Hull-House was established in 1889 in the old homestead of Charles J. Hull. New buildings were erected around the old mansion as the activities increased, until to-day the institution comprises an entire city square of ten or more modern up-to-date structures.

"There are about seventy men and women residents here," continued the guide, "most of them college graduates, although graduation from a college is not required of a resident. They are engaged in self-supporting occupations in the city and give their leisure time to the house. Very few salaries are paid and those only for technical services. Many of these residents have been living here for the past twenty years."

"What, exactly," I asked, "is the purpose of Hull-House?"

"Well," answered our guide, "I could best answer that question by quoting from our charter: 'To provide a center for a higher civic and social life, to institute and maintain educational and philanthropic enterprises, and to investigate and improve the conditions in the industrial districts of Chicago.'"

Pointing out the educational features of the settlement, our guide took us through the various rooms in Smith Hall and Lecture Hall where classes are maintained. We also observed the men's reading-room.

"During periods of unemployment," our guide said,

"this room with its open fireplace affords shelter for many men."

On the top floor of Smith Hall, lighted from above, the guide indicated Hull-House Studio, where classes in drawing, modeling, and painting are continued from year to year. Hull-House as a social settlement was vividly set forth in our walk through the Boy's Club building, where the rooms of the West Side Sportsmen's Athletic Association and the Greek Olympic Athletic Club were shown to us. We were also taken to Bowen Hall, where meetings of religious, political, labor, and fraternal organizations are held from time to time by the foreigners of the west side. There were also the rooms where children's art and music classes are held, as well as the section devoted to household arts. We were then shown such other features of the institution as the gymnasium, Hull-House quadrangle, the Jane Club building and the quaint Hull-House Coffee House. Anne showed particular interest in the theater, an attractive auditorium where the Hull-House Players, a pioneer "little theater" group in Chicago founded by Laura Dainty Pelam, put on their performances.

"More than nine thousand people come to Hull-House each week during the winter months," our guide said, upon the completion of our tour of inspection. "They come either as members of organizations meeting here or as parts of an audience."

Once out in Halsted Street, we continued walking south. At Forquer Street, on the southwest corner, I pointed out the Banco de Napoli, an American branch of the Italian bank which is said to be the oldest institution of its kind in existence, the home house being founded in 1539. We next arrived at another lively west-side crossing, Taylor and Halsted streets, in the heart of "Little Italy." Walking east on Taylor Street, the while observ-

ing Italian street life, we found ourselves after three blocks at Clinton Street, where we sauntered south a block to De Koven Street. "This is one of the oldest sections in Chicago," I explained. On De Koven Street I guided Anne westward for a few steps until we arrived in front of number 558, which was a low old-fashioned brownstone rooming-house. She quickly saw the reason for being conducted here, reading an engraved stone on the front of the building: "The Great Fire of 1871 originated here and extended to Lincoln Park. Chicago Historical Society. 1881."

"So this is where the famous Chicago fire started!" said Anne.

"Yes," I replied, "this is where Mrs. O'Leary's cow, according to the city's most popular legend of the fire, kicked over a lamp while being milked and started a fire which destroyed all of the downtown district and most of the city, causing a tragedy of worldwide importance."

"Tell me all about it," requested my companion.

"The great fire of 1871," I went on, "broke out on Sunday, October 8, about nine o'clock in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary owned a cottage here, with a barn behind it containing a horse and half a dozen cows. The O'Learys, however, had sublet part of their home to another family and on this particular night the latter family was having a christening party. Mrs. O'Leary took her pail and kerosene lamp and went out to the barn at the rear to secure milk for the party. What transpired thereafter has never been definitely ascertained, but the legend has it that the cow kicked over Mrs. O'Leary's lamp, causing a quantity of hay to catch fire. The little wooden shack was soon in flames, but Mrs. O'Leary escaped safely.

"As the Fates would have it, the summer of 1871 had been particularly dry and scorching. The wooden houses

and barns of the neighborhood had been baked as dry as dust. And so the works of man became fertile soil for the flowers of flame to thrive on. But to add to the conspiracy of the Fates, a terrific gale was blowing at the time Mrs. O'Leary's shack burst into flames. Consequently, the fire spread rapidly and in a short while became a conflagration. The high wind carried the flames eastward, crossing the river by burning wooden sailing vessels and bridges, until the downtown district was reached. Granite buildings in the business district went as easily as wooden shanties. Panic-stricken throngs were everywhere, rushing about frantically trying to save lives and personal property. The night sky over the city was lurid with flames. The heat and fury of the conflagration continued to sweep onward, turning north as it reached the lake. The bell in the court-house tower at Randolph and La Salle streets tolled its doleful warning and, four hours after the fire started, stopped ringing, the entire court-house crumbling into the flames. Northward the fire devoured its way, jumping the main channel of the river and attacking the near north side at about three o'clock on Monday morning. Burning brands were carried in advance by the high wind and one by one the beautiful mansions of the rich in this section caught fire. Finally, on Tuesday, the tragic conflagration burned itself out at the then northern city limits, Fullerton Avenue, in the vicinity of Lincoln Park.

"On Wednesday, Chicago was a leveled mass of smoking ruins. The downtown district had completely disappeared as though by the mere gesture of a supernatural hand. The area burned down was bounded by Fullerton Avenue on the north, Halsted Street on the west, Roosevelt Road on the south, and Lake Michigan on the east. About two hundred persons were killed, hundreds injured,

and ninety-eight thousand rendered homeless. Buildings destroyed amounted to seventeen thousand, and the total loss was estimated at one hundred and ninety millions, not including real estate depreciation or loss of business. Needless to say, the world rushed to the aid of stricken Chicago and in a short time the work of rebuilding began.

"As with the Haymarket Riot, this tragic event in the city's history has been told about in a novel. Your parents will probably remember E. P. Roe's *Barriers Burned Away,* a book which vividly described the horrors of the great fire.

"And so, Chicago has a way of dating things from the fire of 1871. The entire downtown district that you are already familiar with, towering to the sky with its great white skyscrapers, had its birth only fifty-seven years ago, little more than half a century. Don't you think the city's rebirth is something of a miracle?"

"Well, I should say I do!" emphatically agreed Miss Morley.

From this point we returned westward on De Koven Street for two blocks to busy Halsted Street, where our tour led north a block to Taylor Street, back in "Little Italy" again.

"This crossing," I explained, "is a sort of 'death corner,' where numerous Italian gang murders and shootings have occurred, the most sensational of which were the killing of Henry Spingola, a popular and influential member of the Italian colony, and Orazia ("The Scourge") Tropea, a feared gangster. Occurring only three years ago, both of these murders are said to have followed in the wake of the breaking up of the once powerful Genna Brothers gang, whose illicit alcohol operations extended along Taylor Street through the center of the Italian quarter. Because of this, some of the news-

papers dubbed the area 'Gennaland.' Three of the Genna brothers met their deaths by bullets in other sections of the city.

"In other respects, I should like to tell you that there are two popular Italian restaurants in this vicinity—Johnny Citro's on the second floor at 1014 South Halsted Street and Amato's at 914 South Halsted. Citro, who operates a cabaret in conjunction with his restaurant, is a well-known and active member of the Italian colony and has many friends in the political and newspaper world of Chicago. In both restaurants you can obtain delicious spaghetti and other Italian dishes at a reasonable price."

An interesting walk led west on Taylor Street, and after four blocks we arrived at the three-cornered crossing of Taylor and Morgan streets and Blue Island Avenue. Our journey was alive with the teeming activity of the Italian quarter: fish stands, shouting black-eyed children, watermelons and ice-cream cones, buzzing flies, wagons, and automobiles, the frequent appearance of a sinister-looking detective bureau squad car with a gong on its running-board, crowded and dingy shacks and tenements, and spaghetti restaurants.

Crossing Blue Island Avenue and continuing west for a block, I pointed out to Miss Morley on the northwest corner of Miller Street a three-story brick building with a store on the first floor. "Four years ago this was the headquarters of the notorious Genna Brothers gang," I lectured. "During the famous trial of Scalisi and Anselmi, Genna gangsters charged with the murder of two detectives in a gun battle in which one of the Gennas was killed, a scandal broke out wherein it was charged that this building was a 'payoff station' for almost a hundred grafting policemen from the Maxwell Street station. A sensation resulted. It was said that this Genna lair was the real police headquarters of the district and not the

Maxwell Street station. At any rate, Scalisi and Anselmi were found not guilty because of evidence showing self-defense, claiming that they did not know the plain-clothes men were in reality policemen. The entire personnel at Maxwell Street station was transferred to other districts and a new personnel brought in. And thus the spectacular climax to the reign of the once-powerful Genna clan in 'Little Italy' here."

We then returned to Blue Island Avenue, walking southwestward on this thoroughfare to Roosevelt Road, a distance of two blocks. On the northwest corner of this crossing I pointed out Glickman's Palace Theatre, home of the native Jewish drama in Chicago. "As a matter of fact," I announced, "we are now in the Jewish quarter and, as I said yesterday, Roosevelt Road is the great commercial highway through the area. But before we explore this street let me show you a monumental relic of the days when Roosevelt Road was Twelfth Street and no Jews had as yet appeared." And so I conducted Miss Morley a few steps west in Roosevelt Road, which brought us before the Holy Family Church, a towering and historic edifice of the Roman Catholic faith. Next to the church stood the old-fashioned building of St. Ignatius College, founded in 1869. "This parish," I told my companion, "was established before the Civil War by Father Damen, a Jesuit priest belonging to the same religious order as Father Marquette. The west side here was largely 'out in the prairies' when Father Damen first appeared. Because he was so active in settling this area, the city of Chicago recently changed the name of Robey Street, an old and important thoroughfare, to Damen Avenue in honor to his memory. Come, let us visit the interior."

Miss Morley was deeply moved by the dark solemnity and vastness of the interior, with its beautiful white marble altar and leaded windows of colored glass, represent-

ing various episodes in Bible history. I told her that the old parishioners still come to this church on Sundays from all parts of the city, it being the most impressive shrine of Catholicism in Chicago.

Out in the glare and sunlight of Roosevelt Road again, blinking our eyes, we sauntered back across Blue Island Avenue, and eastward for five blocks to Roosevelt Road and Halsted Street, traversing an area mostly occupied by Jewish wholesale clothing houses and other business concerns. In the midst of this commercial district, I showed Anne the restaurant of Barron & Son, at number 936. "This is a popular gathering place of Jewish intellectuals and writers," I said. Next door to the restaurant, at number 934, was the Roosevelt Road branch of the Chicago Public Library, occupying what was formerly a store or shop. Looking through the window, we observed many young Jewish students, with curly heads, eagerly poring over books in quest of knowledge.

The intersection of Roosevelt Road and Halsted Street turned out to be another lively nerve center of the west side—a "little Chicago," as Henry Justin Smith, the Chicago author, termed the many little outlying business districts of the city. This time, however, the atmosphere was Jewish. I told Anne that our friend Ben Hecht once described this crossing as the "hurdy-gurdy heart of the west side. In the recent history of Chicago's gangland activities," I added, "it has been dubbed 'Bootlegger's Square,' because of the well-known beer and 'alky' gangsters who used to loiter in the restaurants of the vicinity and also because of a murder or two and a number of sensational shootings attendant upon their presence." My companion was considerably excited by this information. In the end, she said she felt it difficult to believe this was "Bootlegger's Square" in view of the prosperous business activity the crossing presented. Stores, restau-

rants, business houses, and commercial establishments of all descriptions were on every hand.

"That seems to be an important restaurant over there," said Miss Morley as she observed many Checker taxicabs arriving and departing in front of a striped canopy over the sidewalk, which stood in front of a restaurant across the street. "Yes," I told her, "you are looking at Gold's restaurant, number 810 Roosevelt Road, one of the best-known Jewish eating places in Chicago. Their cuisine is memorable, both in the counter lunch-room downstairs and the Pompeiian dining-room upstairs. They serve not only Jewish dishes, but American as well. Many politicians and members of the *beau monde* frequent the place for late suppers. Although we don't belong to either class, fortunately or unfortunately, we might dine there ourselves this evening."

I also pointed out to Anne the restaurant of Sam Gold at 1137 South Halsted Street, around the corner, the owner of which is a brother of the Gold who operates the Roosevelt Road dining place. This, I explained, is similarly a popular restaurant where good food may be obtained. After which, we referred to Professor Thrasher's map and found this area to be dotted with many gambling houses and Jewish gangs.

A long block south in Halsted Street and we found ourselves in the heart of the "Ghetto" market-place, which extended along Maxwell Street. My companion was thrilled by the scene. It was a colorful and teeming ferment of life. Anne's senses were assaulted on every side by shouts, smells, cries, dirt, and effervescent activity. Venders with their carts and stands lined the curb, selling fish, fruit, and vegetables, chickens, hats, and dresses, second-hand clothing, copper stills, shoes and household utensils. Although the larger percentage of shoppers were Jews, we observed many Mexicans, gypsies, negroes,

Russians, and Poles among them. It was truly like some colorful and exotic bazaar of the East.

At the southwest corner of Maxwell and Newberry, I showed Anne the social service department and dispensary building of the Chicago Lying-In Hospital, which administered to the care of "Ghetto" mothers. Further westward, at Morgan Street, we arrived in front of the ancient Maxwell Street police station, scene of the police scandal in connection with the Genna gang which I had told Anne about earlier. Across the way from the station, on Morgan Street, where our steps turned south, I indicated the free dispensary building of the United Hebrew Charities of Chicago. A block south and we found ourselves entering the old "Valley" district of Chicago, which begins at 14th Street and extends southward for several blocks to the railroad embankment.

"Until two years ago," I explained, "this was one of the city's most famous gangland districts. It disappeared when the South Water Street commission merchants built their great market-place here after being forced to move from the downtown river-front. The old Valley came into its greatest prominence with the rise and exploits of two of its sons, Terry Druggan and Frankie Lake, called Chicago's de luxe bootlegging team. Also, Patrick ('Paddy the Bear') Ryan, 'King of the Valley,' did much to create interest in the neighborhood. He was finally murdered in his saloon in 1920. It may be well to add, however, that many prominent business men and respected public officials were also reared in the Valley."

"Proving, in this case, that environment doesn't mean a thing," added Miss Morley.

We walked west along 14th Place, observing the activity of the new commission market, housed in a series of lengthy and modern white-tiled sheds. Arriving after

a few blocks at Blue Island Avenue again, we boarded a south-bound street-car and, after passing under a series of railroad viaducts, arrived at the intersection of Blue Island Avenue, West 18th and South Loomis streets, in the center of "Little Pilsen," the Bohemian area. In all outward aspects, it was another typical business district of the city, but Anne, with an observing eye, at once noted the Bohemian names on store fronts and physicians' offices upstairs.

"Say, Mr. Baedeker, when do we eat?" broke out my companion, suddenly. "My watch says one o'clock. That walking we did certainly makes me feel hungry."

"To be sure," I replied. "The truth is, I have timed our tour so that we should arrive at this point around noontime. I see now it worked out satisfactorily.

"We are going to dine," I continued, "at the Little Bohemia restaurant, number 1722 South Loomis Street, right around the corner here, than which there is none better to be found on the west side."

"What, are we going to eat Bohemian food?" Miss Morley was apparently alarmed and seemed to indicate that she preferred a good ordinary table-d'hôte meal. "Nothing of the sort," I assured her, "we'll have as good a meal, if not better, than any you might find in a down-town hotel."

Entering the Little Bohemia, we received a cordial welcome from Emil Wanatka, one of the proprietors, who conducted us to a table in the dining-room. The place was filled with men and women, the former being well-dressed commission merchants and business executives from west-side factories. While waiting for the soup to arrive, I pointed out to Anne a number of interesting mural paintings, depicting various events in the history of Chicago. "You might be interested to know,"

I told her, "that Gene Tunney dined here at the time of his fight with Jack Dempsey. This place, you see, is also popular with sportsmen."

The meal over, and after enjoying a comfortable rest, we proceeded on our tour of the west side by boarding a west-bound 18th Street car and riding for a number of blocks through "Little Pilsen." Having secured transfers, we changed to a north-bound Ashland Avenue car, upon which I told Anne we were now headed for the largest medical center in the world. We arrived at Harrison Street after a ride of a mile, got off and strolled west for three blocks to the Cook County Hospital, an immense and awe-inspiring structure of ornate terra-cotta.

"This free public hospital," I began, "besides being the largest of its kind in the world, is also the focal point of the greatest medical center to be found in the selfsame world. You have only to observe for yourself. Look at all the medical schools and institutions surrounding it on every side."

"You are not making an idle boast about this hospital being the largest, are you?" asked Anne, a bit dubious.

"Truly, it is the largest," I hastened to assure her. "Let me offer proof. Until last year, the London-Middlesex Hospital was regarded as the largest, accommodating as it did three thousand bed patients. With the new children's hospital, the new receiving station, and the new men's building, all of which were completed last year and joined to the main building, the Cook County Hospital you are now gazing at is the largest in the world, its total capacity being thirty-two hundred beds. And it belongs to the public, patients being admitted free of charge. Most of these come from the poorer classes of the west side, in the center of which this institution stands. The various buildings, most of them new and equipped

with the latest scientific devices, occupy an entire square city block, its boundaries being Harrison Street on the north, Wood on the east, Polk on the south, and Lincoln on the west. The total investment in buildings and property amounts to fourteen millions, raised by the taxpayers of Cook County."

We then walked along various side streets adjoining and surrounding Cook County Hospital, observing many medical colleges and other institutions. We saw the West Side Hospital, the Illinois Post-Graduate Medical School and Dispensary, the University of Illinois College of Dentistry, the University of Illinois College of Medicine, the Illinois Training School for Nurses, the medical branch of the Y. M. C. A., the Presbyterian Hospital, the Sprague Home for Nurses, the laboratory building of Rush Medical College of the University of Chicago, the Central Free Dispensary in the Senn Memorial Building, the Rawson laboratory of the Post-Graduate School of Medicine of the University of Chicago, the Chicago College of Dental Surgery, the John McCormick Institute for Infectious Diseases with the Annie W. Durand Hospital as its annex, the University of Illinois School of Pharmacy, and the University of Illinois Free Dispensary.

All of these schools, colleges, and hospitals occupied separate buildings over an area of many city blocks in the immediate vicinity of the county institution. Anne was particularly interested in the presence of hundreds of white bedecked nurses, internes and students walking about on various errands from one building to another.

"Well, I should say it is the largest medical center in the world," agreed Miss Morley, impressed by the scene. From this point we walked eastward on Polk Street for several blocks, arriving at Ashland Boulevard, where our journey led north, the while we feasted our eyes on the fine old mansions which lined both sides of this historic

driveway, which was once the west side's street of wealth and fashion. "These old residences along here," I pointed out, "are now occupied by numerous medical Greek-letter fraternities and sororities."

Passing under the viaduct of the "L" and arriving at Van Buren Street, I explained to Miss Morley that we were now entering Chicago's "Labor Row," which extends from this point northward on Ashland Boulevard to Union Park. "This is where most of the labor union headquarters and meeting halls are located," I said. "The big five-story building on the northwest corner is Ashland Boulevard Auditorium, more popularly known as Carmen's Hall, where Chicago's elevated and street-car men meet. This is the city's most popular labor temple, union mass-meetings being held here by not only the railwaymen's union but by other unions along 'Labor Row' as well. Also, the radicals of Chicago meet here from time to time." On the opposite, or northeast, corner, Anne was shown the new six-story home of the Chicago Amalgamated Clothing Workers, said to be one of the finest labor temples in the country.

"The Church of Notre Dame de Chicago, forming the nucleus of a small French colony," I said, "lies a few blocks east of here, at the corner of Sibley Street and Oregon Avenue. It is a beautiful old church, with a circular auditorium and altars of Carrara marble. Services in French are at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning."

After passing Wiebolt's big mid-town department store and a number of fine old churches, we crossed Madison Street and found ourselves in Union Park, a block farther north, dominated at its west end by the spire of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church. In reply to her question, I told Anne the new building on the northwest corner of Washington and Ashland boulevards, directly north of Grace Church, was the Jesse Spalding School

for Crippled Children, constructed and maintained by the Board of Education.

"Union Park," I explained, as we entered the picturesque square of trees, lawns, and flowers, "is one of the oldest of such squares in the city."

Arriving in front of the statue of Carter H. Harrison, mayor of Chicago at the time of the World's Fair in 1893, which overlooked Washington Boulevard in the center of the park, my companion lost no time in reading the mayor's words carved on the stone pedestal: " 'Genius is but audacity and the audacity of Chicago has chosen a star. It has looked upward to it and knows nothing that it fears to attempt and thus far has found nothing that it cannot accomplish.' From the Mayor's Day Address. The World's Fair. October 28, 1893."

"Judging from what I've already seen of Chicago, both built and in the building," said Miss Morley, "these words certainly have the ring of truth in them. Indeed, yes!"

"By a strange twist of Fate," I continued, "Mayor Harrison was shot and killed by an assassin—a disgruntled obscure office-seeker—while in front of his home on Ashland Boulevard only a short time after he uttered the words which are here remembered in stone. The political genius of the father, however, descended to the son, who in later years became mayor of Chicago and is now one of her most respected citizens."

We then crossed to the opposite side of the boulevard and viewed the Police Monument, recalling our visit to the site of the Haymarket Riot earlier in the day and the fact that this monument had originally stood on the bloody spot. With hand outstretched, as if ordering some one to stop, the statue, that of a uniformed policeman, loomed above us on a granite pedestal on which were the words: "In the name of the people of Illinois, I command peace." On the opposite side we found the words: "Dedi-

cated by Chicago to her defenders in the riot of May 4, 1886."

Duly impressed by the significance of these memorials, we started our walk again, which led out of the park at Washington Boulevard and Ogden Avenue. "What is that odd-looking building across Odgen Avenue?" asked my companion. The structure she pointed out looked as though it had been built of huge square blocks of white stone, arranged in vertical and horizontal lines.

"That," I said, "is Electrical Worker's Hall, an addition to the Ashland Boulevard union headquarters colony. It is a remodeled Jewish synagogue, formerly known as Union Park Temple. This hall has provided several bloody chapters in the stormy history of Chicago's labor movement, two men having been shot and killed at one time while at another time several were wounded during a shooting scrape—they made attempts to use bullets instead of ballots. This is the union, I might add, formerly controlled by Michael ('Umbrella Mike') Boyle, a famous character in the city's union ranks."

Our walk leading southwest on Ogden Avenue, we arrived back on Madison Street. Pointing to the Bachelor's Hotel on the southeast corner, a five-story structure designed in the ornate architectural style of the Victorian age, I lectured:

"That hotel stands on the site of the Bull's Head Tavern, which served as a sort of 'half-way house' to farmers, cattlemen, and drovers in the early days of Chicago, standing as it did midway between the city's stockyards—then located south of the tavern along what later became fashionable Ashland Boulevard—and the downtown district. Ogden Avenue was a roadway along which the cattlemen drove their animals to the city. But always they would stop at the Bull's Head to have a drink and exchange gossip."

Weary from so much sightseeing, Anne thought of her hotel and a short rest before starting out on whatever plans I had made for the evening. And so we boarded an east-bound Madison Street car and headed for the downtown district. On the way, however, I pointed out several interesting facts about this neighborhood.

"The Dawes hotels are in this vicinity," I said. "Vice-President Charles G. Dawes established the Mary Gates Dawes Memorial Hotel, number 317 South Throop Street, in honor of his mother, Mrs. Mary Gates Dawes, who died in 1921. It annually takes care of many of the city's poor and homeless women, though it is not precisely a charitable institution. The Rufus Fearing Dawes Memorial Hotel, which takes care of homeless men, is located at 12 South Peoria Street. It was founded in memory of his son, who was drowned in 1912 at the age of twenty-one."

Arriving in front of number 1328 Madison, I indicated Proletarian Hall, occupying second-floor quarters over a store. "As a matter of fact," I said, "we are now passing through the 'Red Belt,' where many radical organizations predominate. Proletarian Hall is the national headquarters of the Proletarian party, as well as publication office for their organ, *The Proletarian*. They have socials here every Saturday evening and weekly forum meetings on Sundays at two-forty-five." Farther along, at number 1118, I pointed out Union Hall, meeting place of the I. W. W., also occupying second-floor quarters and staging similar socials and forum meetings. I told Anne that west of Union Park, at Lincoln and Madison streets, there is another radical center, that of the book-shop and propaganda headquarters of the Worker's Party of America while eastward, at Madison and Halsted, the Socialist party had offices in the Mid-City Trust and Savings Bank Building.

"Apparently, Chicago still has its anarchists," remarked Miss Morley.

"Yes," I said, "but they are a very harmless lot. The radicals in the Red Belt are noticeably inactive outside their own ranks and seem to have settled down to a program of non-resistance. They did, however, stage several mass-meetings and parades along Madison Street during the Sacco and Vanzetti agitation, gatherings which the police were forced to break up."

Arriving downtown, we repaired to our respective hotels in order to clean up and take a rest before dinner and the evening's program—which latter consisted of delicious food in the midst of interesting atmosphere at Gold's restaurant on Roosevelt Road and attendance at Glickman's Palace Theatre, at Blue Island Avenue and Roosevelt Road, where Anne derived a novel thrill at listening to drama in Yiddish. After the show, we boarded a taxicab and rode to the Constitution Café in the Greek quarter on South Halsted Street. Sipping demi-tasse, we enjoyed the cabaret program of music and entertainment, features which gave Anne the feeling of being in some café in old Athens.

Back in her hotel at midnight, my companion felt tired but happy with the varied and colorful experiences of the day.

THURSDAY

"WHY do you call your downtown business district a 'Loop' when it's really a square?" asked Miss Morley the next morning, after I had announced that to-day we would crawl among the skyscrapers of the great central business district of Chicago.

"The devil!" I replied, surprised. "I never thought of that! It's just as I always said, it takes you out-of-town visitors to open our eyes to our native city. As for the truly squared Loop, I suppose the explanation might be found in the manner whereby the elevated lines from the north, west, and south sides loop around the downtown district and return to their respective routes again. But of course the looping is done on trestles which form a great square around the business area.

"This business district," I went on, "is the result of natural growth, situated as it is at the juncture of a great inland lake and a river, a river that as long ago as 1673 Joliet said formed the natural link between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi River. At a later date, this location began its actual existence as a world metropolis when Jean-Baptiste began trading in furs with the Indians in the only house which stood on the spot. To-day, Tribune Tower stands on that same spot."

"It is good of you to establish such an interesting historical perspective," said Anne. "But I'd rather dive head foremost into the life of the present. Where do we go from here, Mr. Baedeker?"

"To the seat of government," I announced, indicating

with a sweep of the hand the combined county and city hall building which stood across the street from the Sherman, occupying the square block bounded by Randolph Street on the north, La Salle on the west, Washington on the south, and Clark on the east. Arriving before the entrance to the county building on Clark Street, we surveyed for a moment the carved granite panels by Leon Hermant, typifying Commerce, Labor, Education, and Progress, as well as two reliefs of the great seal of Cook County, the county in which Chicago is located and which is one of the 102 counties of the state of Illinois. "This county," I explained, "has more than forty-seven per cent of the people of Illinois, and Chicago alone more than forty-one per cent. It was formed in 1831. Illinois became the twenty-first state in the Union in 1818."

Entering the corridor, we turned to the steps on the right and at the first landing observed brass tablets in relief showing the various Cook County court-houses; the first one in a quaint building in 1835, the new building erected in 1853, another structure in 1857, and, finally, the court-house that was destroyed in the great fire of 1871. Leaving these tablets, we crossed the corridor and sought the first landing on the left, where another series of tablets presented views of the court-houses since the fire. The last one, showing it combined with the city hall into one building, bore the date 1910.

"This building houses the board of county commissioners," I began, as we sauntered west through the busy marble corridor, "the sheriff, coroner, county treasurer, county clerk, recorder of deeds, state's attorney, board of review and of assessors, and other departments of the county."

Passing under a clock at the center of the corridor, we entered the city hall portion of the building and made our way to the stairway on the left at the west end. Here,

on the first landing, we saw another series of tablets showing various city halls from 1837 to 1853. "The 1853 structure," I said, "was the one standing at the time of the fire and, as I told you yesterday, the bell in its belfry continued to ring out dolefully on the lurid night of the fire, until the structure was completely destroyed. The next tablet shows the city hall in a temporary building put up in 1872, which became known as 'The Rookery.'" As in the county building, another series adorns the landing to the left, the last of which shows the present structure. Walking up a flight of stairs to the second floor, and turning to the right to the north side of the building, we entered the council chamber, meeting place of the aldermen, or, as they are more popularly known, "city fathers." Here, Anne got an esthetic thrill out of the beautiful Italian Renaissance style of the room. She noted the series of colorful decorations on the west, north, and east walls, depicting various pictures of the arts, industries, and activities typical of Chicago. I told her they were painted by Frederic Clay Bartlett, a well-known local painter. Departing, we left the city hall at the La Salle Street entrance, where I pointed out a series of relief panels carved in the granite, typifying four great features of municipal life—City Playgrounds, Public Schools, the Park Systems, and the Water System. John Flanagan was the sculptor.

After indicating the tall new Lawyers' Building at the northwest corner of La Salle and Washington streets, we walked north in La Salle to Randolph, then east in Randolph to Clark, where we turned our steps northward. "The seventh floor of that building," I said, pointing to the Ashland Block on the northeast corner of Randolph and Clark, "is in use twenty-four hours of the day, as it houses the central headquarters of the Associated Press and the City News Bureau of Chicago, a central news-

gathering agency owned jointly by all the newspapers of Chicago." While passing Schulder's Sea Food Inn, a popular dining place at number 172 North Clark, I told Anne that the street in front marked the spot of the Lager Beer Riot of 1855. "One man, a German, was killed and a great many wounded," I lectured, "when a mob from the north side German colony were stopped here by the police while on their way to storm the court-house, where a large number of saloon-keepers were being arraigned because they defied the mayor's order to close all saloons on Sunday. The rioters, although defeated, won out in the end, as the unpopular law soon fell into the discard."

At the next crossing, Lake Street, we turned east and walked to Dearborn Street, where I pointed out the splendid view of the old Tremont House, on the south-east corner, which could be obtained from this point. North a few doors on Dearborn Street I showed Anne the Greek Café, at number 216 North Dearborn, one of the pioneer "foreign atmosphere" restaurants of Chicago, frequented largely by intellectuals, about-towners, and Bohemians.

"Abraham Lincoln is associated with the old Tremont House," I remarked, calling her attention to bronze tablets at the main entrance of the structure on Lake Street. She read the words: "Upon this site stood the Tremont House, which was destroyed by fire on October 9, 1871. In that building Abraham Lincoln was a guest when in Chicago, and there, on July 10, 1858, he addressed the people from its balcony and on July 24, 1858, wrote the challenge which resulted in the Douglas-Lincoln debates. These tablets were presented by the citizens of Chicago on February 12, 1909, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Lincoln."

Being a Lincoln student, Anne was intensely interested in the site. I explained, however, that the building in

front of us was erected following the great fire and stands on the site of the first Tremont House, as the tablet points out. I added that for many years it housed the downtown branch of Northwestern University of Evanston, particularly the schools of commerce, law, medicine, and dentistry. Calling her attention to another tablet just east of the entrance, she eagerly read the words: " 'That is the real issue. That is the issue that will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and will ever continue to struggle.' Lincoln at Alton, Ill., on October 15, 1858."

Continuing to State Street, where we obtained a perspective of the great shopping highway to the south, we turned north one block to the river, and then east a few steps along the river-front driveway, after which we crossed over into Wacker Drive Plaza. "Here's another tablet," shouted Anne. "It says that Wacker Drive was built by the city of Chicago in 1926 and that William E. Dever was mayor at the time. Oh, and here it adds that Charles H. Wacker was chairman of the Chicago Plan Commission. Tell me something about Mr. Wacker, who has such a wonderful driveway named after him."

"Wacker Drive," I offered, "is the outstanding achievement so far of the Chicago Plan Commission, of which Mr. Wacker was chairman since the time of its inception by the city council in 1909. The drive was brought about largely through the untiring efforts of Mr. Wacker. I might explain here that the Chicago Plan Commission, which has 'Chicago Beautiful' as its goal, was first conceived by Daniel Hudson Burnham, the world-famous Chicago architect, who planned the World's Columbian

Exposition in Chicago in 1893 and who, in the years following, became tireless in his efforts to interest the citizens of Chicago in a comprehensive plan for the city's development. The principal features of the Plan relate to the development of the lake front and river front, the widening of important streets, the opening of new streets, the consolidation of railway terminals, and the providing of greater recreational facilities for the people, all with an eye to the future of Chicago. At the present time, James Simpson, president of Marshall Field & Company, is chairman of the commission."

After showing Anne the great gold-colored Elgin clock on the Pure Oil Building, where scientifically accurate time is provided by means of an electric circuit from the observatory of the National Watch Company, thirty-five miles away at Elgin, Ill., and also after pointing out the Vesuvio, a well-known Italian restaurant across from Wacker Drive Plaza, we rounded the corner into Wabash Avenue and descended the steps into the lower level of Wacker Drive, observing what has been called "The Catacombs" because of the great profusion of supporting pillars and gloomy, mysterious atmosphere. Returning to the street level, we continued south in Wabash Avenue, passing the Medical and Dental Arts Building at the southeast corner on Lake Street. Noticing a great many wholesale florist concerns and flower-shops in the vicinity, I told Anne this area is Chicago's "Flower Market."

"And now," I announced, as we arrived before the Randolph Street entrance to the great department store of Marshall Field & Company, "we are about to visit the wonder sight of the Loop. This store shares honors with the stockyards as being Chicago's most famous attraction. It is the greatest department store in the world."

"I should say so," agreed Anne. "I've been hearing about that store back home in Springfield ever since child-

hood. And at last the opportunity has come to visit it. You may be sure I shall be thrilled."

Entering the building, we proceeded to the third floor waiting-room and information desk, and joined one of the personally conducted sight seeing tours which start out from the desk every hour, on the hour, from ten to four. "They have a guest-book here," I said, "containing the signatures of famous people from all points of the globe who have visited the store." Anne was quick to note the hospitable manner in which the store supplies conveniences for its shoppers and visitors, such as the general information bureau, where information could be obtained regarding train schedules, steamer travel, motor routes, points of interest in the city and the easiest way to reach them, public meetings, current entertainments and amusements, and other matters of similar interest; the general rooms for reading, writing and rest, for men and women; the personal service bureau; the theater ticket office; the travelers' checks and foreign tourist bureau; telegraph and cable office and postal sub-station.

"This is our 'world clock,'" said the guide, pointing to a clock over the information desk, "and shows the comparative time between Chicago and all the principal cities of the world at any given moment." Starting out thus, we were shown the more than a score of operators in the telephone-room, a famous pneumatic clock, the semi-dark silence-room for women shoppers seeking rest, the children's-room and the first-aid room. From this point the elevator took us to the thirteenth, or top, floor, where we observed a fortune in furs in cold storage vaults, the many elevator dynamos, the fresh-air machines, the laundry, shoe-repair room, and candy kitchens, etc. In addition to a fine view of the Lake Front, as seen from the windows of the employees' tea-room, the twelfth floor also housed the junior academy, conducted for employees

under sixteen, and the medical bureau, with its staff of nurses and doctors. On the tenth floor, we were shown the women's rest- and music-room and the employees' library, a branch of the Chicago Public Library.

"Field's Choral Society," said our guide, at this point, "is a trained group of two hundred employees directed by a professional and gives an annual concert at Orchestra Hall. On Christmas eve the society sings carols in the rotunda of the store."

Anne's interest in the artistic received a thrill when we next approached the store proper on the ninth floor, for here we came upon the Florentine Gallery, center of the interior decorating department. She became very enthusiastic as the guide took us from one completely furnished period-room to another. And her interest continued unabated when he arrived on the eighth floor, where children's nurseries prevailed and also completely furnished modern interiors.

We both received an unexpected experience upon being shown a room furnished in futuristic art, of which we had been hearing so much lately. Curious geometrical furniture and odd color arrangements met our eyes. Pointing to a book-case of squares and rectangles, without any apparent sense of proportion about it, the guide said:

"If you'll narrow your eyes in glancing at it, the book-case will give you the illusion of a skyscraper. That is the aim of ultra-modern, or futuristic, art—to break away from historical backgrounds and instead reflect the modern age of skyscrapers and geometry."

"How interesting," exclaimed Miss Morley. "I've always wanted to see some of this futuristic furniture. I recall your showing me the interior of the Union station yesterday, which you said was a sample of the newer, typically American, style of building construction."

"Yes," I said, "Chicago, the most typical of American cities, goes in for the new as well as the old. In 'Towertown' there are a number of artistic centers specializing in futuristic furniture. In the commercial world, Marshall Field's have led the way, the windows of their Autumn Exhibition for 1927—which exhibition, by the way, is an annual event of importance in Chicago life—displayed the abstract designs of ultra-modern art and created quite a stir of interest."

Arriving on the seventh floor, we were taken through the series of beautiful tea-rooms and grills which occupy the entire floor. Anne was particularly charmed by the handsome Narcissus Room—with its Pompeiian decoration and dreamlike fountain—in which we were told a stringed orchestra entertains each afternoon at tea-time. Her enthusiasm for the Walnut Grill, however, reached a higher pitch, for here she saw Circassian walnut, blue carpets, palms, ferns, and a tinkling fountain, all under a Tiffany dome. After being shown the Mission Grill Room, and the Colonial, Crystal, and Wedgwood Rooms, we were next conducted to the fifth floor."

"This dome," said our guide, pointing to the famous Tiffany dome which begins on the sixth floor and arches over the south rotunda of the store, "is constructed of Tiffany favrile glass and is the largest piece of glass mosaic in the world. It also has the distinction of being the first dome ever built of iridescent glass."

From here we were taken to the exclusive shoe salon, observing many other departments on the way. On the fourth floor we passed through the toy section and on the third through the rug section, containing rugs from all parts of the world.

"You might like to know that this great mercantile establishment," I said, "was founded in 1865, the founders being Marshall Field, L. Z. Leiter, and Potter Palmer.

Two years later Mr. Palmer withdrew to enter the hotel business, and until 1881 the firm was known as Field, Leiter & Company. In that year Mr. Leiter withdrew, and the firm has been known as Marshall Field & Company ever since."

After departing from the imposing State Street entrance to Field's, with its four familiar granite monoliths, we walked south in State Street, observing for a moment the interesting series of tablets in relief depicting various scenes from the life of Christopher Columbus, which adorn the entrance to the Columbus Memorial Building at 31 North State Street.

"This is known locally as 'the world's busiest corner,'" I announced, upon arriving at the intersection of State and Madison streets. Hub of the shopping district, I pointed out such well-known department stores as Carson Pirie Scott & Company, on the southeast corner; Mandel Brothers, on the northeast corner; the Boston Store, on the northwest corner. "Just a little more than a hundred years ago," I remarked, "ox-drawn wagons got stuck in the mud here rounding the corners on a wet spring morning. And practical jokers would quickly appear, hanging signs on the stalled wagons: 'No bottom here' and 'This fellow tried the shortest route to China.' Not a few years earlier, the cows from Fort Dearborn used to pasture here. To-day, more people are said to pass this point than any other similar point in the world."

Walking west in Madison Street, we saw McVickers Theatre, one of the leading movie houses of Chicago, standing on the site of the historic McVickers Theatre of the eighties and nineties, and "Ink Pot Lane," in the block between Dearborn and Clark streets, deriving its name from the row of cheap little open-all-night movie houses, with their melodramatic posters, which are known in the parlance of the movie trade as "ink pots." At

Madison and Clark I pointed out the Morrison Hotel, with its tall tower, and, across on Clark Street, "Restaurant Row," with its many lunch-rooms, cafeterias, luncheonettes, sandwich shops, "orange huts," and other dining places. "Foreign visitors to Chicago," I said, "claim that the Triangle restaurants are the most typical dining places of the United States, one of which you see here at number 6 South Clark Street. They make this claim in view of the redundant and poetical menu cards and advertising signs which herald the merits of their foods. And I agree with them. To read the adjectives of their menu cards is indeed a novelty. Your mouth is left watering."

After noting the Boston Oyster House, one of Chicago's well-known dining places, located across the street from the Triangle in the basement of the Morrison, we continued our walk westward in Madison Street, passing the Roanoke Tower at number 127 and the old Brevoort Hotel at number 120. "The 'round bar' in the rear of the Brevoort lobby is an interesting men's restaurant, being an exact replica of a room in a Moorish palace," I said. At the next crossing, we observed the central headquarters building of the Y. M. C. A., a few steps south in La Salle Street and, across the street, the fifth-floor offices of the Chicago Association of Commerce in the Otis Building, and on the northwest corner the Hotel La Salle, one of the leading hotels of the city.

"The *Chicago Daily News,*" I announced, as we arrived in front of its historic home on the northeast corner of Madison and Wells streets, adjoining the elevated, "is well-known in the cultural centers of the world for the many famous authors who have worked, or still are working, on its editorial staff, and also for its comprehensive foreign news service. In Chicago it is as much of an institution as the stockyards, Marshall Fields' or 'The Wheat Pit.'"

"Yes," said Anne, "I've heard of *The Daily News* down home. Isn't this the paper that has Carl Sandburg on its staff? And didn't a man by the name of Smith, also on the staff, write a book about newspaper life?"

"True," I replied. "Both of them are still here and still producing books. The man you refer to as Smith is Henry Justin Smith, author of *Deadlines,* and managing editor of the paper. Sandburg, regarded as one of the foremost American poets of to-day and also famous for his recent biography of Abraham Lincoln and his book of American folklore songs, *The American Songbag,* contributes a bi-weekly column of comment. These men are the two outstanding literary lights who are still with *The Daily News.* Others remaining are Robert J. Casey, Negley Farson, Fred A. Chappell, John Gunther, Amy Leslie, Edward Price Bell, Charles H. Dennis, Victor Yarros, Paul Scott Mowrer, Robert O. Ballou, Gene Morgan, and Meyer Levin.

"A few years ago," I continued, "the staff included such well-known names in the literary world of to-day as Ben Hecht, John V. A. Weaver, Henry Blackman Sell, Harry Hansen, the late Keith Preston, Lew Sarett, Wallace Smith, Woodward Boyd, Vincent Starrett, T. K. Hedrick, and Rose Caylor. In the eighties and nineties, and the early years of the present century, such writers as George Ade, Finley Peter Dunne, Will Payne, Col. George Harvey, Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, Eugene Field, Ray Stannard Baker, William E. Curtis, Charles D. Stewart, and Slason Thompson were doing their first literary work on *The Daily News* as reporters."

"May we visit the place?" asked Anne, when we arrived in front of the main doorway of *The Daily News* at 15 North Wells Street.

"It is rather difficult," I replied. "Completing the first half century of its existence, the paper has grown to such

an extent that it occupies a great many floors and cubby-holes in adjoining buildings, so that it is awkward to attempt a tour. Of course, we could look into the editorial-room on the fourth floor, and the library, where Eugene Field, 'the children's poet,' had his desk, on the third floor. You see, Anne, in this year of grace, 1928, you are looking upon the old buildings which have been the home of this newspaper for the last fifty years, or since the great fire, and which in another year *The Daily News* will vacate, to begin its next half century or more in the new modern skyscraper home which I pointed out to you yesterday on the west bank of the river at Madison Street. *The Daily News* is the only paper to survive of the many which flourished along the Wells Street 'Newspaper Row' of the eighties."

After a short visit in the building, during which I showed Anne the manifold activities of a modern newspaper office, so vividly pictured in Smith's *Deadlines*—said to be the best book on the subject ever written—we sauntered northward on Wells Street and at the first alley stopped a few minutes to watch the newsboys and paper trucks in Chicago's old "Newspaper Alley." "This cigar store," I said, "between the News building and the alley is 'The Cave of Tongues' which Smith tells about in his book, explaining how foreign correspondents from the four quarters of the globe come here to smoke and chat with local reporters when on visits to the home office.

"By the way," I added, "you might like to know that *The Daily News* was founded by Melville E. Stone, who in later years became one of the founders and first general manager of the Associated Press, one of the greatest news-gathering agencies in the world. His financial partner was Victor F. Lawson who, later, bought out Mr. Stone and became the proprietor, editor, and publisher, in which position he remained until his death in 1925. Wal-

ter A. Strong is the present publisher, and Charles H. Dennis its editor.

"Now, then," I went on, "having seen *The Daily News* and learned of its literary traditions, the next step is to have lunch in the most famous literary tavern in the country, located but a few steps north of us. Before we enter this place, however, I might say that there are many other restaurants in this vicinity, frequented largely by newspaper people, especially from Chicago's present-day 'Newspaper Row' on Market Street. For example, Maurice's at 173 West Madison Street. This place occupies the site of the famous old-time Vogelsang dining-room, where Eugene Field and other newspaper writers and wits foregathered in the eighties. Maurice's palatable food and excellent French pastry were referred to by John Gunther in his first novel, *The Red Pavilion.* On the second floor, over number 183, is the New Tivoli, an Italian restaurant, where William E. Piccolo, the manager and part-owner, will sing any Italian operatic song for you upon request. Lastly, around the corner at number 37 South Wells Street, Emil Rutz's back-room coffee-shop provides good German cooking for the scribes and scribesses of Market Street newspaper offices.

"This, however, is the most famous of them all and is known as the 'Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese Tavern' of America," I said to my companion, conducting her into Schlogl's at 37 North Wells Street. An old-fashioned walnut interior, with musty oil paintings on its ancient walls, greeted her eye. Presently, Richard Schneider, the famous literary waiter, came up to greet us, smiling cordially and with the ever-present towel over his arm.

"And here," I said, showing her a large table in the right-hand corner of the room, "is the 'round table' where most of Chicago's great authors of to-day have sat, or still continue to sit, at lunch-time. Here came Sherwood

Anderson, Carl Sandburg, Robert Herrick, Edgar Lee Masters, Ben Hecht, Max Bodenheim, Lew Sarett, and others of a group which caused H. L. Mencken, the popular arbiter of letters, to write an article telling the world that Chicago was the literary capital of America. I have a quotation from his article in my notes. Listen:

> "In Chicago there is the mysterious something that makes for individuality, personality, charm; in Chicago a spirit broods upon the face of the waters. Find a writer who is indubitably an American in every pulse-beat, an American who has something new and peculiarly American to say and who says it in an unmistakably American way, and nine times out of ten you will find that he has some sort of connection with the gargantuan abattoir by Lake Michigan—that he was bred there, or got his start there, or passed through there in the days when he was young and tender."

Calling her attention to a small picture in the corner above the table, Anne saw the faces of many other typical Chicago writers, seated about the "round table." At the bottom of the picture, she read the names of Richard Schneider, the waiter, Dwight Haven, Keith Preston, Pascal Covici, Ben Hecht, Vincent Starrett, Henry Justin Smith, Philip R. Davis, Charles MacArthur, Ashton Stevens, William McGee, Charles Collins, Harry Hansen, LeRoy T. Goble, John Gunther, Peter Hecht, Dr. Morris Fishbein, J. U. Nicolson, and Lloyd Lewis.

"But where are they?" asked Anne, looking about. "The 'round table' is empty and it is noontime."

"Ah, my dear," I said, "I'm sorry to report they only gather at the Saturday luncheon. Of course, sometimes they stroll in on other days. But come, we'll have luncheon here ourselves. I have more to show you."

Anne started to seat herself at the "round table."

"No, no!" I said. "Ladies are not permitted to eat on

the first floor. This is one restaurant in Chicago where men have it all for themselves. When dining with women, however, we men must go to the second floor dining-room."

After being seated upstairs and ordering a luncheon of chicken à la king, I asked George, the waiter in charge, to have Richard bring his book upstairs. Introducing Richard to Anne, I said:

"This is what has become known as 'Richard's Book' and is the most famous book in Chicago, if not in the country. Presented to Richard as a gift from its author, it is a copy of *Midwest Portraits,* a book of present-day Chicago literary reminiscences by Harry Hansen who, at the time of its publication in 1923, was literary editor of *The Chicago Daily News.* As you notice, it contains the autograph of almost every writer told about in the book. Also, a poem to Richard by Keith Preston and a caricature of the waiter by Gene Markey. Markey's book, *Men About Town,* by the way, is a collection of caricatured Chicago authors and notables."

Anne eagerly scanned the fly-leaves of the volume, viewing the many signatures of notable visitors to Schlogl's from outside of Chicago, such as Paul H. De Kruif, J. P. McEvoy, Rebecca West, Witter Bynner, Heywood Broun, Alfred Harcourt, Donald Ogden Stewart, E. Haldeman-Julius, Upton Sinclair, Bobby Edwards, Joe Laurie, Jr., William McFee, Sinclair Lewis, Konrad Bercovici, Arthur Brisbane, William Allen White, D. W. Griffith, Gilbert Seldes, Horace Liveright, Jay G. Sigmund, Louis Untermeyer, E. O. Hoppe, Hamilton Fyfe, Ford Madox Ford, Thomas Cadett, and Nelson Antrim Crawford.

And there were such other Chicago notables and writers as Edward Price Bell, Robert Morss Lovett, Eugene Hutchinson, Paul R. Leach, "Mescal Ike," Carl B. Roden, Walter Strong, Donald Lawder, Junius B. Wood, Ashton

Stevens, Percy H. Boynton, Kurt M. Stein, Horace Bridges, Bart Cormack, Charles Collins, Joseph Margolis, Mitchell Dawson, LeRoy T. Goble, Hal O'Flaherty, Frank M. Morris, and Irwin St. John Tucker.

Our luncheon over, we proceeded on our tour of the Loop by walking west in Madison Street for two blocks to Market Street, the present-day "Newspaper Row" of Chicago, where we observed the handsome Hearst Building, housing the *Chicago Evening American* and the *Chicago Herald & Examiner.* We also saw the offices of the *Chicago Daily Journal* and *Chicago Evening Post.* "The *Post,*" I said, "is noted in Chicago for its art and literary supplements, the former directed by C. J. Bulliet, author of *Apples and Madonnas,* an informative book of art criticism, and the latter edited by Llewellyn Jones, author of *First Impressions,* an authoritative volume of literary criticism. Other locally well-known authors working—or who have worked—on the *Post* are Richard Atwater, Jun Fujita, Samuel Putnam, Charles Collins, S. J. Duncan-Clark, Floyd Dell, and Francis Hackett.

Walking south in Market Street, we came to the large wholesale district at the southwest corner of the Loop. Here, we turned east in Adams Street where, after noting the dignified architecture of the big Marshall Field & Company wholesale house, a landmark and one of the few buildings in Chicago designed by Henry H. Richardson, we finally arrived at the intersection of Adams and La Salle streets, in the heart of the great financial district, locally called "The Wall Street of the West." Walking north a block to Monroe Street, we turned the corner to the right and came before the imposing columns of the Central Trust Company, at 125 West Monroe Street, an institution of which Vice-President Charles G. Dawes is an officer. Entering the main banking-room, we devoted some time to studying the frieze of sixteen paintings in

lunette form, which depict as many epochs of Chicago history from 1674, when Marquette had his first winter camp here, to 1900, when construction on the great drainage canal started. Departing, we walked south in La Salle Street, passing the "Rookery" at the southeast corner of Adams and La Salle. "The 'Rookery' derives its name," I told Anne, "from the ramshackle structure that stood on this site after the great fire and which served as a temporary headquarters for the city hall. Many pigeons used to roost on its eaves."

Continuing south, we entered the huge Illinois Merchant's Trust Company building, at the northeast corner of La Salle Street and Jackson Boulevard, noting in its main banking-room on the second floor the four beautiful mural paintings by Jules Guerin, presenting symbolically the nations of the world, each with its characteristic industry or achievement. From here, we crossed Jackson Boulevard and entered the ancient Board of Trade building. "This is the famous 'Pit' of Chicago," I said, when we reached the second-floor galleries overlooking a scene of apparent pandemonium. Hundreds of men in alpaca coats were shouting themselves hoarse and conversing feverishly in sign language, skilfully using their fingers, like deaf-mutes. Being the floor of the Chicago Stock Exchange, I told Anne they were stock-brokers engaged in the business of buying and selling grain and provisions. "Business men the world over watch this room closely by means of telephone and telegraph wires," I said, "as here the prices of some of the world's great food staples are fixed. This place, also, is the background of *The Pit,* a novel of Chicago commercial life by Frank Norris."

Departing from "The Pit," I told Miss Morley that the well-known La Salle Street station, used by such important roads as the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, New

York Central, and the Nickel Plate, is located directly back of the Board of Trade building on Van Buren Street. Then, taking our leave entirely from the impressive precincts of the big financial district, we next wandered eastward on Jackson Boulevard to the Federal Building, the seat of the United States government in Chicago and the Midwest and housing also the main post office. It occupies the block bounded by Jackson Boulevard on the south, Dearborn Street on the east, Adams Street on the north, and Clark Street on the west. Our visit to the rotunda brought a thrill to Miss Morley, but we did not linger long, leaving the building by the north entrance on Adams Street. "Four persons were killed and thirty injured," I told Anne, "when a bomb was exploded inside the Federal Building at this entrance on September 4, 1918, during the war. Although the I. W. W. organization of radicals was suspected and many raids were made in the west side Red Belt, no tangible results ever came out of the investigation."

Our next stop was the Marquette Building, on the northwest corner of Adams and Dearborn streets, where we observed the bronze reliefs on the exterior of the main entrance on Dearborn Street, showing scenes from the journeys of Père Marquette. On the first two floors of the rotunda, inside, we saw a series of bronze medallion portraits of other explorers of the period and of many Indian chiefs, the work of Hermon A. MacNeil. Also, Anne noted the mosaic of scenes from the journeys of discovery of Joliet and other early explorers of this region, extending around the mezzanine. Continuing our walk north in Dearborn Street, we turned east in Monroe and, after passing the Post Office News in the basement at 37 West Monroe Street, a well-known out-of-town newspaper and magazine shop, and the Gypsy Tea Room,

across the street over the Majestic Theatre, where real gypsies tell your fortune from tea-leaves, we arrived back on State Street.

"Which brings us," I told Anne, "to another outstanding Loop attraction, the famous Palmer House." Pointing out the hotel at the southeast corner of State and Monroe, she saw it to be an immense, recently built structure, occupying almost the entire block between State Street and Wabash Avenue, south of Monroe. "But before we enter," I said, "suppose we stroll through Peacock's jewelry store on the ground floor of the hotel. This is the oldest and one of the finest jewelry stores in Chicago. The firm was founded by Elijah Peacock in 1837, the same year that Chicago was incorporated as a city." My companion was delighted with her visit, having seen the pillars of green Grecian marble and the decorative ceiling of 24-carat gold, not to mention the enticing array of jewelry and silver-ware.

"Isn't this the hotel that had silver dollars in its floor?" asked Miss Morley, after we passed out of Peacock's and mounted the steps to the beautiful lobby of the new Palmer House. "Yes," I replied, "but you're thinking of what Chicagoans have referred to for several generations as 'the old Palmer House,' built shortly after the fire. It stood on this spot until two years ago when it was razed to make way for the present structure. The silver dollars were a feature of the barber-shop in the old building. The Palmer House was established in 1871 by Potter Palmer, said to be the 'Father of State Street.' And, of course, Anne, you have already heard of Mrs. Potter Palmer, who reigned supreme as society's queen during World's Fair days and for many years afterwards. You saw her famous castle on Lake Shore Drive on Monday.

"Being the most beautiful hotel in Chicago during those years," I went on, "it was the stopping place of many

notables, such as Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, President Garfield, Roscoe Conklin, General Grant, Mark Hanna, Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Nast, as well as other prominent men and women of the world, among them an Infanta of Spain, Russian Grand Duchesses, and British notables in profusion. Here, too, occurred what is said to have been the most famous banquet in America, that accorded to Ulysses S. Grant upon his return from a world tour in 1879. After lasting until two o'clock the next morning, the occasion closed with Mark Twain's response to the toast. Another feature of the old hotel was the annual Book Fair, attended by representatives of publishers from all over the United States and England."

After wandering through the luxurious halls, dining-rooms, and corridors of the present structure, all of which were exquisitely furnished and decorated in the French manner, I said to Miss Morley:

"This being tea-time, I've got a little treat in store for you. We are going to a roof garden atop the Palmer House, with Lake Michigan and the skyscrapers of the Loop below us. And to reach it we must go to the basement."

Anne's eyes sparkled with the prospect, and then changed to a puzzled look. "The basement?" she repeated. Instead of explaining, I led her down the steps, where we walked the length of a corridor and entered the Chicago Room, an attractive dining place.

"Well, the very idea!" exclaimed Anne, her eyes brightening in recognition. "Why, this is the most novel thrill I've had in Chicago so far. Isn't it wonderful?"

What she saw was the skyline of Chicago from all points of the compass, painted on the four walls of the restaurant from ceiling to floor. I explained that the view was the same as though she were standing on the roof of the Palmer House. Her display of enthusiasm

was indeed merited, for the illusion was almost perfect.

Finished with our light refreshments, I told Anne the next stop would be the new Central Police and Courts building, at 11th and State streets, which would be worth a visit as it is said to be the biggest and most up-to-date police headquarters in the country. Accordingly, after riding in a south-bound State Street car for several blocks, during which we passed a Bowery-like hobo district, we got off at 11th Street and entered the new building. The desk-sergeant assigned a policeman to show us about. In this manner, my companion saw the manifold activities of a police headquarters in a modern metropolitan city. She derived particular interest in the show-up room, the bureau of identification, the different cell-rooms, and the office of the commissioner of police. The tour over, we walked north in State Street to Polk, then west in Polk where, at Dearborn Street, I showed her the old Dearborn Street station, with its tower, used by such railroads as the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, Chicago & Eastern Illinois, Chicago & Western Indiana, Erie, Grand Trunk, Wabash and Monon. The massive structure northward on Dearborn Street, I explained, is the Transportation Building, housing the headquarters of Uncle Sam's Midwest and Chicago prohibition forces. Continuing west in Polk, we came to Clark Street, where old St. Peter's, a historic Catholic church, aroused Anne's curiosity. We walked north in Clark and at number 650 I pointed out the seven-story Board of Education building.

"On the second floor of this building," I said, "the famous McAndrew trial occurred last year, a trial which caused a sensation all over the United States, Canada, and England because of Mayor William Hale Thompson's charge that Superintendent of Schools William McAndrew was fostering pro-British propaganda among the children of the Chicago schools. The technical charge,

of course, which caused the school board to suspend him was insubordination."

"I remember the case very well," commented Anne.

Arriving next at Harrison Street, I told my companion this was the center of the printing industry in Chicago and pointed to the big Rand, McNally & Company Building on the northwest corner as being one of the outstanding structures of the district. I added that Clark Street, from this corner north a block to Van Buren Street, was the "Chinatown" of years ago and that the only outstanding survivor was Foo Chow's chop suey restaurant in the middle of the block, still a popular restaurant with many after-theatre diners. Boarding a north-bound Clark Street car, we arrived back at the Sherman and agreed to meet a little later for dinner.

"I couldn't think of allowing you to leave Chicago," I said, when we met later, "without having dined in St. Hubert's Old English Grill, number 316 Federal Street, a quaint little restaurant not known very well to the public at large but always, since its beginning in 1887, holding a warm place in the hearts of Chicago's exclusive circle of epicures. And among these, I might mention the names of two of the most prominent, Vice-President Charles G. Dawes and former Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, both frequent visitors to St. Hubert's. Since this is the only place in Chicago where the English mutton chop as served in England is a specialty, many notables from the world at large have dined here on their visits to the city. Charles Dickens, Jr., son of the famous novelist and himself a brilliant man, ate here on his last visit to Chicago. Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, William Faversham, and others have been here, and here, also, Sir Thomas Lipton gave a banquet some years ago."

Taking a taxicab from the hotel to the restaurant, Anne expressed immediate delight with its location and

appearance. "It's just like a little old Elizabethan tavern in a forgotten London byway," she cried. "Look at the great oak door and leaded windows."

Inside, Charles A. Dawell, the proprietor, greeted us in cordial fashion. Showing us the men's grill on the first floor, with its rows of long-stemmed clay pipes, each one the personal property of some notable epicure of Chicago, and with English sporting prints hanging from its stone walls, Mr. Dawell conducted us to the dining-room on the second floor. We ordered a dinner of English mutton chops, potatoes au gratin, lettuce salad, coffee, and dessert.

Anne's eye roved all over the charming English dining-room, noting the rare Chinaware, the sporting prints and old-fashioned steel engravings, the portraits of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra above us, the beamed oak ceiling and paneled walls and, last but not least, a final touch of English atmosphere in the red coats of the waiters. And to complete it all, these latter spoke with an English accent.

"Mr. Dawell," I explained, "is an Illinois man by birth, but he has been so much in contact with English people and their customs that he has become quite the host you would expect to find in such a distinctively English eating-house. He is also a student and lover of English art objects, as you may plainly see from the decorations about the place."

While leaving Federal Street and rounding the corner in Jackson Boulevard, I told Anne the tall ornate building adjoining St. Hubert's was the new Union League Club, imposing home of Republicanism in Chicago. "Which might account," I added, "for such Republicans as Dawes and Lowden paying frequent visits to St. Hubert's next door."

After attending an entertaining vaudeville program in

the beautiful New Palace Theatre at Randolph and La Salle streets, we wound up the evening by tripping the light fantastic at the College Inn, in the basement of the Hotel Sherman, one of the oldest and most famous after-theater gathering places in Chicago. While here, I explained that another popular entertainment place was the Terrace Garden, in the basement of the Morrison Hotel.

FRIDAY

"TO-DAY," I said, when my companion greeted me the following morning, feeling fresh and eager after a sound sleep, "you will at last have an opportunity to visit Chicago's famed stockyards."

For, logically, as I explained, the next section of the city to visit was the south side, in which area the stockyards lie. But there was much else to see on the trip before we reached the great meat-packing industry, and so we started early.

"Inasmuch as you're interested in literary matters," I remarked, "we will begin our tour by walking southward along the Wabash Avenue 'Bookshop Row,' an important street of the Loop which you have not seen as yet. Our walk, therefore, should start out auspiciously by a visit to the largest book department in the world."

Thus it was that we found ourselves shortly in the book department of Marshall Field's, located on the third floor, in the Wabash and Randolph corner of the retail store. Here, Anne came into her own and almost made herself conspicuous by the manner in which she ran from one counter to another, recognizing favorite titles, both classical and modern. The great stacks of books were arranged in orderly fashion under such titles as fiction, juvenile books, biography, current affairs, travel, poetry and drama, and standard sets. The latter were placed on shelves in charming alcoves.

In front of the travel shelves I picked out the book *Roving East and Roving West,* written by E. V. Lucas, the genial English travel writer, and turned to the chapter

on "Chicago," where I showed Anne the following paragraph:

> It was in Chicago, in the Marshall Field Book Department—which is to the ordinary English bookshops like a liner to a houseboat—that I first realised how intense is the interest which America takes in foreign contemporary literature. In England the translation has a certain vogue—Mrs. Garnett's supple and faithful renderings of Turgenev, Tolstoi, Dostoievski, and Tchekhov have, for example, a great following—but we do not adventure much beyond the French and the Russians; whereas I learn that English versions of hundreds of other foreign books are eagerly bought in America. Such curiosity seems to me to be very sensible. I was surprised also to find tables packed high with the modern drama. In England the printed play is not to the general taste.

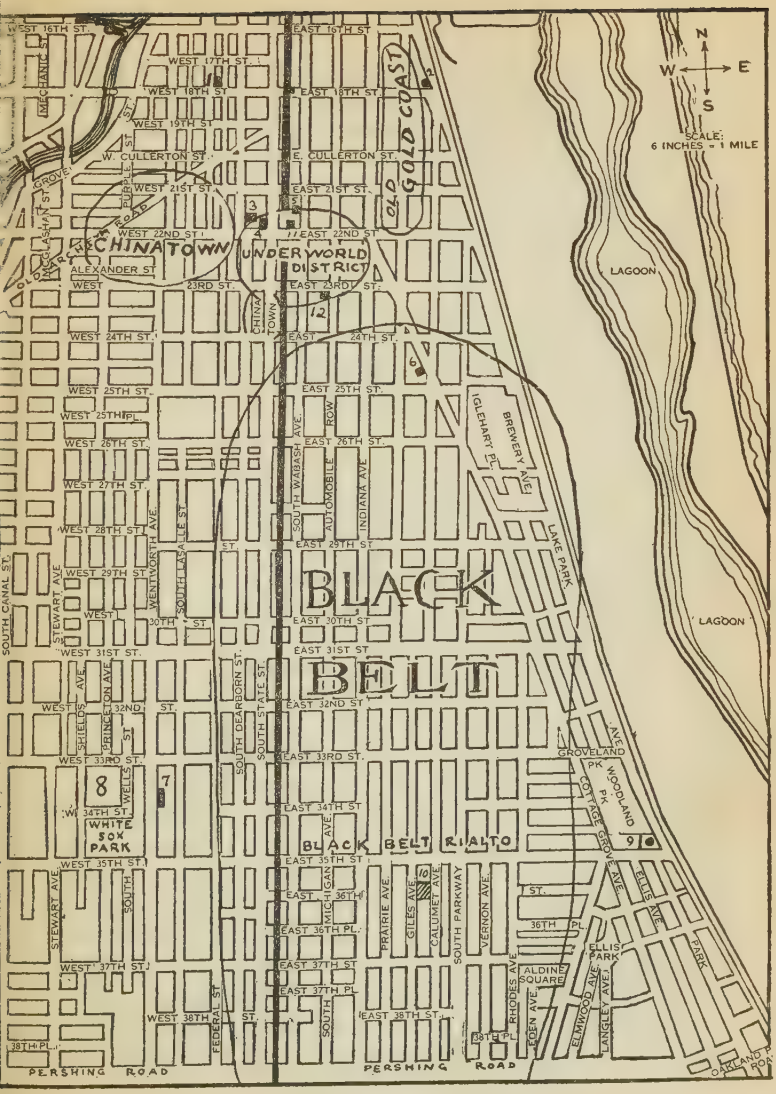
Walking next to the biography table, I located Harry Hansen's *Midwest Portraits,* and turned to the chapter entitled "Three Million Marching Men," where Anne read more concerning this famed book section. She noted the words:

> The story of the success of Field's is again the story of finding a new audience and developing new readers. But even here, in a book section that in December employs nearly 100 clerks, and which is moving toward a million-dollar turnover, personal contact has not been lost. Marcella Burns Hahner, as she is known now, has carried with her the ability to keep in touch with many readers. Her gift for showmanship has resulted in book fairs, exhibits of special groups of books, lectures, and arrangements with publishers by which the making of books, from manuscript to printing and binding, has been shown on her floor. It has become generally known that there is always something going on at Field's and the interest in books has been heightened thereby.

THE NEAR SOUTH SIDE

Some of the principal places of interest are noted by number on the map and indexed below.

1 Old St. John's Church
2 Fort Dearborn Massacre Statue
3 Everleigh Club
4 Rex Hotel
5 Colisemo's Restaurant
6 The Oldest House in Chicago
7 Seventh Regiment Armory
8 Armour Square
9 Douglas Statue
10 Eighth Regiment Armory
11 Midnite Frolics
12 Metropole Hotel



THE NEAR SOUTH SIDE

The Near South Side lies along the lake front directly south of the Loop.

Again, I showed Anne the new book, *Romantic America,* a collection of remarkable photographs by E. O. Hoppé, the famous English camera artist, obtained on his recent tour of the United States. Anne saw in the volume interesting pictures pertaining to Chicago as seen through an artist's eye,—pictures of the London Guarantee Building observed from the north bank of the Chicago River, State Street looking north from Van Buren Street, a section of Wacker Drive, Washington Street from Wabash Avenue with the misty spire of Chicago Temple in the background, the lions in front of the Art Institute and the sea of squares making up the cattle-pens at the stockyards.

Reluctant as we both were to leave such an immense treasure house of books, we began our walk on Wabash Avenue and paid a brief visit to another notable bookstore of Chicago, Brentano's, a branch of the New York concern, located on Washington Street, a few doors east of Wabash, on the ground floor of the towering new Pittsfield Building. Indicating the Men's Building of Marshall Field & Company at the southwest corner of the intersection, I told Anne the book-shop of Walter M. Hill, a famous collector, is located on the eighth floor. The same building, I added, housed the shop of the late Frank N. Morris, a companion of Eugene Field in the old days and once regarded as dean of Chicago's book collectors. After passing the fine bookstore of Carson Pirie Scott & Company, just south of Madison, we came to Adams Street and turned to number 75 East Adams Street, adjoining the quaint entrance to the old Pullman Building, where stands the small but exclusive book-shop of Doubleday, Doran and Company. "This place," I said, "was founded several years ago by Fanny Butcher, well-known literary editor of the *Chicago Tribune,* and in time

became the meeting place of Chicago's literati. A year ago she sold the store to the New York concern."

At Jackson Boulevard and Wabash, the next crossing, we found ourselves in the midst of the city's piano and music store area, dominated on the northeast corner by the tall Lyon & Healy music house, founded in 1864, and, on the southwest corner, by the Kimball Building, home of the W. W. Kimball Company, manufacturers of pianos since 1857. This latter, I explained, houses Kimball Hall, where many concerts are given during the course of the year. A few doors west of the Kimball Building, in Jackson Boulevard, Anne saw the attractive old English architecture of Finchley House, home of the men's clothing concern and one of the sights of the city. At Van Buren Street, I told Anne the vicinity contained such pioneer booksellers as George M. Chandler, number 65 East Van Buren Street, and W. P. Blessing, dealer in religious books at 63 East Adams Street. After passing Van Buren Street, I indicated the Petrushka Club, a fashionable little basement restaurant where food and atmosphere are Russian, on the east side of Wabash; the Follett bookshop at number 408, with its bookstalls out front; the Canton Tea Garden, above the bookshop; the auction rooms of Williams-Berker and Severn, at number 423, best known in the city; Wiechmann and Gellert's restaurant at number 424, a pioneer establishment; the Mandarin Inn, a chop suey place, similarly an old-timer, next door and, lastly, the book-shop of Ben Abramson, known as "The Argus," at number 434, where book collectors meet and talk over first editions and "finds."

Arriving at the end of "Bookshop Row" at Congress Street, we boarded a south-bound car on Wabash Avenue and rode south a mile, passing such points of interest as "Film Row," center of motion picture agencies and dis-

tributors; the huge Y. M. C. A. hotel at number 822; old St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, at the southeast corner of Wabash and Ninth Streets; the Chicago Consolidated Bus Terminal Station at Roosevelt Road, where busses arrive from and depart to all important cities of the Midwest and, finally, the ancient Coliseum, standing between 14th and 15th streets.

"The Coliseum," I said to Anne, "is known all over the world, as here many Presidents of the United States have been made. Nominated by the national conventions of their parties, such men as Roosevelt, Taft, and Harding obtained their entry into the White House by means of the Coliseum."

"Isn't this where William Jennings Bryan made his famous 'Cross of Gold' speech?" asked my companion.

"No," I answered. "That was in Chicago's first Coliseum, which used to be located at Stony Island Avenue and 53d Street."

"Between conventions," I went on, "this Coliseum houses the great advertising and business shows of the country, such as the annual automobile, electrical, and outdoor exhibitions. In the eighties, the famous First Ward Balls used to be held here. Before the Coliseum was built, the old Libby Prison stood on this site. It was transported from Richmond, Va., and put up here, brick by brick, just as it stood during the Civil war, when used as a prison for Union soldiers. It was one of the city's principal attractions in those days."

Turning east on 18th Street, the car continued for a few blocks. At Indiana Avenue, where it turned south again, we got off and walked east a block, arriving at Prairie Avenue, where I announced:

"Being at last on the south side, it is fitting that we begin our tour by walking through this historic neighborhood, said to be the original 'Gold Coast' in the United

States. Prairie Avenue was the street of wealth and fashion during World's Fair days and most of the great names of Chicago were identified with it. But in the shifting currents of a bustling young city like Chicago, the wealthy people in the years that followed moved out one by one to the near north side until to-day the Lake Shore Drive is Chicago's 'Gold Coast.' But the old mansions still remain on Prairie Avenue and it is eminently worth while to take a walk along the street, affording as it does a glimpse into the past."

"This is interesting, indeed," remarked Anne. "The old mansions seem to be standing in the lonely grandeur of decay. Are they all vacant?"

"No. Six of them are still occupied by their original owners or immediate descendants. As we go along, I shall point them out. But first I want you to see the monument commemorating the Fort Dearborn Massacre, which you observe standing over there at the foot of 18th Street, adjoining the Illinois Central railroad tracks.

"To old inhabitants," I said to Anne, while walking toward the statue, "Chicago has three important historic dates. And this statue commemorates the first one, August 15, 1812, when the Fort Dearborn Massacre occurred; the second, October 8, 1871, marks the Chicago fire, and the third, May 1, 1893, when the World's Fair first opened its gates."

Arriving in front of the statue, Anne saw that it represents a dramatic moment during the massacre on this spot in 1812, the figure showing Chief Black Partridge saving the life of Mrs. Helm, wife of one of the officers, by preventing another Indian from swinging his tomahawk at her head. A series of bronze reliefs on the four sides of the marble base, which Anne could hardly see, depict episodes of the massacre. I told her sulphurous fumes from nearby locomotives had caused the metal to become

covered with a beautiful patina, obscuring some of the detail but adding to the charm of the work as a whole.

"This monument," I went on, "is the gift of George M. Pullman, originator of the sleeping-car, to the Chicago Historical Society and the people of Chicago. The sculptor was Karl Rohl-Smith. The old Pullman mansion adjoined the statue, occupying the northeast corner of Prairie Avenue and 18th Street."

Returning to Prairie Avenue, we began our inspection of the district by walking north a half block to the residence of Mrs. Addie Howard Gregory, widow of Robert B. Gregory, one-time president of the Lyon & Healy music company, at number 1638 Prairie Avenue. I told Anne that Mrs. Gregory still lives here, occupying the house part of the year. The same applies to Mrs. Philo A. Otis—widow of the hymn composer and real estate man after whom the Otis Building downtown was named —whose red-brick mansion stands at number 1709. At the intersection of 18th Street, I showed Anne the curious prison-like dwelling on the southwest corner which is still the home of the John J. Glessners, and that when they cease to use it the building will become the headquarters of the Chicago chapter of the American Institute of Architects. It also is of interest, I added, as being the only remaining example in Chicago of residential architecture by the great American architect, H. H. Richardson. On the southeast corner I indicated the beautiful Gothic residence of the Architects' Club of Chicago, formerly the W. W. Kimball home. Continuing south, we next came to number 1834, the home of Fernando Jones, who, according to Caroline M. M'Ilvaine, the Chicago historian, was often called Chicago's official oldest citizen. "She tells us," I went on, "that he was born in New York state in 1820 and received his early education under Millard Fillmore, afterward President of the United States. In

1835 he is found working in his father's log store at 'The Forks' on the Chicago River. Two of his outstanding services to Chicago history—for he later became a historian of the city—are the location of the Fort Dearborn Massacre tree and the grave of David Kennison, Chicago's only revolutionary soldier and the last survivor of the Boston Tea Party. The grave is in Lincoln Park and is marked by a boulder and brass tablet."

"That looks like the home of some important person," asserted Miss Morley, pointing to a palatial old mansion which I told her was the residence of Mrs. Marshall Field, widow of the merchant prince, at number 1905. "She still lives here part of the year," I added. Across the street, at number 1912, we found the imposing dwelling of Mrs. T. B. Blackstone, widow of the Chicago rail magnate who gave his name to the exclusive Blackstone Hotel on Michigan Boulevard. "Former Governor Frank O. Lowden," I added, "lived in the Blackstone mansion at one time." The next building south of the Field residence, at present occupied by the Chicago Sanitarium—number 1919—was formerly the home of Marshall Field, Jr. And lastly, at number 1923, I indicated the home of Miss Louise Kellogg, daughter of J. W. Kellogg, a prominent furrier of Chicago.

"Curiously," I announced, when we reached 22nd Street, which Anne saw to be a recently-widened superhighway, "Chicago's notorious 22nd Street underworld, which you now see, lies just around the corner from this one-time street of wealth and fashion. Even during World's Fair days, when Prairie Avenue was in its heyday, 22nd Street a block or two west of here was known as 'The Tenderloin,' where the devil reigned supreme."

"Is it still bad?" asked Anne, naïvely.

"Yes," I replied. "Why, only last year the police uncovered a veritable 'Crime Club' in that three-story build-

ing over there at number 2227 Prairie Avenue. Seven squads of detectives, armed with six machine guns, surrounded and raided the place, which was known as the Ledo Inn, finding it to be the rendezvous of some of the most notorious criminals in the United States—murderers, robbers, kidnappers and safeblowers. When it was over, the police had in custody twenty-two men, including three wanted for murder. All of them had police records in various parts of the country."

"Goodness," said Anne, "the neighborhood around this end of Prairie Avenue does look rather grim and sinister, doesn't it? I don't think I'd like to be around here at night."

Quite a different thrill was experienced by Anne when, after passing out of the 22nd Street underworld district and continuing south, we arrived before the quaint and crumbling old James Long house, at 2432 Cottage Grove Avenue. It stands on the west side of the street at its intersection with Calumet Avenue, a few doors south of 24th Street.

"Again referring to our friend, Caroline M. M'Ilvaine," I said, "we are told that this is one of the oldest houses in Chicago, having been standing on this spot for more than seventy-five years. You see, the Chicago fire did not reach this part of town. James Long, who bought the house from a Frenchman in 1850, was a public figure during pre-Civil war days in Chicago. Here, then, he invited his friend, Abraham Lincoln, on more than one occasion and you can readily see how Lincoln must have been forced to bow his head in entering the doorway. Stephen A. Douglas, another friend of Mr. Long, who lived half a mile to the south, was also a frequent visitor."

Anne remarked that Chicago of to-day seemed to be careless of the Chicago of yesterday, observing as she did the ruin into which this historic edifice was falling. She

noted a sign on the front doorway, where the Great Emancipator once entered, which read: "Furnished Rooms. Light Housekeeping."

Returning northward on Cottage Grove Avenue to 22nd Street, I told Anne we would next make a more detailed survey of the underworld district. "With the disappearance of the dingy narrow street it formerly was," I explained, "the old 22nd Street neighborhood may in a few years become a thing of the past. This new superhighway, so to speak, has let in the sunlight."

Walking west in 22nd Street, we arrived at Michigan Boulevard, where I pointed out a tall red-brick hotel, which could be seen from this point south of us at Michigan Boulevard and 23d Street. "There," I said, "Mr. Alphonse Capone, alias 'Scarface Al' Brown, the most noted of Chicago's recent gangsters, lived until last year, when he was ousted by the management. Since then, as you perhaps know, he has been run out of Los Angeles and Miami. Rising from the 22nd Street underworld, Capone was for long the czar of the Cicero underworld. Cicero is a village outside the boundaries of Chicago, to the west. Yes, he's still living." Finding ourselves next at the intersection of Wabash Avenue and 22nd Street, the center of this underworld district, I showed Anne the old four-story building at 2222 South Wabash Avenue, where Al Capone not so long ago conducted the notorious "Four Deuces" cabaret. A few doors northward, at number 2126 South Wabash, I showed her Colosimo's, one of Chicago's famous old-time restaurants. "The founder of this place, 'Big Jim' Colosimo," I explained, "was murdered there by unknown gangland enemies about five or six years ago. The place has continued in business since, however, except when it was closed for a year by prohibition authorities. Reopened, it has enjoyed its old-time popularity. Italian singers from the opera and

many about-towners of the city dine there frequently, as the place has excellent food and entertainment and a certain distinctive atmosphere reminding one of European cafés.

"And this," I went on, when we arrived in front of the Midnite Frolics cabaret, at 18 East 22nd Street, "is the most popular night-club and cabaret in Chicago at the present time, despite the fact that wealthy bootleggers and diamonded gangsters are seen here at regular intervals. It is the temple of the 'sundodgers,' the doors opening only at night and closing at dawn. As a matter of fact, I wish our schedule might include a visit to this place, as the interior is very luxurious and beautiful and the cabaret entertainment is the best to be found outside of New York. I'm sure you'd enjoy it. I could even point out many of Chicago's notables at the tables, such as politicians, actresses, gamblers, business men, lawyers, and newspaper men."

Our steps then took us to the intersection of South State and 22nd streets. "That four-story building on the northwest corner," I said, "is known as the Rex and houses a soft-drink parlor, cabaret, and hotel. Bombed about a year ago, it has figured in newspaper stories at frequent intervals since. South of this point, between 24th and 26th streets, along State, you'll find Chicago's new 'Chinatown'—that is, the 'Chinatown' which formerly used to be at Clark and Harrison streets. Most of these Chinese belong to the Hip Sing tong, a poorer association of merchants than the On Leongs on Wentworth Avenue."

"Goodness, what a run-down ancient neighborhood this underworld is," commented Anne. "It certainly seems appropriate. Where are you taking me now, Mr. Baedeker?"

"This," I said—after we had walked westward a block

and turned the corner into Dearborn Street, arriving in front of numbers 2131-33 South Dearborn Street—"is the ornate building which housed the notorious club run by the Everleigh Sisters in the nineties. The place did much to give Chicago an evil reputation in those days. Negroes live in it now."

Ending thus our survey of this old south side underworld district, a burst of the exotic Orient next greeted Anne's eyes after we passed under a railroad viaduct at Clark Street and continued westward on 22nd to Wentworth Avenue. We found ourselves in the midst of Chicago's main "Chinatown," lying about two miles south of the Loop skyscrapers. Here, we detoured south in Wentworth Avenue for two blocks, passing the Shanghai café and the new three-story Chinese "city hall," with its beautiful terra-cotta Oriental architecture. I told Anne it was the headquarters of the On Leong tong, or Chinese Merchants' Association, and included in its membership some of the wealthiest Chinese in the country.

"Is this where they have those terrible tong wars?" she asked.

"Not particularly," I replied. "Breaking out as they do now and then between the Hip Sings and the On Leongs, the two main tongs in the United States, the warfare is usually carried on by means of isolated shootings and stabbings in various chop suey parlors and laundries scattered in different parts of the city. The last tong war, as you might recall, happened several years ago and embraced the entire country. About half a dozen Chinese were killed in Chicago alone at that time. Of course, that war was caused by an unscrupulous Chinese named Chin Jack Lam, who is now behind prison bars. The tongs are now at peace and it seems that 'tong wars' have become a thing of the past."

Returning to 22nd Street, I indicated the Mon Fong Lo

restaurant on the second floor of a building at the northwest corner of 22nd and Wentworth, saying that if it were nearer lunch time we would make this our dining place, since it is the most "atmospheric" and popular in the district, both among the Chinese and the American visitors. We continued our walk west in 22nd Street and Anne derived no end of pleasure from looking into Chinese store windows, which display strange articles and quaint objets d'art of the Orient. At 250 West 22nd Street we passed the Chinese Y. M. C. A. Reaching the end of "Chinatown" at Archer Avenue, I pointed out the People's Hospital half a block southward. Telling Anne to look up and down Archer Avenue, which she did, I said:

"This is the famous 'Archey Road' of Finley Peter Dunne's amusing Irish stories. Fred A. Chappell, associate managing editor of *The Chicago Daily News,* also wrote an entertaining series of articles on early days in 'Archey Road,' in which street he was reared."

Proceeding on our tour by boarding a west-bound street car marked "22d & Kenton," on which we secured transfers, our itinerary lay through a typical Chicago industrial area, featured by a smoky vista while passing over the south branch of the Chicago River. At the tri-cornered intersection of 22nd, Blue Island and Ashland, we transferred to a Blue Island Avenue car, heading southwest. "This is what they call 'The Lumber District,'" I said, calling Anne's attention to the acres of lumber-yards and planing mills in the vicinity. "In the eighties hundreds of lumber schooners used to come here from the northern logging camps and discharge their cargoes in the south branch of the river. Steel lake freighters now do the job.

"Also," I added, "in those days this stretch of Blue Island Avenue used to be nicknamed 'The Black Road' because of the numerous bloody affrays and riots which took

place between police and laborers along its black cinder length. It led to the McCormick reaper works, a short distance west of here. The riots were the outgrowth of agitation for an eight-hour day. It was after the suppression of one of these riots that a now famous 'revenge circular' was issued by the anarchists of Chicago. Written by Adolph Spies, afterwards executed for his part in the Haymarket Riot, it was this circular that brought about the mass-meeting in Haymarket Square which resulted in the massacre. The circular began like this: 'Revenge! Workingmen to Arms! Your masters sent out their bloodhounds, the police. They killed six of your brothers at McCormick's this afternoon. They killed them because they dared to ask for a shortening of the hours of toil.' "

Arriving at Robey Street, we got off the car and walked south through a number of lumber-yards until we came to the bank of the river. A large mahogany cross stands at the foot of the street, conspicuous against a far hazy background of industrial property and grain elevators on the opposite bank. "This is the Marquette cross," I lectured, "and marks the spot where Father Marquette and Louis Joliet, the two Frenchmen who were the first white persons to find the site of Chicago, spent the winter of 1674. The Jesuit missionary and intrepid explorer lived here for six months in a log cabin. When a bridge is built at this point, as is proposed, a small park will be made around the cross."

Returning through the lumber-yards again, Miss Morley noted a low square tower to the west with the word "McCormick" in huge letters across one side. "Yes," I said, "that is the world-famous McCormick tractor works, ranking alongside the stockyards as one of the seven wonders of Chicago. We will head for that next."

Reaching Blue Island Avenue again, we boarded an-

other southwest-bound street-car and arrived shortly in the vicinity of the huge manufacturing plant at Western and Blue Island avenues. Anne's imagination was fired by the magnitude of the area known as the "harvester works." While passing Oakley Avenue, however, I called her attention to the fine building opposite the twine mills, housing the McCormick club, a recreation center for McCormick employees.

"The International Harvester Company, Inc., as the firm is known officially," I began, "was founded in Chicago in 1847 by Cyrus Hall McCormick, inventor of the reaper. Arriving here from Virginia, Mr. McCormick found the city built in a swamp, without a railway or a canal and with a river that ran in the wrong direction. But the city was busy. He saw it was the link between the Mississippi and the Great Lakes—a central market where wheat was traded for lumber and furs for iron. It was, as he said, the one place in the great United States of America that was ready to welcome a reaper factory. William B. Ogden, the first mayor of Chicago, listened to Mr. McCormick's story and immediately formed a partnership with him. The reaper business, as Chicago knows it to-day and as you see it embodied here, was thus started on its way. And so it grew side by side with the growth of Chicago.

"Original home, therefore, of the reaper, man's instrument for cutting the life-supporting grain," I went on, "this place is known to farmers all over the world—for this is the source of their harvesters, reapers, and mowers. Visitors are welcomed at any time during the day, and a competent guide will conduct you through the main plant. A trip through the works, the greatest of its kind in the world, shows so many bewildering sights and manufacturing operations that you are likely to think there is neither rhyme nor reason in the arrangement of the buildings or

the different manufacturing activities. But let me assure you there is. The main manufacturing group in the center includes the buildings devoted to the manufacture of binders, mowers, and reapers; the administration office, and the inventing, designing, experimenting, drafting, and engineering departments. This group also includes the main shops where the final machine work, assembling, finishing, and inspecting of the finished product of the plant are done. In addition to this main group there is the foundry group, buildings devoted to raw material and miscellaneous manufacture, the warehouse and storage group, the lumber-yards, the storage sheds, the twine mill group and the auxiliary group."

"Well, well," said Anne, "sounds like a small city in itself."

"Yes," I replied, after regaining my breath. "It is an educational and interesting trip, as well for the glimpse of industrial Chicago it affords as the observation of farm machinery in the making. The tour through the main plant lasts about two hours. You enter at the visitors' entrance on Blue Island and Oakley avenues, a block east of Western Avenue. Would you like to make it?"

Apparently appalled by the size of the plant, Anne said she would forego the pleasure of a visit, adding as a further reason the fact she was not a farmer, although coming from the Corn Belt, and that her interests in machinery were not as keen as they might be. "Very well," I said, "we'll just continue westward on this Blue Island car and visit Chicago's penal colony."

Since Blue Island Avenue comes to an end at Western Avenue, our car continued west on 26th Street where, after a ride of half a mile, we arrived at South California Boulevard, a spacious double boulevard with lawns and trees running along its center. Getting off, we immediately observed the new Criminal Courts building on the

southwest corner. At its rear stand the series of wings which together make up the Cook County jail. "The entire project," I said, "cost seven and a half millions and the jail is said to be the largest county jail in the country, with a capacity of thirteen hundred cells. Features of the jail are individual cells for each inmate, with the various wings arranged so as to provide for the complete segregation of the various groups of prisoners—white, colored, boys, young men, first offenders, repeaters, drug addicts, etc.—in fact, they have twenty-four different segregations. Another feature is the use of tool-proof steel in the construction of the cells. In connection with the court building, you might like to hear that they have suites for juries so constructed that they may be occupied by either men or women. There are three rooms to a suite; one room for men, one room for women and a common room where both may meet and debate. This arrangement was made in anticipation of the time when women would be called for jury service in Cook County."

Marveling at this recital of the institution's features, my companion's eyes began to rove toward a long, low, and old-fashioned building to the southward, situated at the center of nicely lawned grounds, the whole surrounded by a spiked iron fence. "That," I hastened to explain, "is the old Bridewell, or House of Correction, a city prison where minor violators of the law serve short terms, such as a year or less."

Satisfied with her survey of this phase of Chicago life, Anne announced that she was beginning to feel a bit hungry. "Very good!" I said. "We will have luncheon shortly and then make the long-awaited visit to the stockyards." Boarding another Blue Island Avenue car and securing a transfer, we returned eastward to Western Avenue, where we changed to a south-bound car. "Western Avenue, from 26th Street south to the river," I said,

"runs through the center of the great McCormick Works. This provides a good view of their extensive manufacturing area. Western Avenue is also a north-south connecting link for the widely scattered industrial areas of this part of Chicago.

"Chicago's big Municipal Airport," I announced, "could be reached if we continued south on this Western Avenue car to 63d Street, and then west to Cicero Avenue. An interesting feature of the airport is the daily sightseeing flights over Chicago, provided by the N. A. T. Flying Service, Inc., a subsidiary of the National Air Transport Company, which operates air mail and express routes between New York, Chicago, and Dallas. The service provides three trips daily, at 10:30 A.M., 3 P.M. and 8 P.M., in a Ford-Stout passenger plane, of the type in which Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh flew to Mexico City. The rates are $10 for daylight and $15 for night flights. The ships have comfortable cabins, in charge of uniformed stewards, and are equipped with three-motored engines, insuring the utmost of safety."

At 47th Street we transfererd to an east-bound car, which took us through the heart of Chicago's most famous neighborhood, "Back-o'-the-Yards."

"This neighborhood," I said, "is as well-known to the country at large as is the East Side in New York. Gangsters as well as eminent judges have been reared 'Back-o'-the-Yards.' The neighborhood has given Chicago its only native song. It is entitled 'Back-o'-the-Yards' and was composed by Walter Goodwin, a song-composer and Joseph ('Sambo') O'Connor, a wit of the neighborhood. It is dedicated to such prominent characters of the district as the late P. J. ('Paddy') Carr, Thomas Byrne, Jim Boyle, Paddy Carroll, Tom Carey, 'Buff' Costello, Jim Daily, Joe Fitzgerald, Al Gorman, Tim Hogan, Joe McDonough, Garry Noonan, Tommy O'Grady, and Jim

O'Malley. Most of these men are in public office in Chicago to-day. This song brought rousing cheers when it was played by a Chicago band at the Democratic convention in New York in 1924. Here are the words of the chorus:

"Back o' the yards—back o' the yards,
In old Chicago town,
Where each fellow and gal is a regular pal,
They never turn you down.
Where an ace is an ace any time, any place;
They're bound to win your kind regards.
They're a wonderful crowd and I feel mighty proud
When I shout I'm from back o' the yards."

"It must be all Irish here," observed Anne.

"There are not many left now," I replied. "The district was mostly Irish in the old days and the politicians who were born here like to tell how their fathers worked in the stockyards as humble laborers. Polish, Bohemian, and Lithuanian predominate now. In recent years, 'Back-o'-the-Yards' has been the scene of many gang murders and shootings, arising over territorial disputes in the distribution of illicit beer and alcohol. Such gangs of beer-runners as those headed by 'Polack Joe' Saltis, Ralph Sheldon, and Edward ('Spike') O'Donnell, have operated in this area."

Arriving at 47th Street and Ashland Avenue, cross-roads of the "Back-o'-the-Yards" district, Miss Morley was impressed by the big business houses, banks, stores, shops, and restaurants of the vicinity. "This," I said, "is one of the 'little Chicagos' which Henry Justin Smith refers to in a recent article on Chicago. Such is the name he gives to the many business centers at important street crossings all over the city."

From this point to Halsted Street, a distance of half

a mile, we rode parallel to the south fence of the stockyards. Changing to a north-bound Halsted Street car, Anne's nostrils showed unmistakable signs of registering certain zephyrs in the noontime air. It was only at intermittent moments, however, depending on the caprices of the wind, and she soon became used to it. Skirting the east fence of "the yards" on the trip northward along Halsted Street, we soon passed the Stockyards Amphitheater, a huge auditorium where the annual stock show is held, and presently arrived at the main gate, near 41st Street. Instead of entering the yards, however, we proceeded to the Stockyard Inn, a quaint hotel modeled after an old English inn, and sought the dining-room at the rear. My companion was charmed with the antique atmosphere of the place, the oak paneled walls decorated with English sporting prints. Here, we ordered the regular seventy-cent plate luncheon. Anne went into ecstasies over the quality of the meat.

After the meal and a short rest in the interesting lobby of the Stockyard Inn, we started out to visit "Packingtown."

"The best way to enter," I began, "is to take an 'L' train at the Halsted Street station here; it describes a wide 'loop' within the yards area. The bird's-eye view is inspiring from the train window. We can then get off in front of the Armour plant at the center of 'Packingtown.'"

Before entering the "L" station, Anne exclaimed: "Why, look here, this must be a replica of Independence Hall in Philadelphia. The Colonial architecture seems perfect. And there's the clock tower. What building is that?" I told her it was the home of the Stock Yards Trust and Savings Bank, the oldest and largest bank outside of the Loop, founded over sixty years ago. Visiting

the banking-room, Anne saw that the interior was in keeping with the exterior, even to the point of Colonial lighting fixtures.

On the elevated train, Anne was impressed by the acres and acres of cattle pens in all directions. She had the look of a person who at last was gazing on the original of a scene that has been painted, photographed and drawn by hundreds of artists and camera men from all over the world. "I remember the picture of this in my geography book when I was a child," she said, "and now I am looking at it in real life. Isn't it thrilling?"

After passing the Exchange Building, where most of the offices of cattle brokers are located, we circled among the plants of such firms in "Packingtown" as Morris & Company, Swift's, G. H. Hammond Company, Libby, McNeil & Libby, and Wilson & Company, arriving finally at Armour's in the heart of the meat-packing district. Reaching the ground, we headed for the visitors' entrance, which was plainly marked.

"Visitors," I said, "are conducted through Armour's daily every half hour from 8 A.M. to 11:30 A.M., and from 12:30 P.M. to 2:30 P.M. The tour lasts about an hour. On Saturday afternoons no tours are conducted." As it happened, we were just in time to join one of the parties starting out.

Anne received the thrill of her life when the guide conducted us directly to the hog-killing plant. She saw a seemingly endless procession of hogs suspended head downward from an overhead rail, passing along until they arrived before a butcher who killed them by a skilful downward thrust of a knife, which severed the jugular vein. "Aren't their squeals pitiful?" remarked Miss Morley. Watching a single porker, she next saw that the carcass passed into a scalding-vat where the bristles were loosened and then removed by a de-hairing machine.

A series of shower baths and cutting operations followed, while the carcass traveled continuously, suspended from trolleys running on rails. Anne noted how each worker has his allotted task, performing it quickly and never once halting the endless procession of pork. At this point, the guide called our attention to the United States meat inspectors, dressed in white uniforms and scattered among the workers. "They place the government stamp 'U. S. Inspected and Passed' upon pure, wholesome meat only," the guide said. He added that this government supervision begins in the pens where the animals are inspected and only those which appear sound and healthy are passed for slaughter. This inspection, he went on, is continued rigidly at every stage of killing, cutting, and packing. Our guide next showed us how the inspectors carefully examined the viscera of each porker. We were then shown how it traveled into the cooling-room, where it remained for forty-eight hours, in a temperature of from 34 to 36 degrees above zero, to eliminate all animal heat.

Anne took considerable interest in the next phase of the process, the pork-cutting department, where hundreds of busy workers cut up the carcasses into loins and roasts for shipping fresh; hams and bacon for smoking; feet for pickling, and about eighty-five other cuts and portions of pork. She noted how the various cuts were dispatched, by way of chutes and otherwise, to the departments for which they were destined. The guide told us to notice how the atmosphere of this room is always kept chilled, so as to keep the meat fresh.

In the cattle killing and dressing department the process was much the same, except that the steers were first stunned by a blow on the head while in a small pen and then hoisted to the overhead rail where they were carried before a "sticker" who severed the neck artery. After the blood has been drained, the skinning and dressing

operations start with the removal of the skin from the head. A feature of this department is the killing of Kosher cattle according to the rites of the orthodox Jewish Church. These cattle are not stunned. Their legs are shackled and their bodies held suspended, with the forepart touching the floor. A muzzle with a long handle is slipped over the head and an authorized member of the church severs the jugular vein. We were told that only the forequarter meat, that in front of the seventh rib, is utilized by Kosher trade, while the remainder is sold to the regular trade.

From here, we were conducted to the sheep killing and dressing department, said to be the largest of its kind in the world, with a killing capacity of one thousand per hour and a cooling-room capacity of twenty-five thousand. The killing process was the same as with the porkers.

We were then shown how lard and oleomargarine are made, and were taken through the large sanitary rooms devoted to canning. Anne noted particularly in the latter departments the long rows of girls occupied in packing sliced bacon and other appetizing products into cartons, tins, and glass jars.

From here, the guide took us to the beef cooler, said to be the largest single unit cooler in the world. Anne was amazed at the sight of so many sides of beef, suspended in rows and rows. It was a most impressive scene.

After showing us a few other minor phases of the meat-packing industry, the guide conducted us back to the visitors' room, from which we had started.

"Thus," I said, on returning to the "L" station, "you have seen the industry that put Chicago on the map. It is an industry which the great ones of the earth come here to see. And nowhere else on the globe can you observe its like."

"Every word you say is the truth," agreed Anne. "Gracious, the experience has a weird thrill with so much killing going on. I shall never forget it in all my life. By the way, isn't this the scene of *The Jungle,* by Upton Sinclair?"

"Yes," I said. "That novel caused as much of a stir when it appeared years ago as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did earlier. Its exposé of conditions in 'Packingtown' did much to bring about improvements in the meat-packing industry in Chicago. The deplorable conditions pictured in the novel are, of course, a thing of the past."

Returning on the elevated, once more over the cattle pens, to Halsted Street, we boarded a north-bound surface car and secured transfers. At 35th Street we changed to an east-bound car on the latter thoroughfare, during which I pointed out a number of interesting places, such as Comiskey Park, home of the White Sox baseball team, and the old 7th Regiment Armory, both near Wentworth Avenue.

"Militia companies were quartered in both of these places during the race riots of 1918," I told Anne.

At Federal Street I indicated the buildings of the Armour Institute of Technology, lying a block north of 35th Street. When we arrived at State Street, it was unnecessary for me to tell my companion that we were in the heart of Chicago's large south-side "Black Belt," since colored folk were on every hand. East of State Street we passed the many 'black and tan' cabarets of the area, visited by both white and colored pleasure-seekers.

"Thirty-fifth Street," I went on, "is the Rialto of the Black Belt and played an important part during the race riots." At Giles Avenue we saw the 8th Regiment Armory, housing the colored regiment of the state militia. The street-car line came to an end at Cottage Grove Avenue. Getting off, we continued east for two blocks to

the shore of the lake, where a small park with a central shaft or monument attracted Anne's curiosity.

"This is one of the outstanding monuments of the city," I said, "and perpetuates the memory of Stephen Arnold Douglas, the 'Little Giant' who debated with Lincoln on the slavery issue. He is buried under the shaft, which stands on the site of his own farm. It is too bad you are unable to see clearly the statue of Senator Douglas, mounted so high on the shaft, since it is said to be an outstanding example of portrait statuary. But come, let us read the tablet here!"

Anne read the words: "Within these grounds rests all that is mortal of Stephen Arnold Douglas, 1813-1861, who rose from humble conditions and was three times elected Senator of the United States from Illinois." Then followed a quotation from one of his speeches: "There can be no neutrals in this war."

Returning to Cottage Grove Avenue, we walked north two blocks to observe Woodland Park, one of Chicago's little forgotten parks. Anne saw it was a private park, reserved solely for dwellers within its borders, whose fine old residences, in many instances, dated from the Civil war era. "Caroline M'Ilvaine tells us," I said, "that this park was originally part of the farm of Senator Douglas and was given to the state of Illinois in trust for the residents living within its area. Douglas's home was located on the south side of the park. Loyal to their benefactor, the owners of homes here, as you notice, have resisted all encroachments and enjoy an almost rural seclusion."

Boarding a south-bound Cottage Grove Avenue car, marked "Cottage-115th," we headed for the campus of the University of Chicago, passing on the way St. Xavier's College, a Catholic institution for girls, at 49th Street, and the big glass-enclosed conservatory in Washington

Park, further south. At 59th Street we alighted and walked east toward the university buildings, as this street marked the north drive of the Midway. Anne was at once impressed by the imposing Gothic architecture and large number of the school buildings. Passing the new $7,000,000 medical group, including the Albert Merritt Billings Hospital, and, east of Ellis Avenue, the Classics Building and Weibolt Hall, we arrived before the main entrance of Harper Library, at 1116 East 59th Street. Miss Morley noted the beautiful Gothic tower which surmounts the building. "This building," I said, "perpetuates the memory of William Rainey Harper, first president of the university. Perhaps I ought to add here that the University of Chicago was founded in 1892 by John D. Rockefeller." Entering, we visited the reading-room on the third floor, where Anne was told that the large oil painting at one end was that of Prof. A. A. Michelson, the university's most famous scientist, who twice won the Nobel prize for science. Awed by the solemn Gothic interior, Anne said she could hardly believe that not an hour ago she had been at the stockyards, that this was in a modern city of the machine age, the more so after I told her this room represents the finest example of university Gothic in the country.

Returning to the first floor, we passed out of the north door in order to view Haskell Oriental Museum to the left and a glimpse of the university quadrangle, surrounded on every hand by buildings. Reentering Harper Library, we departed by the same door in which we had entered, and continued our walk along 59th Street. At the next crossing, University Avenue, I pointed out the president's house on the northeast corner and Foster Hall on the northwest corner. A visit to the interior of the new $1,700,000 University Chapel marked our arrival at Woodlawn Avenue. Following this, we sauntered to the

northeast corner and entered Ida Noyes Hall, headquarters for women, where a guide showed us through the charming Gothic interiors. Here, Anne said she regretted that her college years had not been spent at the U. of C. The building captivated her imagination.

Our walk then led north on Woodlawn Avenue to 58th Street.

"What an odd-looking house," sang out Miss Morley, indicating a long, low, rambling house on the northeast corner.

"That," I replied, "is known as 'The Houseboat House,' because of its similarity to a boat, and is one of the showplaces of the south side. It is easy to see that it was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, one of the foremost of American architects of to-day. At present the structure houses the administrative offices of the Chicago Theological Seminary."

"Chicago's Fraternity Row," I told my companion, "extends from this intersection north for two or three blocks along Woodlawn Avenue, the frat members occupying attractive homes and residences."

Turning our steps west on 58th Street, Anne derived considerable pleasure from viewing the imposing tower and building of the Chicago Theological Seminary, extending for an entire block on the north side of 58th Street. At University Avenue we sauntered north to 57th Street, viewing on the southwest corner the Leon Mandel Assembly Hall, the Reynolds Club, and Mitchell Tower. The northwest corner contained Bartlett Gymnasium and a vista of Stagg Field, the battleground of football teams.

Entering Mitchell Tower, we turned to the right and sat down at a table in a small tea-room adjoining Hutchinson Hall. While having light refreshments and a rest, Anne enjoyed observing the students seated about.

"Many of these students," I remarked, "turned out to be prodigies and genuises before they even finished school. Prof. James Weber Linn, who writes a column of daily comment in the *Chicago Herald & Examiner,* tells about some of the more outstanding ones whom he 'had' in his English classes at the university here, referring to John Gunther, George Dillon, Glenway Wescott, and Leslie Rivers, all well-known writers at the present time, although still young."

We continued our walk by strolling across Hutchinson Court and passing between the Zoology and Botany buildings, which brought us to Hull Gate, with its fantastic gargoyles, and Hull Court, featured by sluggish lily ponds. Passing through the gate, we headed west on 57th Street to Ellis Avenue.

"If you walked six blocks north from this point on Ellis Avenue," I said, "it would take you to the home of little Bobby Franks, number 5052 Ellis Avenue, who, you recall, was murdered by Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold, two wealthy university students."

Walking south in Ellis Avenue, we passed such buildings on our right as Ricketts Laboratory, Psychological Laboratory, and the University of Chicago Press. With regard to the last named, I said:

"This is where they publish the books dealing with Chicago life of to-day, which is part of the program of the Local Community Research Committee inaugurated by the university and representing all the varied interests and resources of the institution applied to the study of human behavior. They chose Chicago as a field of study because it is the most typical of American cities. Some of the books the committee has produced are: *The Gang,* by Frederic M. Thrasher; *The Hobo,* by Nels Anderson; *Getting Out the Vote,* by Harold F. Gosnell; *The Negro in Chicago,* by the Chicago Commission on Race Rela-

tions; *The City,* by Robert E. Park and others; *Family Disorganization,* by Ernest R. Mowrer; *Trends of Population in the Region of Chicago,* by Helen R. Jeter, and *The Income and Standard of Living of Unskilled Laborers in Chicago,* by Leila Houghteling.

"It would be well to say now that the U. of C.," I went on, "is at work preparing the first dictionary of the American language, acting on the belief that a new language is arising out of the United States, something different from English."

"Maybe they mean 'slanguage,'" dryly remarked Anne.

Arriving back on the Midway, we noted for the first time that it was sunset. In response to my suggestion, Anne agreed to walk east along the Midway to the Illinois Central railroad station for the purpose of returning to the Loop, although we could have taken the bus or streetcar. Riding in the big comfortable coaches of the electric train, Anne enjoyed the view of the lake front, as seen from the window. She saw the sand-dredges at work creating artificial islands, along the lake shore—these are to mark the site of Chicago's great second World's Fair in 1933. Also Soldiers' Field stadium and the Field Museum.

"What is the program for this evening?" she asked.

"If you care for a fish dinner, inasmuch as it is Friday," I replied, "Chicago has a number of excellent seafood places in and near the Loop district. The oldest and most popular is Ireland's Oyster House at 632 North Clark Street. Others are the Boston Oyster House, in the basement of the Morrison Hotel; the Sea Food Inn at 17 South Dearborn Street; the Rainbo Sea-Food Grotto, at 117 South Dearborn Street, Schulder's Sea Food Restaurant at 172 North Clark Street, and Ed. Hester's Fish Camp at 203 North Clark Street. The far south side has the Seven Seas Café, at 2243 East 71st

Street, also the Submarine Sea Food Restaurant at 6330 Cottage Grove Avenue.

Since Anne decided against fish, I suggested that we could kill two birds with one stone by dining at Ye Olde Yankee Doodle Doo Inn, located in the Uptown district, and spending the rest of the evening "doing" that north side bright-light area, with its many places of pleasure and entertainment.

Anne approved of the suggestion, saying that she felt in a mood for a little frivolity and diversion. On our way back to her hotel, and feeling as she did, Anne obtained a measure of fun jostling through the "rush hour" crowds that filled both sides of Randolph Street like swollen rivers of black ink. "See you in half an hour," I said, leaving her at the Sherman.

When later we met, I pointed out that the roof garden of the La Salle Hotel is a novel place to eat one's dinner, with the twinkling lights of the city below and the twinkling stars of the sky above. "In short, a twinkling adventure," commented Anne. In a few minutes, however, we were aboard a Wilson Avenue express elevated train, obtained at the Clark and Lake Street station. Crossing the river at Wells Street, I indicated the old steamer used as a clubhouse by the Cook County Democracy, a Democratic political organization, on the south bank, and the fire-tug *Greame Stewart,* on the north bank. I also pointed out the new *Chicago Evening Post* building. After a long ride over the roof-tops of the north side, we caught a glimpse of De Paul University at Center Street, and the grounds and buildings of the old McCormick Theological Seminary at Fullerton Avenue.

"This," I said, when we arrived at Belmont Avenue, "is 'Herring Lane,' the Swedish street of Chicago, extending for a few blocks from Sheffield Avenue to Clark Street. I wish we could get off and taste some good

Swedish dishes at the Café Idrott, just around the corner at 3206 Wilton Avenue. That is one of the best Swedish places in Chicago. By the way, Anne, speaking of frivolity and amusement, we could have a jolly time by taking a Belmont Avenue street-car here and riding west a mile or two to Riverview Park, the city's Coney Island. It has every conceivable device imaginable for providing diversion."

At Addison Street we obtained a comprehensive view of the grandstand and grounds of Wrigley Field, home of the Cubs baseball team. Rounding a bend northward, after passing Sheridan Road station, Anne noted a large cemetery which I told her was Graceland, one of the oldest in Chicago. We finally arrived at Wilson Avenue, in the Uptown area. The district was already beginning to blossom with myriad lights. On our way to the restaurant we passed through the Uptown Union station, and proceeded north on Broadway for two blocks. Ye Olde Yankee Doodle Doo Inn, which faces Uptown Square, stands at number 4731 Broadway.

"Why, this is quite a novelty," cried Miss Morley, observing that the restaurant was a counterpart of some old colonial tavern. Inside, she met with another pleasant surprise upon observing that the dishes were of pewter. Candles and rough wooden walls completed the picture of a colonial inn. Anne hardly knew what to choose from the tempting menu. Besides regular dishes, the menu presented an interesting array of Southern specialties.

"To start off our Uptown visit," I said, "I have something of a surprise for you. Like the Louisiane restaurant, it is a bit of old New Orleans transferred to Chicago. The thing is a sensation in Chicago at the present time, and this is the only city in the North where one may see it."

"Gracious, you've succeeded wonderfully in arousing my curiosity," cried Miss Morley.

"In short," I continued, "it is the *Jai Alai* contests at the Rainbo Gardens, Chicago's most popular night-club and cabaret, over at Lawrence Avenue and Clark Street, about four blocks west of here. Fred Mann, the well-known proprietor of the place, imported the game from New Orleans last year with the result that it has now become one of Chicago's principal attractions. The contests start at eight-fifteen each evening. I'm positive you'll enjoy the novelty of the thing."

"Yes," replied Anne, "I think I read something about that in our home paper. I'd be glad to go. By the way, how do you pronounce that name?"

"Just like 'Hi-Li,'" I told her.

Boarding a Lawrence Avenue car in Uptown Square, we rode the short distance to the place and were soon in the *frontón,* as the arena is called. Anne was astonished at the elaborate Spanish atmosphere of the arena, said to rival some of the best *Jai Alai* arenas in Havana, Mexico City, New Orleans, Barcelona, or Madrid. Hundreds of spectators filled the grandstand.

"Why, it's a sort of glorified handball," exclaimed Anne, after witnessing the first contest. "Yes," I said, "it is said to be the fastest game in the world. Charles Collins, a Chicago writer, tells us in *The Chicagoan* that it is the prehistoric parent of the entire repertory of ball-and-wall and ball-and-racket games. It has apparently been the favorite game of Spanish countries for centuries."

Anne was quick to note the signs which said, in effect, that no gambling was permitted, but she was also quick to observe a row of box-office windows along one wall of the foyer, which aroused her curiosity.

"Yes," I said, "the spectators bet on the games, just like at a horse race. Most people bet two dollars on the players, who, by the way, hail from Cuba."

After witnessing a few more contests, we departed from the Rainbo Gardens and sought a Lawrence Avenue car to return to the Uptown district. Anne was quite amused at the ironic contrast between the bright lights of Rainbo Gardens on one side of Clark Street and the somnolent darkness of St. Boniface cemetery on the other side. "The late Keith Preston, one of Chicago's popular humorists and poets," I offered, "tagged it 'between the quick and the dead.'"

Our tour of the Uptown district consisted of a few dances in the Aragon public ballroom, adjoining the elevated station at Lawrence Avenue, where Anne marveled at the beautiful Spanish patio effect of the interior; a walk along Sheridan Road, with its many bright shops; a visit to the Wil-Shore, an open-air dance pavilion on the sands of the beach at the foot of Wilson Avenue; a stroll among the bathers at Clarendon Municipal Beach and, lastly, coffee and delicious waffles at Sally's Waffle Shop, 4650 Sheridan Road, original and most famous of waffle-shops in Chicago. We then returned to the downtown district by boarding a south-bound elevated train at Lawrence Avenue and getting off at Randolph Street in the Loop.

SATURDAY

"AMONG other interesting sights," I said to Miss Morley the following morning, "we shall to-day visit 'Towertown,' Chicago's large artist or Bohemian district, on the near north side."

Anne had wondered since Monday, when I first called her attention to our local "Latin Quarter" or "Greenwich Village," when we were going to "do" the district. "I have never been in a Bohemian quarter," she confessed. Learning, therefore, that we would visit "Towertown" to-day, she was on tiptoe to start.

"But there is much else to see before we arrive there," I said. "For example, we might begin by taking into consideration the hotel in which you are stopping. You see, in our haste to tour Chicago at large we have neglected the Hotel Sherman which, you might be interested to know, is as much a show-place of Chicago as any other of the important buildings we've seen, from a historical as well as present-day point of view."

"Francis Cornwall Sherman," I began, "who afterwards became Civil war mayor of Chicago, founded the first Sherman House in 1845, a little less than ten years after Chicago was incorporated as a city. It occupied the site of the City Hotel, built in 1837. Of this first Sherman House, let me quote you a passage from one of the 'Little Journeys' of Elbert Hubbard, which I have among my notes:

"Ralph Waldo Emerson, Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, David Davis, Isaac Funk, Govenor 'Dick'

Yates, Phil Sheridan, Shelby M. Cullom, Lucian Carr, John A. Logan, Ulysses S. Grant, William Tecumseh Sherman; in short, all of the old great who made their impress on the Middle West—and, in fact, on the whole of the United States—used to make the Sherman House their home when in Chicago.

"This is the type of patron that you still find here—the solid, the substantial, the able, the intellectual, the decent.

"Lawrence Barrett, Joseph Jefferson, William Warren, Edwin Booth, Mrs. Gilbert, and all the other best artists and singers of their time looked upon the Sherman House as 'their other home.' And so it is yet.

"The second Sherman House," I continued, "was built in 1861 and stood six stories high. Again, let me quote from Hubbard's little sketch:

"Emerson again visited Chicago in the year Eighteen Hundred Sixty-six, immediately after the close of the War. He again stopped at the Sherman House, and again writes to his old friend, Thomas Carlyle. This time he says:

" 'I am still stopping at the Sherman House, but the hotel has been rebuilt. The old one was torn down in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one, and this new hotel is built on a scale of magnificence which one does not certainly expect.

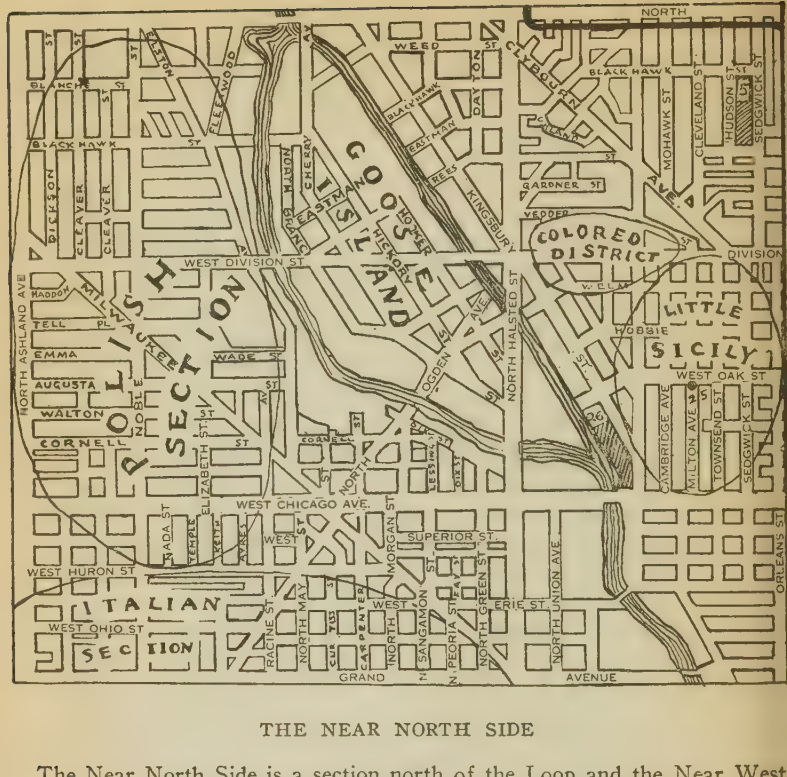
" 'This hotel is lighted with gas—and so, unlike English taverns, there is no charge for candles. I am told there is a bathroom on every floor, and the hotel is four stories high. These bathrooms are at the disposal of the guests, a nominal charge being made for towels and soap; but if you supply your own soap and towels, there is no charge for the use of the water. It is also heated without expense, if you so desire.

" 'The people who come to this hotel are very earnest and active. Many of them I find quite intelligent, being brought up in the East.'

"Destroyed in the Chicago fire, this second hotel was replaced by a third, larger and more magnificent, in 1873. In 1911 the present Hotel Sherman was built, followed by the annex two years ago. Perhaps the most interesting feature of this annex is 'the house on the roof,' an elaborately furnished house in the Georgian style, reserved solely for notables. Its first occupants were President and Mrs. Coolidge, on the occasion when the President delivered an address before the American Farm Bureau Convention at the Hotel Sherman in 1925. Other notables who have lived in it since are Will Rogers, Gene Tunney, Senator William Borah, Governor Ritchie of Maryland, Richard Washburn Child, Clarence Chamberlin, Eamon De Valera, Gertrude Ederle, Annie Besant, Gen. John J. Pershing, Commander Richard E. Byrd, Ring Lardner, Gov. Edward Jackson of Indiana, and Trixie Friganza.

"Because of its central location—adjoining the city hall and county building—the Hotel Sherman has always been Chicago's political headquarters. It might, indeed, be said that the political fortunes of this city have been decided behind closed doors in this hotel. William Hale Thompson, the present mayor, has an office in the hotel and spends much of his time there. A unique feature of the political activities here is that the hotel has always housed the headquarters of both dominant parties.

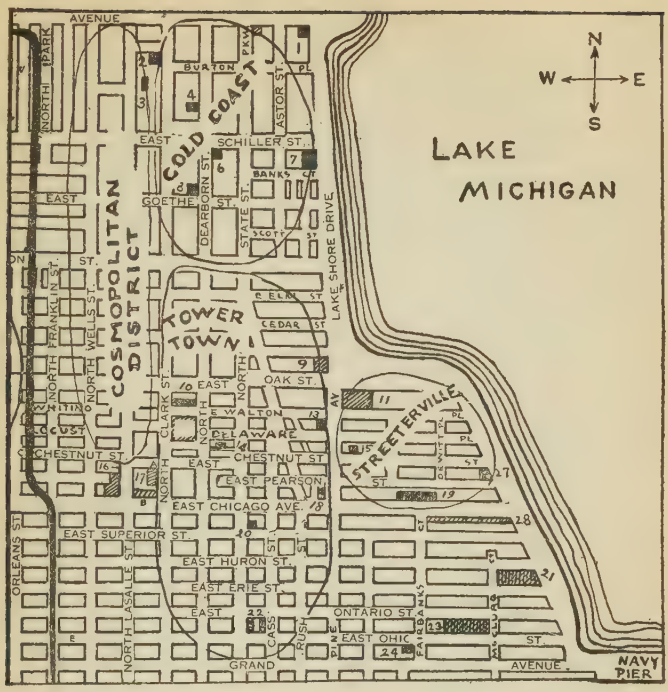
"As for other matters of interest, the Bal Tabarin room is of particular note. I wish our schedule would permit of a visit some evening to this exclusive dining and entertainment place, as the tables are nearly always occupied by the great and near-great of Chicago. It opens each night after the theater. Saturday nights are formal. The first meeting of the Tavern Club, Chicago's latest organization of leading lights in the cultural and artistic world, was held in the Bal Tabarin. Another interesting show-place in the Sherman is the Old Town Lunch Room,



THE NEAR NORTH SIDE

The Near North Side is a section north of the Loop and the Near West Side.

1 R. T. Crane Home
2 Red Star Inn
3 Neo-Arlimuse
4 St. Chrysostom's Church
5 Marshall Field Model Apartments
6 Racquet Club
7 Potter Palmer Mansion
8 Three Arts Club
9 McCormick Mansion
10 Newberry Library
11 Drake Hotel
12 "Bughouse Square"



13 Fourth Presbyterian Church
14 Dillpickle Club
15 Streeterville Casion Club
16 Moody Bible Institute
17A North Side Turner Hall
17B Bush Temple
18 Water Tower
19 122nd Artillery Armory
20 Holy Name Cathedral
21 Furniture Mart
22 Tree Studios, Medinah Temple
23 Chicago Riding Club
24 Chez Pierre
25 "Death Corner"
26 Montgomery Ward's
27 Lake Shore Athletic Club
28 McKinlock Campus, Northwestern University

located in the basement at the west end of the main lobby. The room is featured by a panoramic map of Chicago as it was in 1852, occupying the entire ceiling. It is the work of Tony Sarg, done in the manner of the old cartographers, or map-makers, with each house painted in. They have counter and table service in the room, with an excellent dinner at the counter for ninety cents and at the table for one dollar and twenty-five cents. Luncheon is also served.

"Of course," I concluded, "you have already been to the College Inn downstairs and learned of its fame."

Anne was impressed by this recital of the Hotel Sherman's history, both past and present, and thanked me for placing her in such an interesting hostelry of Chicago.

"That finished," I said, "we must be on our way."

We proceeded by walking north two blocks on Clark Street to the old Clark Street bridge. "You are now looking upon Chicago's most historic bridge," I announced, "often called 'the bridge of fate.' In another year it will be gone, replaced by a modern bascule span, like others on the river. This is the last of the swing, or 'turn,' type on the main channel. Its tearing down will mark the completion of three and a half decades of service as the town's principal bridge, providing passage out of the Loop to the north side."

"But why is it called 'the bridge of fate'?" asked Anne.

"Because," I replied, "in the first place, the horrible *Eastland* disaster occurred at the south end of the bridge here. It was one of the most tragic river tragedies of modern times. Tied up alongside her dock on the south bank of the river, between Clark Street and the next block west, the excursion steamer *Eastland,* on a misty July morning in 1915, was on the point of casting off her shorelines and leaving for a trip across the lake to Michigan City. Almost two thousand passengers were aboard,

most of them foreigners employed by the Western Electric Company, the occasion being a picnic of its employees. Suddenly, the *Eastland* began to list toward the center of the river. Men, women and children screamed. In a few minutes, the steamer was over on her side. The water was literally alive with struggling human forms. In the end, it was found that eight hundred and twelve persons had lost their lives. Authorities blamed the accident on instability of the steamer and overloading. This was the last of Chicago's three major tragedies since it became a city, the other two being the fire in 1871 and the Iroquois Theatre disaster in 1903."

"How terrible! It must have been ghastly," commented Miss Morley. After looking at the innocent-appearing water for a few minutes, she asked: "What is the second reason?"

"Because," I went on, "the three-masted schooner *Rouse Simmons,* Chicago's beloved Christmas tree ship, which used to dock each Yuletide at the same spot where the *Eastland* capsized, went down in a heavy winter storm on Lake Michigan in 1912 with all hands, including Capt. Herman Schuenemann. No trace was ever found of the ancient vessel and to this day it remains one of the mysteries of the Great Lakes. During the holidays, Chicagoans used to take their children and go aboard to purchase Christmas trees. It was for years one of the city's most picturesque customs.

"As for other reasons, the Clark Street bridge has always been a 'suicide bridge.' Despite the many who have leaped to their deaths from its ancient framework, old Martin Jeffers, the bridge-tender, and his assistant, Frank Ward, have saved the lives of twenty-six would-be suicides during the years. And in each case the persons they rescued thanked them warmly for bringing them back to life."

Crossing the rheumatic old span, we made our way north over a rise in the ground known locally as "The Hill," passing such points of interest as Jerry Nedwick's "little bookshop on the hill," at 346 North Clark Street, patronized mostly by small-time actors and actresses from the North Clark Street theatrical hotels; the old ruins of the Richmond House, at the northeast corner of Clark and Kinzie streets, a fashionable hotel of the eighties and, at the southeast corner, a theatrical photographer's shop occupying the former quarters of "Tom's Place," a saloon popular during pre-prohibition days among lawyers, politicians, and officials from the Criminal Courts near by, conducted for many years by Thomas Drury. At Austin Avenue, the next block, Anne saw the Revere House, another big ancient hostelry of days gone by, still occupied. Turning our steps east in Austin Avenue, we visited what reporters call "The Noose Coffee Shop," across the alley from the Criminal Courts building and county jail. "The proprietor, Joe Stein," I said, "provides meals gratis to condemned prisoners in the death cell on the eve of their hanging. Joe cannot remember the number of hangings he has seen during the many years he's been here. Otherwise, his coffee shop serves such patrons as assistant states's attorneys, lawyers, jailers, and newspaper men."

"Look at all the photographs along the wall," cried Anne, hastening toward Joe's famous 'gallery of crime.' Here, Anne saw, among hundreds of others, original photographs of Assistant State's Attorney William McSwiggin, who was killed by machine-gun gangsters in Cicero in 1926; "Terrible Tommy" O'Connor, who led a sensational jail delivery in the alley back of Joe's place the day before he was to be hung and who is still at large; Chicago's famous "Big Tim" Murphy, a popular labor leader who served in Leavenworth for his part in the

Dearborn Street station mail robbery; the late Beulah Annan, the pretty "jazz slayer," original of Roxie Hart in the drama *Chicago;* the Drake Hotel bandits; Loeb and Leopold, with their attorney, Clarence Darrow; and the two Genna gangsters, Scalisi and Anselmi, who were freed by a jury after being charged with killing two detectives in a gun battle.

"Come along, Anne," I said, tearing her away from this curious "gallery of crime," "our next visit is to the court building where all these notorious criminals of Chicago have been on trial." Arriving before the Criminal Courts building, facing Austin Avenue next to Joe's place, Anne remarked on the grimness of its front. Instead of taking the elevator, we walked up the stairs at the rear, where the windows gave us an interesting view of the jail-yard, the same in which "Terrible Tommy" O'Connor and his pals made their escape several years ago. From the second floor, we took an elevator to the sixth floor and entered the court-room to the right.

"This," I said, "is the court-room where Nathan Leopold, Jr., nineteen years old, and Richard Loeb, eighteen years old, the sons of wealthy south side parents and both university students, were tried and sentenced to life imprisonment for the brutal murder of little Bobby Franks, fourteen years old, son of another wealthy south sider, in 1924. The crime and subsequent trial in this room goes down in history as Chicago's most sensational murder. Here, Clarence Darrow, serving as defense attorney, made the most impassioned plea of his great legal career."

Anne was duly impressed by it all. As she noted the general atmosphere of the building while returning to the elevator, I told her that the other court-rooms were the same as the one she had visited, adding that it was in this building that Maurine Watkins, as a reporter for the *Chicago Tribune,* got the material for her successful satirical

drama *Chicago;* so also did Bart Cormack, author of *The Racket,* another successful Chicago play, who served as a reporter for the *Chicago Evening American.*

Outside, we headed east to Dearborn Street and then turned north. My companion observed that the jail, which faces Dearborn Street, together with the Criminal Courts building, are in the center of a district of warehouses and factories. "Yes," I commented, "they call this area along the north bank of the river 'The Shadows,' because it is a deserted place of silence, shadows, and lonely arclights at night. The district extends as far north as Grand Avenue."

Anne shuddered when we passed the main entrance to the county jail, with its grim iron doors and steel bars. At the next crossing, Illinois Street, we caught a good glimpse of the old jail, an ancient red-brick structure just west of Dearborn Street. "Hangings are conducted in there," I said.

Leaving all traces of Chicago criminal justice behind, we proceeded north to Grand Avenue where, at the northeast corner, I pointed out the headquarters building of the American Medical Association. Walking east in Grand Avenue, where we passed the publication office of the *Chicago Journal of Commerce* at number 12 East Grand Avenue, we came to Cass Street and turned north.

"And now," I announced, "we are entering the colorful precincts of Chicago's near north side Bohemian quarter, centering around the old Chicago Avenue water tower."

"I suspected this was Towertown," asserted Miss Morley, noticing a remodeled studio building to the left and old-fashioned mansions to the right. Conducting her to a quaint structure at 543 Cass Street, bearing the sign, "The American Bankers Insurance Company," I said:

"Here is where Miss Harriet Monroe founded her

magazine, *Poetry,* away back in 1913, thereby starting the American poetic renaissance which resulted in street-car conductors, book clerks and stenographers throughout the land becoming poets. Her magazine is not one of 'the little magazines that died to make verse free,' as Keith Preston put it, commenting on the numerous little mushroom poetry magazines which sprang up in the wake of Miss Monroe's *Poetry,* and as quickly died. Joking aside, though, Miss Monroe is deserving of the words of praise written by Hansen in his *Midwest Portraits.* She has bravely held the torch of poetry aloft, and still holds it, in a land beset by the oppressive winds of materialism and commercialism. And this building was her workshop."

"What is that odd-looking auditorium with the onion-like towers and Moorish architecture?" asked my companion, pointing to the northwest corner of Cass and Ohio streets. "That is Medinah Temple, meeting place of the Masons," I said. At the next crossing, Ontario Street, we observed Frascati's Italian restaurant, on the southeast corner, and L'Aiglon French restaurant, on the northwest corner, both well-known dining places of Towertown. Walking west on Ontario, our route brought us to the Lambert Tree studio building, a large three-story ornate structure extending along State Street from Ontario to Ohio. Entering the lobby on the Ontario Street side, we caught a glimpse of the artistic courtyard in the rear, with its statuary, lawns, walks, and fountain. We noted also that the building directory, giving the location of studios in the two upper floors, was a veritable "Who's Who" of the Chicago and Middle West artistic world. After continuing west in Ontario Street, passing State, we came next to Dearborn Street again, and then crossed to the northwest corner where stands the Chicago Historical Society museum, with its substantial Romanesque

architecture. The museum is open free every day from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. and on Sundays from 2 to 6 P.M. After telling Anne that it was founded in 1856 for the purpose of collecting and preserving documents, books, and objects of historical interest connected with the growth and development of the city of Chicago, the state of Illinois, the Mississippi Valley, and the nation, we entered and found it to be a veritable treasure house of relics.

Leaving the exhibits in main hall until later, we turned to the left and entered the Chicago Room. Here, Anne's eye was immediately attracted to Chicago's first fire engine, a curious little wagon with a hand-pump. It was known as the "Fire King No. 1." She then darted to the stump of the Fort Dearborn Massacre tree, taken from the ground at the foot of 18th Street.

"And here's a wooden model of Fort Dearborn," she cried. "My, what a lot of logs they must have used to make it."

Her feminine instincts were aroused by the wedding trunk of Mrs. Rebekah Heald, wife of an army officer, which was taken from her by the Indians during the Fort Dearborn Massacre and was later returned. Anne then went to the picture of Mark Beaubien's Sauganash Tavern, the site of which we had visited on Wednesday. For the rest, the room was filled with other interesting relics, documents, maps, and pictures of Chicago. We next turned our attention to the large array of exhibits in main hall, donated by Charles F. Gunther. Here, Anne saw the original stove-pipe hat worn by Lincoln at Springfield, Ill.; the marble table on which General Grant wrote the terms of General Lee's surrender in Appomattox Court-House, which ended the Civil war; George Washington's will, as well as his sword, spy-glass, seal, and a number of army camp utensils; a number of Paul Revere objects,

and numberless other priceless relics of the Civil and Revolutionary wars.

At the rear of main hall we peeked into the society's library, said to house 50,000 volumes, 50,000 historical manuscripts, 3,000 old newspapers, 25,000 pamphlets, and 3,000 maps, all bearing on the Chicago and Mississippi Valley sections.

On the second floor, I had difficulty keeping my companion away from the exhibits representing the various modes of women's dress during historical periods in American history. I succeeded in getting her into the Illinois Room where her interest was aroused by a quaint prairie wagon and various exhibits of pioneer household utensils, as well as Indian relics. From here, we wandered to the Lincoln Room, containing one of the most complete collections of Lincoln relics in the Middle West, including the piano used by Mrs. Lincoln in the White House and the bed in which Lincoln died.

"I don't know how they ever got such a tall man in so small a bed," I said.

"Why, my goodness, don't you know?" remarked Anne. "They placed him in it crosswise."

After wandering among other interesting collections, of which we noted only the more important ones, our steps led downstairs again and to the street. We continued our tour by walking north on Dearborn Street to the next crossing, Erie, which took us east a block to State Street, where we headed north again. At numbers 713-719 I pointed out the big structure occupied by the Salvation Army, housing their headquarters for the Central States. At Superior Street, on the northeast corner, stands Holy Name Cathedral, occupying one corner of Cathedral Square.

"The most famous of Chicago's Catholic churches," I announced. "It was here that most of the activities of

the great Eucharistic Congress, held in America for the first time in history, in 1925, took place. Thousands of Catholics came here from all over the world. The streets about the cathedral looked like some old-world city, with cardinals, bishops, and priests on every hand. It was a truly colorful sight, Anne. Something of this color remains, for if you attend eleven o'clock mass in the cathedral on Sunday morning, you may see George Cardinal Mundelein, head of the Catholic Church in the Middle West and Chicago, seated on his purple dais at one side of the altar. It is worth seeing."

After visiting the interior, which awed Anne with its dim splendor, we returned to the street.

"On the other hand," I said, "and by a curious ironic contrast, we have had two other happenings on the street here which attracted considerable attention in the world at large. For this is the spot where Chicago's notorious beer gang murders reached a climax, marking the nearest approach to open rebellion on the part of the lawless element that has ever been known in the history of the city. Here it was, almost at the cathedral steps, that two enemy gangsters fired a machine gun from the second-story bedroom window of that rooming-house across the street at number 740, killing 'Little Hymie' Weiss and his companion, 'Paddy' Murray, and wounding W. W. O'Brien, the famous gangster lawyer, and two others, one of whom was a candidate for alderman in the 'Ghetto' ward. All five were just entering the headquarters of the north side gang, said by the police to have been upstairs over that florist shop, Schofield's, at number 738, next door to the rooming-house. Weiss had become leader of the north side gang of beer-runners, which supplied real beer to many speak-easies along North Clark Street, following the mysterious murder of Dean O'Banion, most famous of all Chicago gangsters. And O'Banion was the one

who formed the north side gang. He was shot and killed two years earlier while downstairs arranging chrysanthemums in Schofield's florist shop, of which the police claimed he was part owner. This dramatic murder, if you recall, formed one of the tense moments in the moving picture *Underworld,* written by Ben Hecht and depicting Chicago's gang life.

Anne was astounded by this recital of such events, happening, as she remarked, in front of the Holy Name Cathedral and in the midst of Chicago's artist quarter. As further evidence of the irony of it all, I showed her several marks on the corner-stone of the cathedral caused by the machine-gun bullets.

Leaving this memorable vicinity, we walked north to Chicago Avenue and then westward for three blocks, passing the Bush Temple Building, at the busy intersection of Clark Street and Chicago Avenue, which I told Anne had always been a center for north side German-Americans, and the historic Chicago Avenue police station across the street. At La Salle Street, I said:

"Montgomery Ward & Company, the largest mail-order house in the world, may be reached by boarding a Chicago Avenue car and riding west to the north branch of the Chicago River. Visitors are shown through the plant each day. I wish our schedule would permit of a visit, as it is one of the most interesting sights in the city."

On the northwest corner of this intersection Anne saw the group of buildings which make up the Moody Bible Institute. "This great institution," I told her, "was founded in 1886 by Dwight L. Moody, the famed evangelist, and is known as 'The West Point of Christian Service.' Thousands of young people are trained here for religious work in all parts of the world."

Walking north on La Salle Street, we arrived at Oak Street and turned west. After passing Orleans Street, we

entered the large "Little Sicily" district of the near north side. At Milton and Oak streets, we stood on Chicago's notorious "Death Corner," in the heart of "Little Sicily," where Sicilians are mysteriously shot to death every two or three weeks. "And a shrug of a Sicilian shoulder is as far as the police ever get in their investigations," I said. Anne noted the Edward Jenner Public School on the northeast corner of "Death Corner," also St. Philip Benizi Roman Catholic Church nearby. Walking north on Milton Avenue, we soon arrived at Division Street and here boarded a west-bound Division Street car, which took us over "Goose Island," formed by the north branch of the river and an artificial channel. "They called it 'Goose Island' in the old days," I said, "because the Irish living on the island had many geese. It has loomed large in the comic newspaper lore of the city." Arriving at Milwaukee Avenue, we found ourselves in the midst of a Bohemian and Polish area on the near northwest side. "As Division Street cuts through the center of 'Little Europe,'" I announced, "we shall stay on the car and ride west as far as Western Avenue. I know you're going to ask me what Little Europe is. Well, it is the square mile of area here containing eight or more different foreign nationalities and is the most densely populated square mile in Chicago. It is probably the only such neighborhood in America. Bounded on the east by Ashland Avenue, on the south by Chicago Avenue, on the west by Western Avenue, and on the north by North Avenue, Little Europe contains the families of Polish, Jewish, German, Scandinavian, Russian, Lithuanian, Ukrainian, and Czecho-Slovakian immigrants."

"A regular melting-pot," commented Anne.

At Western Avenue we rode north to North Avenue, and then east on the latter street, passing El Patio, a picturesque Spanish dining place at number 715. Arriving

at Clark Street and Lincoln Park, which marks the end of the North Avenue car line, we got off and walked into the park a short distance to the famous Saint Gaudens statue of Lincoln.

"This monument," I said, "is one of Chicago's chief treasures and is said to be the finest portrait statue in the United States. I might add that it ranks with the best modern sculptures of the world. The architectural setting was designed by Stanford White. It was erected through a bequest of Eli Bates. I have a good quotation from the series of articles on Chicago statues written by Irwin St. John Tucker, a local writer and poet, which gives the feeling of this statue:

> "This statue of Lincoln is more than an effigy of Abraham Lincoln. It is Democracy, holding steady through the torment of war, triumphant over the flame of hate and slaughter, transfigured in victory."

After paying silent tribute to "The Greatest American," we wandered back to Clark Street and North Avenue, observing to the west of us the new Moody Memorial Church, founded by Dwight L. Moody in 1864. As it was time for luncheon, I conducted Anne half a block south on Clark Street to Germania Place where, at the southwest corner, stands the Red Star Inn, a unique German restaurant fashioned to the minutest detail in the manner of an old tavern in Munich. We ate a delicious eighty-five cent table d'hôte luncheon, during which Anne was constantly noting some delightful feature of the quaint interior.

"A few blocks north of this point," I said to Anne, when we had returned to Clark Street and North Avenue, "at the intersection of Clark and Center street and Ogden Boulevard, you'll find the Chicago Academy of Sciences, a comprehensive natural history museum

founded in 1857. In the same vicinity, at 2037 North Clark Street, stands 'The Relic House,' a small cottage built of miscellaneous stone relics from the Chicago fire, one of the city's interesting oddities."

Walking east on North Avenue toward the lake, we came to North State Parkway, where I pointed out the residence of Cardinal Mundelein on the southeast corner, across from Lincoln Park. We turned south on this thoroughfare and, reaching Burton Place, turned west to North Dearborn Parkway, the next block. "As this is part of the 'Gold Coast' district," I said, "they call State and Dearborn streets here 'parkways.' Continuing south on Dearborn, we came shortly before Saint Chrysostom's Episcopal Church, a beautiful little Gothic structure. "This church is famous for its carillon," I remarked, "which was imported from England and cost fifty thousand dollars. It is the gift of Charles R. Crane, a Chicago steel manufacturer. Carillon recitals are given every Sunday afternoon at four o'clock." At Schiller Street we saw the Racquet Club on the southeast corner, with its interesting architecture, while at Goethe Street, Anne became interested in the Three Arts Club on the northwest corner, and I told her it was the home of women artists. Upon arriving at Division Street, my companion exclaimed:

"Why, we're back on the near north side again. I can see the downtown skyscrapers south of us."

"Yes," I replied, "we are entering Towertown from the north now. Division Street, you see, is the northern boundary of the artists' colony. I might point out, however, that quite a number of studios are found north of Division Street, such as the headquarters of Neo-Arlimusc in the alley at the rear of 1501 North La Salle Street. This is Chicago's latest art movement, the word 'Arlimusc' being a combination of the words art, literature, music,

and science. It was founded by Rudolph Weisenborn, a well-known Chicago artist, who invites anybody to join the movement if they are in sympathy with modern art. Exhibitions, lectures, readings, and recitals are held in the alley studio from time to time.

"In fact," I added, "we are on the point of visiting the most interesting place in Towertown where modern, or rather ultra-modern, art, as applied to household furnishings, is on exhibition."

"Will it be something like the modern room we saw in Marshall Field's department store on Thursday?" asked Anne. "I'm rather curious about this new art in furniture."

And so it was that we made our way to the rear of 1008 North Dearborn Street, in front of which a sign reading "Secession, Ltd.," pointed the way. A young lady cordially received us and explained that this was the headquarters of the Secessionist movement in art, started in Paris a few years ago, and which has for its purpose the breaking away from hidebound tradition in furniture design and interior decoration.

"This movement is the rage now in the art world of New York, Paris, London, Berlin, and Copenhagen," she added.

Meanwhile, Anne was glancing round the room, which was completely furnished in the ultra-modern, or futuristic, style. By the time we had made a careful survey of the things, and had listened to the young lady's explanations, Anne said she was a convert to the cause. Upon being told the prices of some of the things, however, her ardor cooled a bit.

Returning to Dearborn Street, we continued south. While passing Walton Place, I pointed out the Opera Club restaurant and Ciro's Grill, occupying the same building at 18 West Walton Place, and both exclusive

gathering places of the wealthy. Directly in front of us stands the Oriental Consistory, an ancient church building devoted to Masonic activities, while to the left of us is the Newberry Library. Entering the library building, I told Anne the small green park across the street from it is Washington Square, familiarly known in "Towertown" as "Bughouse Square," where soap-box orators foregather. "We'll visit here to-night to hear them," I promised.

"This is one of Chicago's outstanding libraries," I said to Anne, as we entered the Spanish Romanesque portal, "and was established in 1887 by the estate of Walter Loomis Newberry, a pioneer merchant of Chicago who had died in 1868. This building was erected on the site of the historic Ogden house, the only house in the fire district which escaped destruction in the great fire of 1871. It is devoted solely to books on history and literature and is free to the public."

Arriving inside, we turned our steps to the room containing the Edward E. Ayer collection of North American Indian relics and documents, said to be the best in the country. Adjoining the exhibition room is the Ayer library of books pertaining to the Indian—his origin, history, character, arts and crafts, myths, religion, and languages. On the second floor, we visited the main reading-room as well as the general exhibition-room, where displays of rare and beautiful books, manuscripts, or prints are shown from time to time. The current exhibit was a collection of books printed by the later private presses of England. We also visited the room devoted to the John M. Wing Foundation for the study of the history and development of the art of printing, and on bibliography. In the department of literature, we learned that the library has, among other rare books, four folios of Shakespeare, printed in 1623, 1632, 1664 and 1685; first

editions of Spenser's *The Faërie Queene,* printed in 1590-96; firsts of Ben Jonson's *Works,* printed in 1616; and a first edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost,* printed in 1667. The library also has the private library of Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte, acquired in 1901 and containing over eighteen thousand volumes and pamphlets, largely devoted to the study of languages. At an earlier date, the musical library of Count Pio Resse, of Florence, Italy, was acquired by purchase, we were told. Another notable collection is that on the Civil war, gathered by Ephraim Dawes of Washington, and presented to the Newberry Library by his nephew, Vice-President Charles G. Dawes.

Having seen all there was to be seen, we departed, continuing our journey south on Dearborn Street and passing the ancient New England Congregational Church, a historic edifice, on the southeast corner at Delaware Place. Turning into the mouth of the first alley south, Tooker Alley, we came to the row of ramshackle brick structures which house the Dill Pickle Club, Chicago's nationally known Bohemian club and center of the night life activities in Towertown. "This is where Bohemia started in Chicago," I said to Anne, "and I have it on our schedule for a visit to-night."

"Gracious, how shabby and deserted it looks in the daytime," she remarked. But I could see she was interested and anxious to visit this place, as our walk along the alley provided her with her first glimpse of Bohemia. Squeezing our way out between two buildings at the east end of the alley, we came upon a little square plot of ground facing State Street, back of which lay a number of studio buildings. Calling Anne's attention to the one at number 854½ North State Street, I said:

"One of the most interesting romances ever heard of in the art world of present-day America occurred in that studio building in 1922 when Stanislaus Szulkalski, an

eccentric young Polish sculptor and genius, the son of a poor blacksmith, married Miss Helen Walker, wealthy heiress of the Lake Shore Drive 'Gold Coast.' She herself was a talented painter and the two had met and become acquainted in the Dill Pickle Club across the alley."

From here, we walked east on Chestnut Street to Cass, where the tall America Fore Building soars above the houses of Towertown on the southeast corner. Turning north on Cass, we passed the studio of Eugene Hutchinson, Chicago's famous artist photographer, at number 864, and a small triangular park across the street. We then found ourselves at Delaware Place and Rush Street, the next crossing, dominated by the huge Eitel Hotel on the northwest corner. A few steps east on Delaware and we arrived at the Indian Trading Post, occupying a little old house at number 58.

"Well, isn't this an interesting surprise," cried Anne, when we went inside and found it to be a shop solely devoted to the sale of authentic American Indian objects, the only one of its kind in Chicago. I told her it was conducted by Fred Leighton, a student and lover of Indian art who had spent many years on the western plains observing at first hand the daily life of what few Indians remain in the United States. A young lady seemed pleased to show us a fine representative assortment of American Indian rugs, blankets, pottery, jewelry, and other curious objects.

"Wouldn't they make interesting and colorful decorations for one's porch or cottage?" commented Miss Morley, gazing with desirious eyes on the many objects. Leaving this place, Anne saw outside a sign reading "La Cave" which stood at the head of a narrow stone stairway leading to the basement of the building. I told her it was representative of the many unique restaurants in Towertown—it gives one the feeling of dining in an old

Spanish wine cellar. Returning to Rush Street, we proceeded southward to the Quigley Memorial Building, a preparatory seminary for the Catholic diocese of Chicago, on the southeast corner of Rush and Chestnut streets. "This is another of the architectural show-places of the city," I said, "as it follows in spirit its noble prototype, Sainte-Chapelle of Paris, one of the exquisite monuments of architecture of the Middle Ages. The stone work of the rose window, depicting scenes from the life of the Virgin, is a replica of that in a transept of Notre Dame de Paris."

After passing Pearson Street, we next arrived at Chicago Avenue, one of the main east-west highways of the near north side. From here, Anne noted the Club Alabam at 747 Rush Street, one of the popular night-clubs of the Bohemian quarter. Telling her to notice the grocery store of Vogel & Company at 57 East Chicago Avenue, I said:

"An interesting eating place, practically unknown to the visitors in Towertown but well known to a small circle of starving painters and poets of the Quarter, is conducted in the basement of that grocery store. It is called 'The Round Table Inn.' You gain it by entering the store and walking behind the counter to a door leading to the basement. You find it to be a clean, intimate little place, with a number of large round tables under shaded lamps."

"And why do the starving poets and painters go there?" asked my companion.

"Because they serve a well-cooked table-d'hôte dinner for fifty cents," I said. "Isn't that a good reason?"

From this point we turned east on Chicago Avenue and came to Michigan Boulevard, where the historic water works tower, from which Towertown derives its name, stands at the center of a small square. Across the street, at 117 East Chicago Avenue, I pointed out the small but

exclusive basement book-shop of Benjamin Silbermann, the bookseller of Towertown, and the Towertown Rental Library at 820 Tower Court. Anne saw many other signs of Bohemia in what might conceivably be called "Tower Square"—such as interior decorating studios, tiny tea-rooms and remodeled buildings. At the northwest corner of the "square" stands the tall home of the Illinois Woman's Athletic Club, while at the southeast corner Anne noted the Club Ansonia, another cabaret of the district. Crossing Michigan Avenue, we paid a brief visit to the interior of the pumping station, where Anne saw the big polished wheels of the engines revolving, the while pumping water for the near north side water supply. At the next block north, Pearson Street, we turned east and walked through the millionaire hotel and apartment house area known as "Streeterville," lying east of Michigan Avenue and north of Chicago Avenue.

"This district," I said, "is so named because it was once the domain of old Cap'n George Wellington Streeter, one of the most picturesque figures in Chicago's history. It was only after his death about ten years ago that this great hotel center, representing a total of almost five million dollars in real estate investment, came into being. You see, Cap'n Streeter, claiming this area by 'squatter's rights' and calling it 'The District of Lake Michigan' because, as he said, it lay 'east of the state of Illinois,' successfully defended the property with an 'army' of beachcombers, fishermen, and drifters, whom he had armed. A number of revolver battles took place between Cap'n Streeter's army and squads of police and deputy sheriffs during the course of the years. In the end, however, he was dispossessed and, almost before he died, building operations were begun. His story is told in a book, *Captain Streeter: Pioneer,* written by Everett Guy Ballard."

One of the interesting buildings I pointed out to Anne

in Streeterville is the Lake Shore Athletic Club, rising fifteen stories above the lake at 850 Lake Shore Drive. Arriving at De Witt Place, our attention was attracted to the grim gray walls of the 122nd Field Artillery Armory on the southwest corner and the little Lake Shore Park for children on the southeast corner. After visiting the interior of the armory, where we saw a number of wealthy young women riders galloping about the arena on horses, our eyes next turned to the skyscraping buildings of McKinlock Memorial Campus of Northwestern University, across the street on Chicago Avenue. "This campus of the historic Evanston educational institution contains the schools of medicine, dentistry, commerce, journalism, law, and the Institute of Research, and is probably the only campus of its kind in the world.

"This main building is the Montgomery Ward Memorial building and tower, housing the schools of medicine and dentistry as well as downtown administrative offices of the university. The building under construction back of it is the new Passavant Memorial Hospital, which will cost a million and a half when completed."

After visiting the beautiful lobby of the Montgomery Ward Building, we walked east on Chicago Avenue and surveyed the other structures which form the campus. Anne particularly noted the picturesque Gothic courtyard between the Ward Building and Wiebolt Hall, which house the schools of commerce and journalism. We next came to Levy Mayer Hall, containing the school of law and, lastly, the Elbert H. Gary library of law.

This brought us to the foot of Chicago Avenue, where Anne enjoyed observing the deep blue of Lake Michigan in the late afternoon sun.

"Is that a pier?" she asked, pointing to a long structure extending for a mile out into the lake to the southeast of us.

"Yes," I said, "that is Navy Pier, formerly known as the Municipal Pier. It is one of the longest and largest on the Great Lakes. Come along, and we'll take this south-bound Chicago Avenue car and ride out to the end of it. You'll get a wonderful view of Chicago's skyline and the water front."

Anne was eager to go. On the way I called her attention to the huge Furniture Mart, said to be the largest building in the world, standing at 666 Lake Shore Drive and occupying an entire block. Rising sixteen stories, it is surmounted by a tall pointed tower, constructed of blue-colored material.

"That is one of the first examples of the use of colors in a tower or skyscraper in Chicago," I remarked.

"Yes, I noticed it," replied Anne. "It almost looks like the color of the sky."

The building, I added, costing $10,000,000, is devoted exclusively to furniture and furniture displays.

Arrived at the entrance to the pier, we secured transfers and changed to a Grand Avenue car, which took us out to the end. Anne immediately saw that the lake end of the structure is devoted to recreational purposes, noting excursion boats which made short trips to Jackson and Lincoln Parks, a merry-go-round, hundreds of children and their mothers, pop-corn stands, and a large auditorium where dancing is conducted during the evenings.

"I would suggest that we walk back along the boardwalk on the south side of the pier, as it offers an interesting view of the downtown skyline, the river front and the south side," I said to Anne, when she was ready to leave. Agreeing to it, she became enthusiastic over the impressive panorama. Across the mouth of the river I indicated the Coast Guard Life Saving Station, situated on a breakwater. Arriving at the land end of the pier,

Anne took considerable interest in watching half a dozen lake steamers loading and unloading passengers and freight. I told her they ply to such points on the Great Lakes as Milwaukee, Benton Harbor, Green Bay, Mackinac Island, Detroit, Buffalo, and Duluth. Boarding a Grand Avenue car at this point and securing transfers, we rode westward toward the heart of the city again. Transferring to a south-bound Clark Street car, we finally came back to the Hotel Sherman.

"And what have you got in store for this evening?" asked Anne, before we parted in the lobby.

"How does a 'night in Bohemia' sound?" I said.

"Good!" she replied. "I was just going to suggest something like that. Isn't it true that a Bohemian quarter should be visited at night instead of in the daytime?"

"Quite true," I asserted. "All right, with that arranged, I'll meet you here at five-thirty."

"Why so soon?" she asked.

"Well, you see," I explained, "we are going to have dinner in Julien's French restaurant, one of the oldest in Towertown. And 'Papa' Julien insists that you call him up first—his number is Delaware 4341—so that he can keep a place for you at one of the long tables. His restaurant, occupying two rooms of an old-fashioned house at 1009 Rush Street, is conducted like a boarding-house and you sit with others at a number of long tables. 'Papa' Julien begins serving the table-d'hôte meal promptly at six o'clock and unless you are in your place you are likely to lose it. So you see, by meeting you at five-thirty, we have an opportunity of arriving there in time. I shall call him on the phone right away."

Needless to say, Anne was delighted with the meal and the informal atmosphere of the restaurant. She particularly enjoyed the vivacious personalities of the Julien family, "Papa" Julien, "Ma" Julien, and their two

grown-up daughters. All of them took part in serving the guests.

Taking our leave from this place, I told Anne that we could have dined at a number of other interesting restaurants in Towertown, such as Le Petit Gourmet in the basement at 615 North Michigan Avenue, the Amber Pie Tea Shop at 118 East Superior Street, the Parkway Tea Room at 723 North Michigan Avenue, Madame Galli's famous old Italian restaurant at 18 East Illinois Street, A-Bit-of-Sweden Tea Room at 1011 Rush Street, the North Star Inn at 15 West Division Street, Frascati's Italian restaurant at 619 Cass Street, Ciro's Grill at 18 West Walton Place, and L'Aiglon café at Cass and Ontario streets.

After paying a brief visit to the interesting store of the Washington Book Company, Inc., at 1012 Rush Street, across from Julien's we wandered south on Rush Street and soon came to the Jack and Jill Theatre at number 943, home of the Jack and Jill Players, one of the prominent "little theater" groups of the Quarter.

"They have two groups here," I explained, "an adult cast which produces highbrow plays for adults on Saturday and Sunday evenings at eight-fifteen and a children's cast which entertains with children's plays on Saturday and Sunday afternoons at three. It is an interesting venture and has been here for a number of years."

Reaching Chicago Avenue, we turned west and walked four blocks to the intersection of Clark Street and Chicago Avenue. Here, I conducted Anne half a block north and brought her to the Radical Bookshop, in the old North Side Turner Hall at 826 North Clark Street.

"This is the home of the Studio Players," I said, "the oldest and most famous 'little theater' in the district, putting on its plays in a tiny theater at the rear of the book-

shop. As they have a bill of one-acters to-night, suppose we drop in and see what takes place."

After the play was over, Anne remarked on the awkwardness of some of the youthful actors, but was impressed by the sincerity of all of them. I told her this "little theater" has been in existence at this place for almost ten years during which time it produced numerous recent New York plays which failed to reach Chicago, such as Eugene O'Neill's *All God's Chillun Got Wings* and Elmer Rice's *The Adding Machine*. I added that that their repertory included plays by George Bernard Shaw, August Strindberg, Ibsen, Hauptmann, Chekhov, as well as the efforts of local playwrights like Logan Trumbull and Marion Strobel.

From here we walked north a block and listened for a while to the soap-box orators in "Bughouse Square," after which we boarded a north-bound Clark Street car and got off at North Avenue. Returning south a half block to Germania Place, we turned west and made our way down the first alley to the left, which brought us to the studio headquarters of Neo-Arlimusc, where lectures, discussions or exhibitions are always under way on Saturday evenings. Anne enjoyed listening to the discussions and arguments about the new art among the intellectuals who were present. Mr. Weisenborn, the painter and head of the Neo-Arlimusc movement, was at pains to see that all present were made comfortable.

From here we returned to "Bughouse Square" by way of a south-bound Clark Street car, heading for Tooker Alley and the famous Dill Pickle Club.

"They have plays here on Saturday nights," I said, "followed by dancing. Sunday nights are devoted to lectures and discussion."

As it happened, we came just when the dancing was

getting under way. Anne saw a long, low, dimly lit room filled with swaying couples—long-haired men and short-haired women. A jazz orchestra in one corner at least provided time for the dancers. On the walls of the room my companion noted weird futuristic and impressionistic drawings and cartoons, as well as newspaper clippings and art pictures.

"This," I said, "is Bohemia in all its glory!"

"Well," said Anne, "I'm not saying anything about it yet, but tell me about this place."

"It was established here about 1915," I began, "by a group of radicals and intellectuals headed by Dr. Ben Reitmann, 'the papa of little Bohemia,' and Jack Jones, 'King of the Picklers.' Jones, by the way, is that curly-headed man standing over there in the corner with his shirt open at the front, à la Byron. As the years rolled on, the Dill Pickle grew in popularity until in time a whole colony of artists and intellectuals sprang up in the neighborhood. With all its shoddy Bohemianism, however, many famous Chicago writers of to-day frequented the place from time to time. Ben Hecht has written a story about the place, and so did Sherwood Anderson. It has been described in a number of Chicago novels. Here it was that Lester Cohen, author of *Sweepings,* met Priscilla Partridge, a wealthy heiress, and later married her, thus creating one of the two sensational romances of Towertown, the other being the Szulkalski-Walker affair."

While we wandered about observing the Bohemians, none of whom paid any attention to us, I pointed out a number of notable characters in Towertown night life to Anne, such as Jack Ryan, "the man about town"; John Loughman, "king of the soap-boxers"; and Fred Hardy, "the town mummer."

Leaving the crowded dancing-room, we sat down to a

cup of coffee in the Dill Pickle coffee shop, featured by a satirical frieze around its walls done by Edgar Miller, the "town" artist.

"And now," I announced, "as a fitting climax to our 'night in Bohemia,' I propose that we visit 'the trap-door to hell,' on the top floor of an old warehouse on the north bank of the river."

"That sounds fascinatingly evil," cried Anne. "I suppose it's one of your naughty Chicago underworld places."

"No, indeed," I replied, "it is a harmless little night-club, for many years the most popular in Towertown. I have reference to a place known as Bert Kelly's Stables, on the top floor of a building at 431 Rush Street. Everybody goes there, as the atmosphere is unique and very Bohemian and the food and entertainment are good. D. W. Griffith, the great movie producer, is said to have once written that he got the inspiration to produce his picture of Chicago, *That Royle Girl,* while visiting Bert Kelly's Stables and that he considered it the real Chicago night life atmosphere."

"Why do you call it 'the trap-door to hell'?" asked Anne.

"Because," I replied, "two years ago Bert Kelly filed suit for one hundred thousand dollar damages against Aimee Semple McPherson, the evangelist, charging slander and defamation of character, after she was alleged to have referred to the Stables in one of her meetings in Chicago as 'the trap-door to hell.' I don't know what became of the suit."

Agreeing to the visit, Anne and I hopped into a taxicab and were soon before the Stables. On the way I pointed out a number of other interesting cabarets and night-clubs in Towertown, such as Chez Pierre, at 247 East Ontario Street; the Parody Club café, at 1023 North State Street; the Club Ansonia, at 151 East Chicago Ave-

nue, the Oriental Room of the Hotel Davis, at Walton Place and Michigan Boulevard; the Turkish Village, on North Clark Street; the Club Alabam, at 747 Rush Street, and the Club Cy-Mack, at 51 East Superior Street.

In keeping with its name, Anne saw that Kelly's Stables was an intriguing place and immediately proceeded to enter into the prevailing atmosphere of enjoyment. She remarked that there was nothing to suggest the label which Aimee McPherson had placed on this cabaret. As for other features, Anne enjoyed mostly the singing waiters and the dancing cooks. After a number of dances and a good deal of laughter, we decided to call it a day, and so returned in a taxicab to the Hotel Sherman.

SUNDAY

ANNE and I agreed that we were not to meet until Sunday noon, as she was undecided about attending church, explaining that it would depend on how she felt during the morning. I went over plans for her entertainment in the afternoon and came to the conclusion that the entire latter half of the day should be spent in the great Field Museum of Natural History, since this is one of the "seven wonders" of Chicago and an adventure in itself.

At the time we discussed the church matter, however, I recalled for her benefit the different interesting and worth-while churches in the vicinity of the Loop, churches which we had seen during our walks about the city in the past week. She had pointed out that her particular creed would be laid aside temporarily in case her steps led churchward. So I reminded her of such well-known Chicago churches as the exclusive Fourth Presbyterian at Delaware Place and Michigan Avenue, in the "Gold Coast" area; the historic Holy Name Cathedral, at North State and Superior streets, where Cardinal Mundelein appears at eleven o'clock mass; St. James Episcopal Church, one of the oldest in the city, at Cass and Huron streets; St. Chrysostom's Episcopal Church, with its famous carillon, at North Dearborn Parkway and Schiller Street; the Chicago Temple, "skyscraper church," home of the First Methodist, in the Loop a block south of the Sherman Hotel at Clark and Washington streets; or old St. Mary's Catholic Church at Ninth Street and Wabash Avenue.

"Well, good morning, Mr. Baedeker," said Miss Morley, when we finally met at noontime. "What program have you mapped out for my last day in 'The Windy City'?"

"I have decided that the Field Museum of Natural History should be honored by an entire afternoon's visit from us. It will be a trip around the world inside of a few hours. And not only around the world, but back into the misty dawn of prehistoric times.

"But first," I concluded, "we must look to the preservation of life at the present time by a bit of luncheon."

Being a fine clear Sunday morning, we walked eastward toward Michigan Boulevard and then south a few blocks as far as the Art Institute, where we entered the old Pullman Building on the southwest corner at Adams Street and took the elevator to the ninth floor.

"This," I announced, "is the Tip Top Inn, one of the oldest and most popular dining places on 'the Avenue.' They have a number of interesting rooms in the place, such as the Pickwick Room and the Black Cat Room."

We chose the Black Cat Room and ordered the regular dollar table-d'hôte lunch. Anne thoroughly enjoyed reading the different Mother Goose rhymes on the walls and in noting the ingenious decorations embodying black cat motifs.

The meal over, we returned to the boulevard and boarded a Yellow taxicab for the museum. The trip led out along the spacious drives of Grant Park, past the "seated Lincoln" and the Buckingham fountain. Arriving at the magnificent approach to the Field Museum, I pointed out the new Shedd Aquarium, in process of construction, a short distance northeast of the museum.

"It is being built and maintained through a bequest of John J. Shedd, head of the great Marshall Field depart-

ment store concern, who died three years ago," I remarked.

"Let us pause a moment," I said to Anne, when we turned our eyes to the museum, "and survey the exterior of this structure, said to be the largest and finest marble structure in the country. As you'll note, it is classic in design and massive in proportion. It was modeled after one of the temples in the Acropolis group at Athens, the Erechtheum, regarded as the finest example of the Ionic architectural order, and the architects were D. H. Burnham & Company. Daniel H. Burnham, you recall, was the designer of the World's Fair in 1893 and, later, the 'father' of the Chicago Plan Commission. After the death of Mr. Burnham, the task was carried on by Graham, Anderson, Probst, and White, who have designed many other important structures of present-day Chicago. This museum building was formally opened to the public on May 2, 1921."

Walking up the great wide steps, Anne glanced at the sign which announced that the museum is open every day in the year from nine to five and that adults are admitted free on Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, a charge of twenty-five cents being made on other days. Children are admitted free at all times.

A feeling of breathless awe came over my companion when we arrived inside the building and stood facing the central hall or nave. It is, indeed, impressive in its white marble spaciousness and grandeur and has none of the "stuffiness" usually found in museums. Groups of natural history exhibits are located at roomy intervals.

"First," I said, as Anne gazed in wonderment, "a few words concerning the history of this great edifice. It had its birth in the World's Fair at Jackson Park, when a group of leading Chicago citizens decided to establish a

permanent museum for the city. To begin with, they determined that the most important and valuable of the exhibits which the nations of the earth had sent to the Chicago fair should remain in the city. But the expense was too great. Then it was that Marshall Field, the merchant prince, gave one million dollars to the institution. Two days later, George M. Pullman, inventor of the sleeping-car, and Harlow N. Higinbotham, another merchant, each subscribed one hundred thousand dollars and Mrs. Mary D. Sturgis gave fifty thousand. Thus the museum got under way.

"The Palace of Art, most beautiful of the World's Fair buildings, was secured as a temporary home for the museum, and the exhibits were assembled there. This building in Jackson Park served as museum quarters for the twenty-seven years which elapsed before the opening of this present structure. You remember having seen it on our bus tour the first day on the south side? As I said then, it will in future house the industrial museum made possible by a gift of Julius Rosenwald.

"Well, to continue our story, the name finally adopted for the museum was 'Field Museum of Natural History,' in appreciation of the interest taken in the venture by Marshall Field, who later provided in his will a bequest of eight million dollars, one-half of which was for an endowment fund and one-half for a permanent building. In the end, the Board of South Park Commissioners provided this site for the new building, accessible from all parts of the city. And this is the result."

Beginning our tour of the museum, I called Anne's attention to an interesting feature of the place wherein visitors desiring to use wheel-chairs may obtain them at the main entrance for a fee of twenty-five cents per hour. "Attendants, however," I added, "must be furnished by the applicants." Another feature I explained was the

museum tours and guide-lecture service, conducted on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays of each week, at eleven in the morning and at three in the afternoon, the guide-lecturers conducting tours through the exhibition halls of the museum. Each tour lasts about one hour and may be taken by any visitor without charge. Each tour, of course, represents a different section of the museum and attendance at all of them is necessary to complete one's survey of the structure.

"As this large central nave," I said to Anne, "contains representative collections from each of the four departments of the museum—anthropology, botany, geology, and zoology, housed in flanking wings on either side—it is natural that we begin here. This nave is called Stanley Field Hall, dedicated to Stanley Field, president of the museum and donor of the large botanical laboratories in the museum."

Needless to say, Anne was captivated by the many and varied exhibits in Stanley Field Hall. A ponderous hippopotamus, mounted on a low platform, nearly scared her with its lifelike appearance. A different thrill was afforded when she beheld a corroded but still beautiful bronze bath tub from the days of ancient Rome. Arriving at the center of the hall, we observed two huge mounted African elephants, caught in the act of battling each other with their crescent ivory tusks.

"This," I said, "is one of the masterpieces of the famous taxidermist and sculptor, Carl E. Akeley." Among other interesting exhibits, we noted the series of bronze groups, also the work of Mr. Akeley, illustrating a native African lion hunt, presented to the museum by R. T. Crane, Jr., and the four exceptionally fine statues designed by Henry Hering, symbolizing the purposes of the museum. The two figures flanking the north archway represent "Natural Science" and "Dissemination of

Knowledge," those at the south typify "Research" and "Record."

"Permit me to take your mind and body out of the museum for a moment," I said to Anne, when we arrived at the end of Stanley Field Hall, "and return to Chicago of the present."

"What's up now?" she asked.

Instead of explaining, I conducted her through the doorway at the south end of the hall, which brought us out under the south portico of the museum. Here, Chicago's famed amphitheater, Soldiers' Field, lay in a sweeping panorama before us.

"Why, I've read about this stadium in the papers," exclaimed Miss Morley, thrilled by the view. "This is where the open-air masses were held during the Eucharistic Congress, where the Army-Navy football game was held for the first time in the West, where Gene Tunney beat Jack Dempsey last year, and where they hold intercollegiate football games."

"Yes," I added, "and where Tex Austin conducts his annual Rodeo, or cowboy round-up."

Returning to the museum, we continued our tour by turning into the department of zoology, which Anne had read somewhere contained the far-famed man-eating lions of Tsavo. A courteous guard had directed us to the Carl E. Akeley Memorial Hall, where they would be found. Upon arriving there, Anne's curiosity was at once gratified. She saw many ferocious-looking tigers and lions, displayed in life-like attitudes and with a background of natural settings. This hall also contains mounted apes and strange African cats.

From here we wandered to Hall 21, containing the habitat groups of birds and a series of beautiful groups with large painted backgrounds and completely represented natural conditions. Nearly all of the groups are

North American and include such interesting species as the golden eagle, California condor, northern loon, whooping crane, white pelican, flamingo, and various ducks, gulls, terns, and shore-birds. Anne, however, was more interested in observing the various birds of paradise located in the foreign section of Hall 21, across the aisle.

"I think I've had enough of natural history," said Miss Morley. "Let us go to the department where they show the early history of man and the different ancient civilizations."

Crossing Stanley Field Hall and entering the east portion of the museum, we came to Mary D. Sturgis Hall, where we found ourselves among the Eskimo. As the life of the Eskimo centers about the hunting of sea animals, this section has as one of its main attractions a life-size model of a hunter, seated in his frail but buoyant kayak, with his harpoon ready to strike. Anne read the inscription which announces that his boat, his costume, and the paraphernalia placed before him on the miniature deck, are all genuine and have seen use. Anne also enjoyed other groups in this room illustrating features of Eskimo life, such as a girl fishing through a hole in the ice, a woman dressing a hide, and an Eskimo family returning from a winter hunt, with a seal on a sled drawn by dogs.

At the eastern end of the hall, devoted to the life of the Indians of the Northwest Coast, Anne lingered long over the case of Chilkat blankets, presented by Edward E. Ayer, which showed how these Indians applied their artistic ideas to textiles. After wandering among a number of other halls containing different Indian exhibits, we came to the still older Indians of Mexico and Peru in Hall 8. Our attention here centered on the series of large casts which, we learned, are reproductions of Maya monuments of the fifth and sixth centuries A.D.

"Look!" exclaimed my companion, upon entering Joseph N. Field Hall—devoted to the islands of the South Pacific—"here is a collection of preserved human heads belonging to the ancient natives of the South Sea Islands."

"Yes," I answered, "and here are the remains of a cannibal feast."

Anne's imagination was also fired by the large collection of curious weapons and fantastic masks of these island people.

Etruscan, Greek, and Roman antiquities of great variety and interest held our attention in Edward E. Ayer Hall, immediately to the east and parallel to Stanley Field Hall. Here, Anne lingered longest over the Etruscan bronzes, sarcophagi, and funerary couches, while I engaged myself with the Roman wall paintings, which, I understand, cannot be duplicated in America.

In Ernest R. Graham Hall we found the extensive Egyptian collection, for which the museum is largely indebted to the generosity of Edward E. Ayer, Ernest R. Graham, and Stanley Field. In this hall Anne made the acquaintance of a mummy lady named Tent-At, who lived in Thebes a thousand years before Christ was born. Nearby, she met another, the shriveled crouching body of a woman of the pre-dynastic period who was laid to rest at least six thousand years ago. Anne read that at that time the Egyptians had not yet learned to mummify, but the hot sand in which the body was buried drew the moisture from it and preserved it. My companion also saw an ancient mortuary boat of cedar-wood, which in the days of Sesostris III conveyed the dead across the Nile from Darfur to what they beliveed would be their last resting place. This exhibit, we learned, was the gift of Mrs. Cyrus McCormick.

From ancient Egypt we came to China and Japan, observing the large collections of Oriental art in the Frank

W. Gunsaulus and other halls. In a special Hall of Oriental Theatricals on the ground floor, we saw the curious and gorgeous dresses and masks which the Tibetans used in religious dances to cast out demons.

After visiting the botanical halls on the second floor, we entered H. N. Higinbotham Hall, containing the most complete collections of gems and jewels in existence. I called Miss Morley's attention particularly to the diamond on which the bust of William II of Holland was engraved by DeVrees of Amsterdam, the work requiring five years, and also the celebrated Hope aquamarine, sea-green in color and weighing 331 carats. And there were many other specimens of historic or worldwide reputation.

Arriving at an arched gallery overlooking Stanley Field Hall, we sat down for a rest on one of the many benches. Here, I took advantage of the interval to explain some of the activities of Field Museum of Natural History, Anne having indicated a desire to know about them.

"Of first importance in the popular imagination," I began, "are the many worldwide field expeditions conducted by this museum. In recent years most of these expeditions have been financed by Capt. Marshall Field III, largely through an annuity of one hundred thousand dollars to the museum. Last year, he personally led the Capt. Marshall Field Brazilian Expedition, and was accompanied by Mrs. Marshall Field and Mrs. Grace Thompson Seton. During the same year, an interesting expedition was the Rawson-MacMillan Sub-Arctic Expedition to Labrador, Greenland, and Baffin Land, financed by Frederick H. Rawson and led by Capt. Donald B. MacMillan. Another such was the James Simpson Roosevelt Asiatic Expedition, carried out by Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Kermit Roosevelt, and George K. Cherrie, which enjoyed much success in Turkestan, the Pamirs, and

India. It was financed by James Simpson, present head of the Marshall Field store and chairman of the Chicago Plan Commission. Other leading Chicagoans who have financed expeditions of the Field Museum are Joseph N. Field (South Pacific Islands); Allison V. Armour (West Indies and Yucatan); Mrs. T. B. Blackstone (China and Tibet); Stanley McCormick (Arizona-Hopi); Stanley Field (British Guiana); Arthur B. Jones (Malay Archipelago); Robert F. Cummings (Philippine Islands); Julius Rosenwald and Mrs. Augusta N. Rosenwald (North America); H. B. Conover and R. H. Everard (Central Africa)."

"Well," said Anne, "you have quite a memory for names."

"As for other matters," I went on, after catching my breath, "the museum has a large general library as well as four departmental libraries and a printing office for the publication of scholarly and scientific books and pamphlets. In the educational field, an interesting feature is the Norman Wait Harris Public School Extension, which is, in effect, a traveling museum, where exhibits are lent to schools and community centers in Chicago. Also, during spring and autumn, popular illustrated lectures by prominent scientific men are given without charge every Saturday afternoon in the James Simpson Theater, a beautiful room occupying the western portion of the ground floor and built with funds provided by James Simpson. On Saturday mornings during the school year, entertainments are given here for children under sixteen years of age."

Finishing my lecture, we proceeded on our tour by visiting the geological exhibits in the western portion of the museum. I called Anne's attention to the manner in which the exhibits are classified in two groups—one illustrating the scientific, the other the economic and industrial,

relations of the mineral products of the earth. She was much interested in observing the large meteorite collection, containing representatives of nearly seven hundred falls, and said to be the most complete in the world. What lit her imagination most in this department, however, was the large model in relief of the visible hemisphere of the moon.

By this time the closing hour was approaching. As Anne began to show signs of "museum fatigue," we instinctively turned our steps toward Stanley Field Hall and the main doorway. On the way, however, a number of odd exhibits caught her eye, with the result that when we reached the door several guards were making preparations to close.

"As for to-night," I announced, as we rode back to her hotel in a taxicab, "I think no more fitting close to your Chicago visit could be made than attendance at Ravinia opera, the world-famed 'opera house in the woods.' Music-lovers from many lands have lauded this unique institution. And so, being a music-lover yourself, I know you will enjoy it."

Anne was delighted with this forthcoming event.

Agreeing to meet her at six o'clock, I pointed out that it would be advisable to bring along a light wrap, as it becomes rather chilly at night out in the Ravinia woods along the shore of the lake.

We met at the appointed time, had dinner in Lindy's at 75 West Randolph Street, where famous theatrical people dine, and then made our way south to the ticket office of the Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee railroad, familiarly called the North Shore Electric, at 223 South Wabash Avenue.

"For two dollars," I said, "you can obtain one round-trip ticket on the electric road and admission to Ravinia Park. This does not, however, include admission to the

pavilion, wherein the operas are sung. The prices for these reserved seats are from one dollar and fifty cents to three dollars. Since one may hear and see the opera just as well by occupying the free seats the management has kindly provided on each side of the pavilion, I think we might take advantage of the opportunity and avoid unnecessary expense. Ravinia is about thirty miles north of Chicago and the trip lasts an hour. On the way, you will have a chance to view some of the pretty and fashionable north shore towns and villages which are within the Chicago region, but outside the city limits."

Anne, as expected, went into ecstasies, over both the opera and the outdoor surroundings. The music, she said, sounded so strangely beautiful out under the blue stars and silent trees.

APPENDIX

AS pointed out in a prefatory note to this book, the complexion of Chicago's face is constantly changing. Many imposing and important new buildings and projects have been brought into existence since the book was written two years ago. Also, numerous familiar landmarks have disappeared. Miss Anne Morley, in fact, would think the volume quite lacking in a number of vital details were she to use it in going about the streets of the town at the present time.

Monday

For example, let us take her first day in Chicago—Monday—during which she makes the "circle tour" of the city on a bus top. At the outset of her trip, while crossing the Michigan Avenue "link" bridge, she might like to know that the rakish-looking speedboat, anchored at the foot of the Wrigley building on the north bank, is a "river taxi." Started a year ago, these "river taxis" ply around the bend of the river from the "link" bridge to the *Chicago Daily News* building and Northwestern railroad terminal, thus linking up the north section of the Loop with the west section. The fare is 25 cents one way. A round trip in the "river taxi" is interesting to the visitor because it provides an excellent view of Chicago's river front with its towering skyscrapers and driveways. Having passed the river and continued northward on Upper Michigan Avenue, Miss Morley's attention would next be called to the interesting new home of

the Walden book shop, at number 546. It formerly was in the Wrigley building. This place has become one of the town's outstanding literary and art centers, what with the Dudensing art gallery on its mezzanine floor, its noteworthy collection of French, German and other foreign books, as well as general books, on the main floor and the delightful rare book department on the lower floor. A block north of the Walden, Miss Morley might receive a feminine thrill of pleasure upon being shown the new shop of Helena Rubinstein, the internationally-known beauty expert, at number 670. Across the street stands the home of M. O'Brien & Son, at number 673, this being the oldest and best known art gallery in the city.

Further north, just after passing the quaint little Chicago Avenue water tower and the Fourth Presbyterian Church, there now stands the well-known Saks Fifth Avenue ladies' apparel shop, at number 840, with its unique modernist decorations. Continuing two more blocks, Anne would be amazed at the new Palmolive Tower building, home of the famous soap, standing at the southeast corner of Walton Place and Michigan. Dominating this entire near north side district, the Palmolive building is an outstanding example of the modernist idea in American skyscraper construction. It is especially notable at night, when banks of floodlights spray its soaring white flanks. A ride in one of its elevators is an adventure in itself.

After riding a few more miles, passing through Lincoln Park and just after leaving the Belmont Yacht Harbor behind, Miss Morley would miss the sight of that curious medieval barque in the lake at the foot of Addison Street, which housed Mayor William Hale Thompson's Fish Fan's Club for a number of years. It is now

no more. Instead, there would be another strange sight to attract her attention in the same vicinity. This is the Alaskan totem pole, rising to a considerable height and carved with weird faces and outspread wings. Also, many new bathing beaches, golf grounds and driveways, including the field house and carillon tower, not here two years ago, grace this neighborhood along the shoreline. Across the street, among the tall apartment hotels, she would see the beautiful new Temple Sholom and Frankenstein Memorial Center, with its slender columns and great octagonal dome. This is said to be one of the largest synagogues in the United States and is the religious gathering-place of Chicago's Jewish population on the north side.

Another familiar landmark that has disappeared is the old Rendezvous Café, which Miss Morley saw upon her return from the north side bus trip. It stood at the intersection of Broadway and Diversey Parkway. This once famous spot in Chicago's night life is replaced by a modern brick hotel and business block. Before leaving this intersection, however, I would now have to tell Anne that this neighborhood is the scene of *Diversey,* a recent popular novel about Chicago gangsters by McKinley Kantor, adding that many members of the George ("Bugs") Moran north side gang of bootleggers lived in the fashionable hotels of the vicinity. The "Massacre House" is in this neighborhood, being located at 2122 North Clark Street. This is the dingy garage where seven Moran gangsters were lined up against a brick wall and shot to death by rival gangsters with machine guns on St. Valentine's Day, Feb. 14, 1929.

Passing westward on Diversey Parkway out of this busy neighborhood, Anne would soon come to the Lincoln Turner Hall, at number 1005, a famed old-time social center for the German-Americans of the north side. The

restaurant on the first floor, conducted by Mr. Marx, is noted for its German cuisine and the decorations and music remind one of a café in Berlin. Crossing the north branch of the Chicago river and arriving in the Logan Square area, Miss Morley might discover something unique in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, known locally as "The Little Church at the End of the Street." This is the only poets' church in the country. Its walls are hung with framed manuscripts of local and nationally-known poets. It also has a "Garden of Memory," where grow trees and bushes dedicated to noted poets and writers. This edifice is located at 3533 North Albany Avenue and its pastor, Rev. Irwin St. John Tucker, is himself a poet and writer.

Arriving downtown again after completing her tour of the west side on a bus top, Anne Morley would receive a distinct surprise in gazing upon the towering new Board of Trade building, standing on the site of the old structure in the heart of the La Salle Street financial district. The new skyscraper has the majesty and impressiveness of a royal potentate as it looms above the surrounding banks and office buildings. This is the most famous wheat trading center in the world. Visitors may observe "The Pit," where this trading takes place, from a gallery, which is open between 10 o'clock and 2 o'clock. It is a very thrilling spectacle.

Starting out on the bus again for the south side tour, after first having had a short rest, Anne would discover a variety of new sights in Grant Park, just across the way on Michigan Boulevard. Opposite the Auditorium Hotel, she would note a picturesque plaza enclosed in the curved arms of two wide driveways which lead to the stone bridge over the Illinois Central railroad tracks. Of particular attraction in this new architectural arrange-

ment are the two bronze Indian statues, done by Ivan Mestrovic, the famed Jugo-Slovakian sculptor. Both driveways and bridge lead to the Buckingham Memorial Fountain, with its tall shaft of white water. The whole scheme is part of the Chicago Beautiful Plan. From this point, Miss Morley may also observe two striking new edifices in white stone, rising lakeward just beyond the Field Museum of Natural History at the south end of Grant Park. The nearest one, built in octagonal form, is the John G. Shedd Aquarium, home of fishes in their artificially-created native haunts. A trip through this undersea museum is a fascinating experience. It is said to be the finest in the country. Eastward of the aquarium and built on an island out in the lake is the Adler Planetarium, a domed building inside of which the solar system in motion is unfolded before your eyes. These two buildings, together with the Field Museum, constitute a trio of museums that could not be duplicated anywhere in the country. A whole day could be devoted to visiting them.

Arrived on the south side and while passing through Jackson Park, Miss Morley might like to observe more at length the once-famous colony of writers and artists on 57th Street, opposite the park. This would mean, of course, an interruption in the bus trip. But there is something of interest here, since the colony has played such an important rôle in contemporary American literature. Miss Morley would now find the Anna Lyon Tea Shop, at 1449 East 57th Street, the most popular dining place in the neighborhood. Also, she might like to know that a change has occurred in this colony in the last few years. Many of its members have moved around the corned to the Coudich building, at 5642 Harper Avenue, where they work at many a typewriter and easel. Here

was written *Thirty-Five Saints and Emil Armin,* a book detailing the struggles of a painter on Chicago's west side. It caused considerable stir in the local art world when it appeared last year. Both Armin and J. Z. Jacobson, the author of the book, live in the Coudich building. Such painters as Fred Biesel, George Josimovich, Francis Strain and Charles Biesel and such writers as Jun Fujita, Marion Neville and Daniel Coudich also live in the building.

In the evening, at dinner hour, I would now have to explain to Anne that Alex Schwartz's noted Hungarian restaurant, the downtown eating-place where theatrical people are wont to dine, has moved to a new location. It can be found on the second floor at 18 North Clark Street. In the evening walk along the Rialto after dinner, Miss Morley's attention would be called to the Chicago office of North German Lloyd's, the steamship company, at the northeast corner of Randolph and La Salle Streets. A small, ornate, white stone building, it is the distinguishing landmark of "German Square," as this intersection has been called. Its beautiful interior, where German art exhibitions are held from time to time, is worth a visit during the daytime. Further east on Randolph Street, after detouring half a block south in Dearborn Street, Miss Morley would be interested in the American Bond & Mortgage Company building, at 127 North Dearborn, said to be the only leaning skyscraper in the world. Observing it from across the street, her eye could detect a slight lean in its upward thrust. A fault in construction is held responsible. She would be told that the late John P. Altgeld, one of the outstanding governors of Illinois (there is a statue of him in Lincoln Park), built this structure. Across the street, at 114 North Dearborn, is Coffee Dan's, a basement cabaret said to be owned by the famed Coffee Dan of San Francisco.

Tuesday

Walking south in Michigan Avenue on Tuesday, observing the exclusive shops of Chicago's noted lake front thoroughfare, Anne would miss the old Kirk soap factory, a familiar landmark which stood between Tribune Tower and the river. Gone is the interesting little model of the first house in Chicago, which was on display in a window of the factory. The factory is torn down and a skyscraper is contemplated for the site. Anne's sense of the artistic would be aroused a few blocks further south in gazing at the resplendent Carbon and Carbide Tower, standing at the southwest corner of Wacker Drive and Michigan, with its striking façade of black marble, green tiling and gold iron work. But she might regret the passing of Ovington's art store, which stood at 212 North Michigan Boulevard. This same vicinity, however, contains the new home of the Petrushka Club, a fashionable dining place where the food and atmosphere are Russian, at number 165. It formerly stood in South Wabash Avenue.

Gazing out of the window on the third floor of the Chicago Public Library, Miss Morley would discover several buildings of note along the lake shore which were not here before. One of these is the white stone headquarters building of the Illinois Naval Reserve, an armory built over the water. Pigeon-gray naval vessels are seen anchored to the docks along its base. Miss Morley would also obtain a comprehensive view of the downtown yacht harbor, dotted with the masts of yawls and sloops. The other new building in this scene is the Chicago Yacht Club, at the foot of Monroe Street, an imposing three-story structure of gray stone. Once out on Michigan Boulevard again, and after having arrived in the Auditorium Hotel at Congress Street, Anne might be grieved

to learn that the Chicago Civic Opera Company has at last deserted its historic birthplace in the Auditorium Theatre, the company having moved into its imposing new home at Madison Street and the river.

Wednesday

Four new buildings, of major importance to the sight-seer, as well as a number of changes in the foreign sections of the city, would occupy Miss Morley's attention were she to repeat Wednesday's sight-seeing tour on the west side at the present time. She would undoubtedly be amazed at the hugeness of the now completed Merchandise Mart, the most impressive building observed at the outset of her trip. Standing at "the forks" of the Chicago River in the downtown district, this skyscraper is lauded as the world's largest building in point of floor space. It was built by Marshall Field & Company, and is used as a merchandise warehouse and wholesale store by that company as well as by hundreds of other similar concerns. It is almost a complete city in itself, what with its shops, restaurants, telegraph offices, club rooms, underground freight station and display rooms. It is the second building in the history of Chicago to use air-rights over railroad tracks, the first being the *Chicago Daily News* building.

The second important sight that would arouse the interest of Miss Morley would be the new home of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, standing at the northwest corner of North Wacker Drive and West Madison Street, only several blocks south of the Merchandise Mart. It is the tallest building in this section of the downtown district and is distinguished by the imposing portico over the sidewalk. Rising forty-two stories high and costing $20,000,000 to build, it is regarded as the

finest opera theatre building in the country. The revenue from the rental of offices in the upper floors guarantees a permanent endowment of the opera. The building is known officially as the "No. 20 North Wacker Drive Building." It was brought about largely through the financial genius of Samuel Insull, the well-known public utility magnate of Chicago. He is president of the Chicago Civic Opera Company. If it were winter and the opera season was at its height, I should certainly lose no opportunity to take Miss Morley to a performance of opera in the beautiful rose and gold interior. The Chicago Civic Theatre, home of the local Shakespearean company and scene of other notable plays and dramas, is located in the same building, at the Washington Street entrance.

The third important sight that would be called to Anne Morley's attention is the *Chicago Daily News* building, standing on the river bank opposite the Civic Opera building. The old structure, which housed this far-famed newspaper for the first half century of its existence, is still standing at the corner of Wells and Madison Streets. Miss Morley would observe its ancient exterior on Thursday's sight-seeing trip in the Loop area. But let us show her the wonders of the new building.

Rising to a height of 25 stories, the *Chicago Daily News* building reminds one of a seated lion, its two paws dipping into the cooling waters of the river. Anne would undoubtedly gaze with admiration at the architectural symmetry of the whole structure. It has been hailed by leading architects as an unusual example of utility in office building design—the uses to which the building is devoted being the deciding factor in its design. This is the keynote of modernism in architecture. The ornate and spacious riverside plaza of white stone, enclosed by the paws of the lion-like building, would be the first

feature to attract Miss Morley's eye. Here, as a centerpiece for this plaza, stands the Victor Fremont Lawson Memorial Fountain, its waters forever flowing. On the stone walls of the building overlooking the plaza are carved the names of famous American editors and publishers. Interesting figures, depicting the history of printing and the newspaper, are done in relief on the stone work over the entrances to the two wings, which extend outward like the feet of a seated lion. This plaza has become a sort of civic gathering-place in the life of the city, for here during the summer evenings, in the light of yellow lamps decorating the stone balustrades overlooking the river, you may hear band concerts, radio broadcasts, election returns, fight returns and other forms of entertainment provided by the management of the *Chicago Daily News.*

Entering the building through the artistic brass doors in the wing near the west end of the Madison Street bridge, Miss Morley might find considerable novelty in the lofty concourse. Its distinguishing feature is a pictorial history of the making of a modern newspaper, done in color in the impressionistic technique and occupying the entire length of ceiling. It was painted by John Norton, well-known local artist, who also decorated the interior of the Tavern Club. Also, in this concourse, Anne would be sure to note the gradual incline, or ramp, which leads to the 2nd floor—without the use of steps. This concourse leads to the Northwestern railroad terminal through an enclosed metallic bridge over Canal Street. Shops and stores line both sides of the concourse. To the right is the *Daily News* Personal Service Bureau, where information can be had on any subject pertaining to the city. Here also is the want ad office of the paper.

Since there is no more fascinating experience than to observe the making of a modern newspaper, Miss Morley

would certainly be advised to join one of the sight-seeing parties conducted through the *Daily News* building by competent guides. These tours are at 11 o'clock, 2 o'clock and 4 o'clock. Anne would be able to join one by walking to the steps leading down from the 2nd floor and entering the guide's office in the lobby of the 1st floor. They begin the tour by taking you directly to the 6th floor, where the executive and editorial offices are located. Here visitors are shown the beautiful Victor Fremont Lawson Memorial Room, named after the late founder and publisher of the *Daily News*. The panels of carved oak, taken from the old Lawson residence on Lake Shore Drive (recently pulled down), are of especial interest in this room. So also is the striking oil painting of Mr. Lawson and the great stone fireplace. From this room, Anne would be led through the executive offices, the editorial, art, sporting and financial departments and the library or, as it is popularly known, "the morgue." On the floor below, the 5th, she would be shown the first of the mechanical departments of the paper, such as the engraving room, the make-up room and the rows and rows of linotype machines. The whole scene is one of animation and movement but there is no disorder. The advertising department is on the 4th floor. Arriving on the 3d floor, visitors are thrilled by the most interesting part of the whole tour. For here you see the big presses in action. They occupy both the 2nd and 3rd floors. A loud, steady, metallic roar fills the ears. The presses are running off an edition of the paper. From this inferno of noise one may descend to the 1st floor, where the great rolls of white paper are arranged on reels, waiting to be fed to the hungry presses on the floor above. At this point the guide explains the outstanding feature of the whole *Daily News* plant: namely—the utilizing of the force of gravity to facilitate production. Everything is done in a downward

movement. The copy is written by reporters on the 6th floor. It then passes downward through the various mechanical and other departments and offices on lower floors until it reaches the presses in the form of zinc type plates. Delivery trucks wait for the completed paper on the ground floor.

After seeing all this, Anne would next be taken to the 24th floor of the building where the beautiful rooms and salons of the *Daily News* radio broadcasting studio are located. This place is known to thousands of radio fans as station WMAQ. Here, by gazing through the window of the spectator's room, Miss Morley could observe famous radio entertainers broadcasting into the microphone. Such stars as Amos 'n' Andy and the three doctors, Sherman, Pratt and Rudolph, go through their comic conversations and banter here.

Having completed this part of Wednesday's tour, Miss Morley's interest would next be aroused by the fourth major improvement on the west side. This is Chicago's new postoffice building, under process of construction in the square block bounded by Canal, Clinton, Harrison and Polk Streets. Anne would be able to catch a glimpse of it after stepping out of the Union Station, located as it is only a few blocks south of the railroad terminal. It rises nine stories high and cost the government $14,000,000 to build. This new postoffice is unique in that it has a perfectly flat roof on which airplanes of the government mail service may land.

Walking through the various foreign quarters strung like colored beads along South Halsted Street, Anne would perhaps be pleased to know that a new district has sprung up in this area in the past few years. This is the Mexican quarter, located across the street from Hull-House. She might obtain something of adventure out of the excellent native Mexican meal provided by the man-

agement of "El Puerto de Vera Cruz" restaurant, at 811 South Halsted Street. Also, interesting and unique Mexican pottery and other native curios await her eye in the importing shop of Señor S. Esteiro, at 1024 South Halsted. Anne might also be interested in the music and book store of Señor I. M. Valle, known as "El Arte Mexicano" and located at number 837.

With reference to the Jewish quarter along Roosevelt Road, Miss Morley would have to be told at the present time that Glickman's Palace Theatre, at the intersection of Blue Island Avenue and Roosevelt Road, is now no more the home of the native Jewish drama in Chicago. This title is at present bestowed on the Lawndale Yiddish Theatre, located several miles westward, at 4015 West Roosevelt Road. Glickman's house is now being devoted to native Italian drama The restaurant of Barron & Son, where Jewish intellectuals meet, has changed from its old location at number 936 to a new place at 714 Roosevelt Road. The restaurant of Sam Gold, at 1137 South Halsted Street, has disappeared.

Thursday

A new feature that might be of interest to Anne on Thursday's sight-seeing trip through the Loop district is the "seeing Chicago" buses which may be obtained at 12 South La Salle Street, a few doors south of the Hotel La Salle. This place is the Terminal and Travel Bureau of the Gray Line Bus Company. In connection with the subject of noted literary people on the staff or among contributors of the *Chicago Daily News,* the ancient deserted home of which may be seen just west of the Hotel La Salle, Miss Morley might like to know that a number of new names have been added to the list in the last few years. These names include such locally well-

known writers as Sterling North, Howard Vincent O'Brien, Paul Wright, Marion Neville, Wayne Gard, Robert D. Andrews, Charles Lyang, Lloyd Lewis, Jack Woodford, S. L. Huntley, Richard Atwater and June Provines. Also, Anne would be urged to read a copy of *Chicago: The History of Its Reputation,* a best seller published last year and written by Henry Justin Smith, managing editor of the *Daily News,* in collaboration with Lloyd Lewis, author of *Myths After Lincoln.*

Visiting Schlogl's famed literary restaurant again, Anne would discover another interesting picture hanging on the wall behind the "round table"—one that was not there before. It shows Jimmy Murphy, a reporter for *The Daily Illustrated Times,* receiving the title of "dean of Chicago police reporters" from John Kelley, of the *Tribune,* retiring "dean," at a farewell party of old-time police reporters given to Kelley in Schlogl's restaurant. Murphy was the prototype of the "Jimmy Murphy" in the successful stage play of newspaper life, "The Front Page." Visiting the local "Newspaper Row" on Market Street, Anne would find the *Chicago Evening Post* moved from its old location into a new skyscraper building of its own, located some distance from here. It is now on Wacker Drive, overlooking the river, just around the corner from Wells Street. She will also find the *Chicago Daily Journal* a thing of the past, its place having been taken by the *Daily Illustrated Times,* Chicago's first tabloid newspaper. Another institution that has disappeared is the Central Trust Company bank, at 125 West Monroe Street. It merged with another bank last year and the old quarters, noted for their murals depicting Chicago historical incidents, have been closed.

Upon leaving the domed Federal Building at the Adams Street doorway, Anne Morley would perhaps like to know that the Outing and Recreation Bureau, a public infor-

mation bureau, is located directly across the street at number 72, this being the Commonwealth Edison building. Another recently-opened public service bureau is that of the central ticket office for airplane travel, located on the main floor of the Palmer House.

Friday

A new "Chinatown," containing many strange and curious sights, would occupy the attention of Miss Morley were she to tread the streets of this exotic district at the present time. But before touching on this part of Friday's tour, it would be well to tell Anne that Mr. Ben Abramson's interesting bookshop, the Argus, for many years one of the noted shops of the Wabash Avenue "Bookshop Row," has moved into larger quarters in a new location. It is now to be found at 333 South Dearborn Street, in the same general vicinity.

Arrived finally in "Chinatown," I would now conduct Miss Morley into the interior of the big temple-like Chinese "city hall," since the Chinese officials have recently announced that they welcome visitors. This building, said to be the finest example of Chinese architecture in America, is the local headquarters of the On Leong Chinese Merchant's Association, an organization of wealthy and educated Chinese business men. Usually Mr. Tom Toy Lee, president of the association, or Mr. Frank Moy, genial "Mayor of Chinatown," are to be found in their second floor offices, ready to conduct the casual visitor through the interior of the building. If neither is present, the Chinese attendant in charge will allow you to wander through the rooms at your leisure. The visit is a rare treat. Heading directly for the third floor, you find yourself in a lavishly-furnished reception room or salon. Adjoining it is the shrine room, with its gold and

vermillion altar and odor of incense. Then you come to the council chamber, where the merchants meet at intervals. The On Leong Chinese school, for children of the Chinese quarter, occupies part of the second floor. This floor also contains a ladies' reception room, library and business offices. Chinese importing shops take up the ground floor of the "city hall." Among interesting new Chinese restaurants which have appeared in the last few years, the most popular among tourists are the Won Kow, at 2235 Wentworth Avenue; Guey Sam's, at 2203 Wentworth Avenue and the Mandarin Temple Inn, formerly the Mon Fong Lo restaurant, at the northwest corner of 22nd Street and Wentworth Avenue. Miss Morley might be especially delighted in the Chinese "Merchandise Mart," operated by the old Chinese importing firm of Jay W. Rapp & Company, at 149-155 West 22nd Street. Here all the quaint and curious products of the Far East are displayed before the eyes of the customer. Something of interest might also be found in the plant of a Chinese daily newspaper. They are glad to welcome you in the offices of the *San Min Morning Paper* at 2127 Archer Avenue, just a block from the intersection of 22nd Street and Wentworth Avenue. The *San Min Morning Paper* is the organ of the Chinese nationalist party in the United States. A few doors east of this plant is the Chinese opera theatre, where native opera is sung during the winter season.

While riding south in the street car along Cottage Grove Avenue, Anne might indeed be curious about the big stone building in Washington Park. This is the recently-completed 124th Field Artillery armory of the Illinois National Guard. On the other hand, she might be disappointed to learn that the old James Longhouse, at 2432 Cottage Grove Avenue, is now torn down.

Saturday

If Miss Morley were interested in the sociological aspects of Chicago, she would undoubtedly join one of the sight-seeing tours conducted each Saturday by Chicago Reconciliation Trips. This unique Chicago institution has been in operation for the past few years and is conducted especially for students attending local universities, but the general public is invited. Beginning usually at 9 o'clock in the morning, they make tours in various sections of the city, including the Polish, Chinese, Russian, Italian, Greek, Mexican and colored districts as well as the artist's quarter, the hobo area and the local penal institutions and courts. Information on these trips may be secured in the office of Dr. Frank Orman Beck, director, in room 1421 of the Chicago Temple building, located at the southeast corner of Washington and Clark Streets. The telephone number is Dearborn 4136.

Walking north in Clark Street at the outset of Saturday's trip, however, Miss Morley would note at the present time that Hester's Fish Camp, in the basement at number 203, is replaced by a night club known as "My Celler." This has become a popular place with the night life crowd in the Loop. Also, a few steps further north, she would observe that the old Clark Street bridge has been torn down and a modern bascule span is in its place. Having arrived before the ancient Criminal Courts building in Austin Avenue, our young lady visitor might be disappointed to learn that the courts have at last vacated this historic structure and moved to the new court building on the west side. Gone, too, is "The Noose Coffee Shop," which stood next to the court building. Mr. Joe Stein has moved his restaurant, with all its strange pictures, to 1141 South State Street, next door to the Central

Police Building. While still gazing at the sooty stone façade of the court building, however, I might explain to Anne that it was the newspaper reporters' room in this edifice which provided the scene and action for *The Front Page,* the sensational Broadway drama. This play was written by Ben Hecht, of the *Chicago Daily News,* and Charles MacArthur, of the *Tribune,* both of whom worked as reporters in the courts here. Hildy Johnson, Jimmy Murphy and "Buddy" McHugh, the principal characters in the play, are the names of real reporters who worked with Hecht and MacArthur. And they are still on the job, in pressrooms at the Central Police building and the new Criminal Courts.

Making way for the stern forward march of the city, Miss Harriet Monroe's editorial office, where she brought out *Poetry* magazine for so many years, is now replaced by a tall skyscraper. She has moved her office to 232 East Erie Street, over near the lake shore. Having finished with her observation of Medinah Temple, in the vicinity of Miss Monroe's former office, Anne Morley might derive a thrill from the picturesque old-world Italian Courtyard, a sight she could reach by walking directly east of the Medinah Temple on Ontario Street and crossing to the other side of Michigan Boulevard. In summer Le Petit Gourmet restaurant, which has quarters in a basement adjoining the courtyard, serves excellent meals at little round tables in this flag-stoned courtyard. At the rear of the courtyard Anne would find Fred Leighton's Indian Trading Post, a shop of American Indian curios which formerly stood at 58 East Delaware Place.

Having noted the ancient glories of the Holy Name Cathedral and while walking westward in Chicago Avenue, Anne's attention would be attracted to a large imposing edifice at the northeast corner of Cass Street and

Chicago Avenue. She would be told this is the new Victor Lawson Memorial building of the Y. M. C. A., a building made possible in the will of the late publisher of the *Chicago Daily News*. Another new building, which she would observe upon approaching the famed Saint-Gaudens' Lincoln statue in Lincoln Park, would be the new home of the Chicago Historical Society, a three-story structure designed in the Colonial style. It stands in the park at the intersection of Clark Street and North Avenue. But the familiar Relic House, which stood across from Lincoln Park at 2037 North Clark Street, is now gone down into history, its place having been taken by a modern brick business building.

New sights in the vicinity of the old Chicago Avenue water tower, around which "Towertown" clusters, are the Southern Tea Shop, at 745 Rush Street, next door to the Club Alabam, and the Cinema Art Theatre, where movies for the discriminating few are shown, on Chicago Avenue, just east of Michigan Boulevard. Places which have disappeared from the night life of "Towertown" are the Club Ansonia, Jack and Jill Theatre, Radical Bookshop, Chez Pierre cabaret, Parody Club café, the Oriental Room of the Hotel Davis (which latter has changed its name to the Knickerbocker Hotel) and Bert Kelly's Stables. Interesting new places are the Café Old Stamboul, at 38 East Oak Street, and the Nine Hundred restaurant, at 900 North Michigan Avenue.

Sunday

A feature of the Sunday trip which Miss Morley would unquestionably be interested in at the present time would be the extensive preparations being made for the Century of Progress exposition in 1933, preparations which she could observe in part from the rear doorway of Stanley

Field Hall in the Field Museum of Natural History. Looking southward, beyond the columns of Soldier Field, she might note a number of buildings under construction. Eastward also, on artificial islands out in the lake, she would observe various projects under way.

The Century of Progress exposition will celebrate the centennial of the incorporation of Chicago as a city. It is predicted by even the most conservative people that this exposition will be greater than the World's Columbian Exposition, held in Chicago in 1893 and which was said to have been the outstanding exposition of modern times. The coming fair will cost $50,000,000, most of which is expected to be returned in more than 80,000,000 predicted admission at 50 cents. All foreign countries and states are expected to be represented, President Hoover having issued invitations to them. The exposition will feature scientific advance in the modern era, and one of the principal buildings will be the temple of science. A huge transportation building is also planned, and a special structure will be devoted to aviation exhibits. Other outstanding structures are to be the administration building and the convocation building. In all cases, the buildings will be modernist in design and at night will be flooded by banks of arclights. As an example of some of the exhibits the Spirit of St. Louis, Lindbergh's famous plane, will be borrowed from the Smithsonian Institution and noted paintings and sculptures from the Louvre, never before seen outside of France, will be transported to the fair.

Miss Morley could easily obtain an idea of the scope of the exposition by looking down from an airplane over the "made" islands skirting the lake shore from Soldier Field southward for several miles to the Hyde Park hotel district. This could be accomplished at a reasonable rate in one of the amphibian sight-seeing airplanes which dock

just north of the Field Museum at the water's edge in Grant Park. The trip itself would be a thrill to Miss Morley, providing as it does a comprehensive view of Chicago's skyline as seen from the lake.

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